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MODERN PIG-STICKING

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Lionel Edwards

"WE MUST HAVE GONE LIKE THIS FOR A HUNDRED YARDS"—Page 17

Frontispiece

MODERN PIG-STICKING

BY

MAJOR A. E. WARDROP
ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

WITH CHAPTERS BY

COLONEL J VAUGHAN, D.S.O.
COMMANDANT CAVALRY SCHOOL

LIEUT.-COLONEL F. W. CATON JONES, R.A.M.C.

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OF SHIKARPORE, BENGAL

AND

CAPTAIN H. E. MEDLICOTT
3RD SKINNER'S HORSE

ILLUSTRATED BY

LIONEL EDWARDS, Esq ; CAPTAIN J K. GATACRE, 11TH LANCERS,
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MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1914

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TO
MY MOTHER

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

It is twenty-four years since Baden-Powell wrote his charming book on Pig-sticking, and it is no less than twenty-seven years since F. B. Simson's equally classical *Sport in Eastern Bengal* was published. These works are as true and as valuable as ever, but they are hard to get.

The water under the bridge never stands still. There has been a great revival of pig-sticking. New Tent Clubs have sprung up; the class of horse has improved; preservation, riding, and hunting are carried out on possibly more scientific lines.

I can tell you of no better men, illustrate to you no finer sport than you will find in the books I have mentioned. I only try to write, in the interval, as I hope, between two pig-sticking campaigns, of the sport as I have known it in the past fifteen years.

In any affair in life, if a man talks one's first thought is always, "Who is he? What does he know about his subject?" So I will tell you what is necessary about the other writers in this book and myself. I love a clear understanding.

Colonel John Vaughan, D.S.O., of the Cavalry School, lately commanding the 10th Hussars, winner of the Kadir Cup, as well known after pig as he is

with his polo team ; the big game shikari, Lieut.-Colonel Caton Jones, Royal Army Medical Corps, winner of the Nagpur Hunt Cup ; Captain Medicott, 3rd Skinner's Horse, winner of the Kadir Cup, and twice winner of the Guzerat Cup ; Mr. Crawford of Shikarpore, the Bengal Hog Hunter, as well known on his own account as he is for his hospitality at his noted meets : these gentlemen require no introduction from me. My warmest thanks and all such merit as may be in the book are due to them.

For myself I can only say that I have been in India twenty-one years, and that all my leave (sufficient) and all my money (less) have been spent with spear or rifle. I believe that I have ridden and killed, in company or alone, between 700 and 800 boar. I have been present on the field when many more have been accounted for. I am no good, but I love the sport.

I have had to use "I" freely. I have not scrupled to give my views. I detest a man who has not the courage of his convictions. If I have written largely of my own hunting, instead of quoting from books or the experiences of others, believe me, it has been in no spirit of boasting.

I believe every incident and day is given exactly as it occurred. The only departure from truth that I know is that, in the account of the two first days with the Meerut Tent Club, I have inserted one or two runs that happened on other days. The incidents in these two days are all true, but no day actually occurred to illustrate all my points.

Performers if not named can be identified from the first letter of their names, except where for special reasons an obviously impossible initial has been used.

I have included a few shooting incidents to relieve the monotony. Pig-sticking and big game shooting have gone hand-in-hand with me always.

I have to express my gratitude to Mr. Lionel Edwards, Captain Gatacre, 11th Lancers, Mr. Snape and Mr. Norton, R.H.A., for their pictures, which are as accurate as they are charming.

To the last-named and to Captain Phillips, D.S.O., R.H.A., this book owes much kindly and valuable criticism.

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CHAPTER II

HISTORY AND COUNTRY

IN writing on "Modern Pig-sticking," an elaborate account of ancient history is out of place, for the sport is as old as the hills. In 1800 writers describe it, in practically its modern form, as an old-established one, only they threw the spear instead of "jobbing" it. One of their chief reasons for doing this was that it gave better sport, and was not so selfish an amusement as when one man speared the hog and had him all to himself. And, whether their view was right or wrong, there is no doubt they did not hesitate on occasion to attack wild buffaloes with their method.

Captain Johnson, writing in 1827, gives directions for throwing the spear. You must practise much on foot, and learn to throw with accuracy in a parabola up to thirty yards. Yet men often missed; for he records a hunt in which a boar was only twice wounded when over fifty spears had been thrown at him.

And in spite of buffalo hunts our captain has a shrewd respect for the boar: "a wounded boar is a very formidable animal, and it may be often better to let him escape than run the risk of being crippled."

However, in 1880 Mr. Mills of the I.C.S.

introduced the "jobbing" spear, and the pig-sticking that we know became universal.

A "shikari" writes in about 1870 of using either hand, as convenient, to spear with. He was a contemporary and a friend of Nightingale's. I believe that the former's story of shooting a man-eating tiger when dressed as a postal runner was really based on a feat of Nightingale's. The latter was furious, and sought for his man with a gun.

Nightingale must have been a great character : he shot several hundred tiger, and speared over seventy bears. His whole regiment, after the quarterly muster parade, spent their days in beating for him. I heard much of him from A, my first General in this country, who, as a youngster, had been a protégé of his. His methods, according to A, with a jibbing horse were severe in the extreme.

Dealing as I am entirely with modern pig-sticking I write no more on the history of the sport, for I am sure you will find the above brief summary sufficient. Any encyclopædia will furnish you with such further information as you may require on this point with a greater accuracy than I can claim to.

Nor do I attempt to give you details of all the hunting countries from Cape Comorin to Peshawar. They of course vary enormously : some I know, many more I do not. The flying Guzerat fences, the Central Indian Hills, the Bengal churs, and the wide lands of Behar are dealt with in this book by abler hands than mine. Nearly all over India, except in Madras and the Punjab, pig are at your door if you will but look for them. If I have left out many Hunts it is not because they are of the

less importance, but because in the wide continent of India it is impossible to do justice to them all.

However, of five Tent Clubs and considerable country that I know well I will try for an instant to describe to you the country that I know and love the best.

That is the Meerut Kadir on the Ganges. The word "Kadir" simply means bed of a river. Almost any Indian river may, and does, have its Kadir. From a pig-sticking point of view the two chief Kadirs are those of the Ganges and the Jumna, and it is on these two rivers that the majority of the hunting, both of Tent Clubs and of individuals, in all Northern India and Bengal takes place.

A description of the Ganges Kadir will apply largely to the Jumna Kadir also. The latter is smaller and has more jhow and less extensive grass jungles than the former. The actual going is similar in both, but in our own parts I am inclined to put the Jumna Kadir as having a rougher surface and being more trying to a horse's feet than is the Ganges Kadir.

I feel the more at liberty to describe our hunting because I think that owing to its varied and sporting country, its extent, the galloping nature of many of its coverts, and the high quality of the horses due to the Kadir Cup, and the large garrison so close at hand, I may be pardoned for calling the Meerut Tent Club the Premier Hunt in India. I am, of course, quite aware that one or two others surpass it in either age or the number of pig they kill annually.

Our Meerut Kadir, where the bulk of our hunting takes place, is about a hundred miles long. Throughout this distance, and in fact from its source right

down to the ocean, the Ganges has in its various migrations hollowed out a bed which is some twenty or thirty feet below the level of the surrounding country, and which, in our lands, varies in width on an average from three to eight miles across.

The right edge of this bed consists of steep, scrub-covered hills, while the left edge rises in low dunes and gently rising sandy downs called *bhur* lands, which, as well as all the Kadir, when left undisturbed with their natural vegetation are a certain home of pig.

Standing on the low hills and looking over the Kadir, one's eye receives the impression of a vast sea of grass with a faint white streak of sand, betokening the river, running through it. The green clearings of fields with the dim smoke rising from the little villages they support are the only signs of human life. Studded at intervals are groves of stately trees, mangoes for the most part, owing their existence to the piety of some long-dead yet still-blessed Hindu, and forming the most perfect of camping-grounds. Here and there a lordly banyan raises its conspicuous head, and in all directions the graceful palmyra palm lends a truly Eastern aspect to the scene. The lines of white-topped grass show the jheels and swamps, and the darker shades betray the presence of great strips of heavy jhow or impenetrable dâk jungle.

This land of far horizons bounding the sea of grass and swamp, where owing to the absence of dust every blade and distant tree stands out as cut with steel, is as fresh and as free as the ocean. It casts a charm, which I cannot describe and which I have never known to fail, on every man and woman who beholds it.

It is here you may

See the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wond'rous glory of the everlasting stars.

Throughout this country the old river saunters, changing its course from year to year, sweeping away now this village and now that noble bagh, but always making new soil for the fresh jhow sprouts to grow. And if near it on a still night you shall ever hear the splash of the falling bank amid the cry of the fighting wild-fowl and the noises of the dark.

The Ganges changes its course in an extraordinary way, cutting a channel in the soft sandy soil according to its will. I have known it shift its course nearly a mile in one place in a single year. Whenever the river abandons an old bed, shoals form, sand silts up; and, starting with the young jhow shoots, fresh jungle and solid land are formed where but a few years previously was deep water.

The river itself is a never-failing source of delight with its stately stream of water, its great stretches of sand, and its ever-changing shades of purple and of white. There are no villages actually on its banks; for it is a terrible neighbour, and none may curb the Ganges in its flood. Save the boatmen at a ferry you will see no life there, only sulky *muggurs* on the shoals, great gaggles of wild geese, and Brahminy ducks, whose sad, harsh cry makes the solitude still more desolate.

The natives always sing when they go through the river or pass any of its streams, "Gunga ji ki—jai" (Ganges Victorious), in a long-drawn refrain with a great lilt to it. The river is one held sacred in the minds of many millions of men.

Great fairs are held on its banks ; and at Gurmuktesar, where is our chief fair, there are in some years several hundred thousand people assembled together. Pilgrims come to it from all parts of India, and when they disperse, having bathed many times in the stream, each man goes away carrying his little wicker-covered bottle filled with sacred Ganges water. And in his last mortal stages every good Hindu hopes that his body will be burnt on the banks of the holy stream.

In the jungle, when a man is giving his oath to his evidence in some case, it is impressive to see him, with hand outstretched to the river, repeat the formula, "Gunga ji ka kussum" (I swear by the Ganges). That which he holds most sacred is nearer to him than are our gods to us in many cases.

The villagers in our upland parts are mostly Jats, shrewd, well-to-do men, the farmers of India. They breed horses and ponies to a large extent, they are fond of riding, and are to be found in considerable numbers in the ranks of our Army. We have few big landowners or really rich men, but the large number of brick houses in the villages—sure sign of affluence when compared with the usual mud-walled house—attest the prosperity of the inhabitants even more than does the wonderful succession of rich crops, sugar-cane, wheat, grain, barley, and cotton, which follow one another with a regularity greater than that of the seasons themselves. The monsoon or the winter rains may fail, but there is a constant and never-failing supply of water from the big canals of the Doab which irrigate the land between the Ganges and the Jumna, and draw their supply from those rivers. The more

severe the famine elsewhere the greater is the prosperity of these parts.

In our Kadir lands, with which we are now more intimately concerned, the villagers are also Jats, but generally of a poorer nature; with them are interspersed a certain percentage of the usual lower classes, and a small sprinkling of poachers, rogues, and masterless men. Their villages are poor, their living precarious. For the soil is light sand, giving but few and indifferent crops at best; while there is the ever-present danger that the Ganges will arise in flood and carry all before it. For this reason their houses are simply made of mud walls with a thatch of the Kadir grass; and in the more far-sighted villages you will see a large artificial mound on which the inhabitants may take refuge in time of sudden flood. As is the case in most native villages, the streets and surroundings are without sanitation and filthy, but the courtyards and interiors of the houses are kept scrupulously clean. There is generally one *pukka* masonry building, the temple, with its grotesque Indian gods, which these poor people never neglect. There is always a paid priest in attendance, and the weird sound of his "conch" or horn calling men to prayers mingles peacefully with the bells on the cattle as they go out to graze at dawn or return in the dusk.

These people own large herds of wretched cattle, which they keep for what they produce when alive, and for the value of their skins when dead. In addition, they make ropes and cow-dung fuel, and tend their scanty crops. Sugar-cane, though of poor quality, grows fairly freely in the Kadir, and every village has its sugar-cane press with its characteristic smell, certain presage of the cold

weather and of sport. Here, if belated, you will find gifts of *goor* (the sugar) and *rus* (the liquid cane juice); and in any house you will have the offer of milk and rough meal "chupatties," the staple food of the countryside; for want of hospitality is no failing of these people.

They are a kindly, lovable folk although their lives are so limited by circumstances. Their outlook is inevitably confined to the bare necessities of life, food, and clothing. The struggle for existence itself is ever before them.

In these peaceful lands the world moves very quietly; the storms of life leave them untouched and undisturbed. The great Mutiny at their door hardly affected them. To them, as to the enormous mass of our Indian population, legislative councils, nay, even the Indian Congress itself, do not exist.

As their old Indian proverb says, it is only the "durya, wa badul, wa badshah" that matter (the river, the rain-clouds, and the king). All else is as

The waving of grasses,
The song of the river
That sings as it passes
For ever and ever.

The only rule they ask for is a personal king. Yet until the last Durbar our King too was outside their comprehension.

When King Edward died, I stopped some twenty people in all on one of our country roads, and said to each, "Brother, have you heard that the Great King is dead?" The whole idea meant nothing to any one of them.

As this is not a book on the Indian people, I must write no more about them. It would be easy to say much, for they are a fascinating study. If I

may be allowed a word of advice to a youngster fresh in the country, I would beg of him never to forget that, simple, ignorant, and limited though they may seem, yet they are not mere automatons, hewers of wood and carriers of water, existing only to carry out our behests. Like us, they are very human with their loves and their hatreds, their sympathies, their sorrows, and their joys.

Our hunting in this country and in India generally is from November or December up to June. In June the rains break, and hunting then is impossible owing to the wet, fever, and mosquitoes. Later, the grass springs up, and the whole country becomes too blind; nothing can be done till the grass has been thinned by cutting, burning, or grazing; and it is seldom fit to hunt before December.

Our forefathers never hunted in the hot weather. They closed their season in March at the latest, losing thereby what we now think is the best hunting season in the year.

As I have said, the sea of yellow grass and green jhow, girth high and often much higher, is the feature of it all. The grass generally grows in clumps and tufts, frequently close together, making grand living-places for pig. It is seldom a level line of grass like a hayfield. In parts we get "tooth-brush" grass, wiry stuff two or three feet high, cut off square for thatching, and often rooted underneath by pig, which makes bad travelling. The country under foot is generally honest, sandy soil, good falling. There are many open nullahs of every size, and some blind ones.

The jhow is a form of tamarisk. It may be any height, from two inches to twenty feet. When of any size it has great boughs like trees, and is difficult

to ride through. The rider hangs in the boughs and the pig goes past the stem. When only seven or eight feet high, or when growing in clumps, it makes very sporting hunting. It is the delight of the simple villager to cut it, leaving stakes a foot long, as hard and as sharp as a spear.

Winding through the country in all directions are streams and jheels. The streams are called *bourrh gungas* (old beds of the river). Generally deep and full of long slimy reeds, they take a bold horseman to cross them. The jheels are swamps with quicksands, water, and long rushes, the haunt of pig and duck. Some are miles long.

Either jheels or *bourrh gungas* are really the pig's points, and add to the charm and difficulty of a run.

When an animal gets into them it is almost impossible to get him out, unless it is a dry year.

My friend Z, a well-known big game hunter, told me that recently he was after a tiger with a married man—the latter, I misdoubt me, a rabbit. They wounded a tiger, who got into a jheel too boggy for their elephants to go into. Z proposed to go in on foot, for it was a good tiger. The other stoutly refused, alleging matrimony; so he remained on his elephant while Z went in on foot. "But, my dear fellow," said I, "how the devil could you expect to see him?" "Oh," said Z, "that was quite simple. I went on till I could not see, then I bent down a layer of grass with my rifle till I could see, and so got on." He found the tiger dead.

We occasionally meet quicksands in our country, but I have never seen any one killed in them. I found a cow caught in one once in the jungle. She was only a few feet away from the edge, and only

her head and one leg remained above the surface. The edge of the quicksand was lined with vultures—an error in their judgment. A protesting village spent half a day in getting her out. She then died.

Crossing over streams on an elephant, you can often see the whole bed heaving for yards around. But the elephants seem to know what they are about, and seldom get caught.

I must turn aside for a minute to tell you of another experience of mine with quicksands. Shooting with Mr. Cotton of the I.C.S., Nepaul way, we were camped over the Sarda River, and had to cross it daily to get to our ground. One morning we must have taken a different course, for one of our howdah elephants was in evident trouble coming out of the water. By the time we had got to dry-looking sand he was badly bogged, or “fussunded,” as the phrase is.

We at once cut the girths and got the howdah off, but the beast still sank. His struggles were tremendous and he trumpeted incessantly. We cut all the grass and trees we could find, and, standing out of reach, threw them for him to tread on. This was no use. We then got a big ferry boat and tore planks out of that, and put them in reach of his trunk. He used to seize the beams and throw them away. It was obvious that the old story of the elephant tearing off his rider to tread him under foot as a stepping-stone to higher things was a myth.

We went right up to him, and, by diving and scooping, got a rope round one leg. We hitched this on to a couple of elephants, and pulled like the devil. All the elephants yelled, we shouted; the uproar was terrific. The rope broke, and the pulling



QUICKSAND ON THE SARDA RIVER

Go face page 14

elephants nearly fell on their heads. We tried again with our whole power of three elephants, but were powerless to shift him.

Things looked bad. The poor beast sank till all but a bit of his back and his head were under the sand. He could not struggle, he could only wave his trunk and trumpet feebly. It was certain a short time would see him sucked down, or die of exhaustion.

A mahout suggested to Cotton, "Sahib, there is a bend of the stream close above; cut a channel and let the water into the fussund." We did so. It sounds a bigger job than it was, for we were working in sand, and there were many hands and willing. In an hour it was done.

The effect was magical. The water poured in, and, I suppose, loosened the binding action of the quicksand. One last pull with every man, elephant, and rope, and out the sufferer came; he had been in the quicksand six hours. I have never seen a beast so done. He went in a fit, fat animal; you could count every bone in his body when he came out. He was badly cut by ropes. We gave him a bottle of brandy neat at once, and, with careful nursing, he eventually recovered.

To revert to our Meerut Kadir: in the more cultivated country there are various other obstacles, such as melon-beds, *bumbas*, and fences.

The melon-beds are a series of pits covering acres of ground, three feet square and three feet deep, with a partition of ground six inches thick between each. They are refilled with soft soil, and a melon grows in the centre of each. If you ride into them you fall—there is no option.

The *bumbas* are simply small canals; some

can be jumped, others cannot. They are generally raised to distribute the water, and have therefore to be negotiated from a stand. The smaller ones are never more than three feet deep, and though easy enough to hop into are harder to get out of, with steep banks and water to take off from.

The fences are generally round the fields, and are made of tough plaited grass, often eight and ten feet high. There are generally two binders across them, making the bottom part solid for a height averaging from three to five feet. These fences give when pushed, but they are very strong and elastic, and want as much jumping as any fence I know.

I have tried hard to get jumps of the country, such as the two last named, introduced for horse shows. But the vested Olympia interests have been too strong for me. After all, perhaps they are right; for who knows when we may not meet a five-bar gate or an in-and-out railway crossing when pig-sticking?

The blind nullahs are nasty traps when met. We flag them whenever we can in the really dangerous places, where no horse could possibly negotiate them.

I have mentioned the *bhur* lands on all the left bank of the Ganges. Rolling, hard, sandy downs some twenty feet high, with large stretches of grass hunting mingled with fields and grassy hedgerows. An easy country, but with some blind wells. We have some of our best days here.

Early this season in this country I was riding Pioneer, my old grey, who is only 14.3, but has the heart of a lion. I bought him fourteen years ago from the Central India Horse. In fourteen

seasons he has only given me one fall. This was three years ago. We were hot foot on a pig, and jumped into a clump of grass which turned out to be a blind well partly filled up. We were both somewhat perturbed, but I got right quickly enough, and found old Pioneer on the top of me still unconscious. I was fit bar some ribs and tongue, but Pioneer was well shaken, and it was some months before he was himself again.

Well, we were hunting in these *bhur* lands and a boar was reported ahead of the line, so Pioneer and I went forward and stood watching on a little mound. Presently we saw a great heavy boar stalk quietly out and stand in a little open glade with grass all round. His slow, lordly walk reminded me of a tiger. There was no need to touch the little horse; we crept up on tiptoe, and then, with a bound, we were on him before he knew what was happening. I ought to have used the spear overhand, but instead I made a mess of it, and speared him underhand too far forward. The boar was into us at once. I would not let go the spear, nor could I keep him off my girths, so I had to flee. The boar swung round behind me and tried to work up the spear as I leant back and round keeping him off Pioneer's hocks. We must have gone like this for a hundred yards. The boar got so close in that I feared he would rip the old horse badly, so I had to drop the spear and ride for it. It was then my turn to pursue without a spear. Others came up, and this fine hog was killed fighting desperately. He measured $33\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Last winter several of us were again hunting these *bhur* lands. We got to camp after a long trek by road and rail at about 4 P.M. The winter

days are short, but there was just time for us to beat a bagh close by, which was reported to hold pig.

A couple of boar broke, neither of them my hunt. One was killed, the other lost. In the failing light I presently saw this pig trotting quietly away a long way off. I got up to him and speared him. He was a cunning fellow and ran along the hedgerows. This is a favourite manœuvre of a pig, and hard for a single man to deal with. If you ride the same side as the boar, he nips over to the other side, and you lose time; if you ride the opposite side you may lose your pig; and if you ride on top of the hedgerow you probably fall down a porcupine hole. Forbidding-looking cavities these holes are; I have often seen them cause grief.

Anyhow, after spearing the pig I lost him in a thick patch of hedge. Day and Yorke, R.H.A., came up, and after some delay we got him out, only to lose him soon after in another patch. It was now pitch-dark. We set fire to the bush and thought the pig must have slipped out, for I have never seen an animal stand fire so long. At last he came out with a "woof." All the long bristles on his back and his tail were burning. We could see nothing but the smouldering bristles, and it was by these we rode and killed him. He did not go far, and he put up a poor fight.

In the hills on the right bank which I have mentioned there is no hunting; only a certain number of panther afford sport there.

One day last hot weather, Mr. Norton, R.H.A., and I had quite an amusing day there. He and I were in the office at about 11 o'clock groaning over our office work, which in all justice I must admit



Lionel Edwards

"WE COULD SEE NOTHING BUT SHOULDERING BRISTLES."

is very light nowadays. Suddenly the doorway was blocked up by a wild-looking figure, a man from my shikari who was after a panther twenty-five miles away in these hills. Kurera had marked the panther down at dawn, and the man had run in nine miles and driven the rest in a dâk garri to bring us the news.

I was doing some accounts at the time. Hastily consigning them and the pay-sergeant to the devil, Norton and I were in the swimming-bath within five minutes, and after a hurried lunch were in the motor within half an hour, full speed ahead for our friend.

We motored sixteen miles to a tehsil, the headquarters of a tehsildar, where we found a couple of village ponies waiting for us. We cantered out the nine miles with our feet almost touching the ground, and reached the Kadir edge, where we found old Kurera and his gang waiting. A walk of half a mile took us to the patch where the panther was lying up in the hills, in a little valley filled with grass and scrub.

Norton and I took post on foot between the cover and the Kadir, and the beat came towards us. The first beat was a blank, but Kurera was so certain the panther had not gone out that he beat it again. I was on a low hillock, and this time caught a glimpse of the panther as he passed forward. I shouted to Norton, but the warning was not needed, for the panther collared one of the beaters and the uproar showed what was happening. I ran down towards the beat, and as I did so the panther galloped out of the cover towards Norton. He was galloping hard, but gave me a fair shot in the open at about fifty yards. The bullet caught him where the neck

joins the spine as he went away from me and rolled him over dead in a complete somersault. He was a big male 7 feet 5 inches. I have always been sorry I fired this shot, for Norton would have had a pretty charge at closer quarters.

We found the man somewhat scratched and bitten in the loins. We dressed him at once and carried him into the dispensary, which was also at the tehsil. They insisted on carrying the man trussed up like a fowl. He looked very uncomfortable and we remonstrated, but his carriers refused to listen to our suggestions.

The man was a good fellow and got well in a few days. I gave him ten rupees to carry on with, and, according to his statement, he had to pay most of this to the assistant surgeon to allow him to go out of hospital.

We put the panther in the body of the car and arrived back in Meerut in time for dinner, after a very pleasant day.

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CHAPTER III

NATURAL HISTORY AND CHARACTERISTICS OF PIG

IN trying to tell you what I know of pig and their ways, I must confess to a great ignorance on many points concerning them. Their natural and more obvious characteristics are easily observed; but I find it hard to draw any certain deductions as to some of their ways and methods of life.

I will not give any scientific description of a pig: any book on natural history will tell you that. Nor for the same reason will I dwell at any length on their ages and breeding. I will give you, on these points, condensed extracts from Baden-Powell, who, good and accurate though he is in all his book, is particularly so in dealing with the life-history of the pig.

Natural History.

There are two varieties of pig, "Tatyra" and "Muckna." The former is the smaller. He is black or red in colour, fast and fierce, with big tusches. The latter is bigger, coarser, generally black or yellow in colour and a slow mover.

At three years the boar is just fit to ride. At eight years old he is in his prime. He lives from fifteen to twenty years.

A sow produces two litters a year. Each litter may consist of from two to nine squeakers. Period of gestation is four months. Several sows generally live in company and form the harem of one boar.

The above are not General Baden-Powell's actual words. He also speaks of two other varieties, but they are not common.

The sows have their litters once in the cold and once in the hot weather; at both seasons they suffer much from human and animal poachers. These poachers we discuss elsewhere; but at the risk of repetition I urge on you the necessity for their extermination. Panthers, jackals, and hyæna all live on pig, and must be ruthlessly destroyed.

In the cold seasons the grass coverts and the fields are so thick that game is much scattered, and pig suffer less from poaching than they do in the hot weather, when their grounds are often hunted and all their runs are known.

It is, in my opinion, a great mistake to harry coverts holding pig in June. If you do so, you inevitably break up the litters. The old sows bolt and you see the little striped squeakers, of all sizes from that of a rat up, running in every direction. I am sure many of these are lost and are never collected by their mothers again. In June you must hunt light outlying coverts and locate your solitary boar. The old gentlemen are no more fond of a squealing family than we are.

I do not know how a sow collects her scattered young. I have never heard a pig yelling unless injured; in such cases their voices carry well over a mile. If a sow were to squeal she would soon collect her family; however, she does not, and I misdoubt we cannot teach her her business. More than once, when sitting up, I have seen a sow collect her progeny and proceed on her way, giving low grunts as signals.

Pig are very prolific breeders, and there can be

no doubt that, given suitable coverts, if your stock of pig is not increasing there is assuredly poaching taking place.

If you kill small immature pig you will ruin your stock.

Size and Weight.—Pig vary much in size. Baden-Powell records one of 42 inches in height killed by Mr. J. M'Leod, Chumparan.

Williamson, in his *Oriental Field Sports*, 1808, records a pig of 39 inches who took them twelve miles.

E. B. Baker's *Sport in Bengal*, 1886, records one of 38 inches. Captain R. D. Burlton, with the Nagpur Tent Club, 1896, killed a boar of 38 inches, 358 lbs. Moray Brown, in *Stray Sport*, 1893, quotes a letter from "an old enthusiastic Bengal Hog Hunter," in which the latter says, "I have turned up old notes and find such records in 1854, 1855, 1856. Two boar, each 36 inches, one boar 37 inches, one 39, one 40½, one 42, and one 43½ inches."

The biggest boar I have ever seen is one in Rowland Ward's, a Siberian boar. He is set up half crouching, but even so I measured him over 44 inches. He is covered with a sort of fur. I have never killed one over 34½ inches myself.

The biggest boar in India are probably killed in Behar and in the Nagpur country. Pig inhabiting the big jungles are generally bigger than their brethren of the grassy plains; this may be due to the fact that they are not molested. But many of the big measurements above come from Bengal, and, I presume, open country. I think the Central India jungle pig are bigger than those of the Terai.

The limit of size below which you may not kill

a pig differs in various places ; 27 or 28 inches is the usual standard.

Some people prefer a weight to height standard. In such cases, 120 lbs. is a fair limit. Although on first sight this seems fairer, it is in my opinion not so in reality. It is much harder to estimate weight than height when riding a pig; also, pig vary enormously in weight in hot and cold weather. I have seen an over-fed little brute of 27 inches, hardly worth killing, weighing 150 lbs. in the cold weather. On the contrary, one sometimes sees a little, wizened, old pig, fierce and crusty with large tushes, blue in colour, or with ginger whiskers, a "tatyra," who would hardly measure 28 inches, but who exceeds by a long way the 120 lbs. Such pig always fight well, and are fair game. On the whole, I think a 28-inch standard is fairest.

There is only one way now of measuring pig that I know. A straight line, not over the curves, is taken between perpendiculars from the wither to where the hair joins the heel at the foot : both fore-legs should be held level while this is done. All Tent Clubs have a fine for killing a sow or an animal under size. A pig, strung by his four legs on a pole, is apt to stretch and measure more when he reaches camp than when killed. So depraved is human nature that I have even known some hardened sinner bribe the coolies to carry the pig home by a route some miles longer than necessary.

Tushes.—A good pair of tushes averages about 8 inches in length. Anything over 9 inches is good. My own collection runs in all sizes from $12\frac{1}{8}$ inches down. This biggest tush is a single one three-quarters of a circle in shape, the upper tush having

been broken. Its owner tried hard to cut me, but might as well have been armed with a hoop.

The tushes of the plains pig are, in my opinion, bigger on the average than those of the forests. I am only guessing at the size of the latter's tushes. Such pig can only be shot, and their tushes are not a trophy any one could value. A pig, of course, rootles with his nose and under teeth. Is it possible that, to a certain extent, he uses his tushes for this purpose also ? This might account for the difference in the size of tushes. The jungle hog, living chiefly on the fruits and products of the trees, has not the necessity of his plains brother for rootling in the ground for the greater part of his food.

This extract from a letter of Mr. Branford's is of interest :

I am certainly of opinion that pig cut with their under jaw spade as much or more than with their tushes ; and I think it likely they dig with it on hard ground, but do not know. I have often examined cuts by both boars and sows that must have been made with the under jaw or spade, and very nasty wounds some of them were.

All the pig I have seen with fine tushes, pure natural curves 8 inches or 9 inches, were young looking, though big ; and I have never seen a really old-looking pig with good tushes, except in the cases where the upper tush has been broken or fallen, when an ugly circle has been formed. My theory is a good boar seldom keeps good tushes, they are generally found on a cur.

Your idea about hill and jungle pig eating mostly fruit is undoubtedly sound. All the same, I can show you miles of rootlings on very hard red soil in these hills.

Had I been asked my opinion as to why pig in one district had larger tushes than in another, I should have said feeding, the same as wild deer and antelope ; but, to tell the truth, I've not noticed much difference in the districts I have hunted in.

The usual way to extract tushes is by boiling. I prefer the method of the Meerut shikaries. They cut with a knife the flesh round the jaws in a circle about two inches above the tushes. They then cut through both jaws with a few blows from a little axe. They lay the two jaws, insides up, on the ground, and, with two deft strokes in the direction of the length of the snout, subdivide them into four pieces, each with a tush. The fragments of bone adhering can be removed by hand, and the tush is free in a couple of minutes. The insides of the tushes remain to be cleared either by boiling or, preferably, by ants. The less the natural oil is taken out of the tush the better. Tushes are very liable to split in India, simply from being too dry, especially in the hot weather. I keep my own spare tushes in old French plum bottles filled with coconut oil. All mounted tushes and teeth in India should have a thin smearing of some transparent grease applied occasionally.

Tracks.—Regarding boars' tracks, I cannot do better than again quote Baden-Powell:

The deer shows two long narrow sharp-pointed toes. The goat has a square pug with blunt points to his toes, which are always held apart. The sheep's pug is more like that of a boar, being longer than the goat's. The boar's pug is distinguished from that of the sow by being much wider in the heel and having the toes more open, and the rudimentary toes marking the ground wider apart.

It is these rudimentary toe-marks that will tell you more about a boar than anything else. Three fingers' breadth across the broadest part of the toe track mean a very good boar. In wet soil beware of mistaking the pugs of a little pig for those of a mammoth.

Activity.—The activity of a pig is boundless. He can travel great distances, he is a beautiful jumper and a fine swimmer. He will, when pressed, throw himself over any height, generally with no damage to himself; though Baden-Powell records that he once saw a pig break a leg in a fall. Having straight shoulders, they often fall over a drop when a horse stands up.

Fighting Powers.—As a fighter, the pig is so well known that I do not think I need dwell on this aspect of him at any length. A boar will not turn aside for any animal living. I have seen him knock over a camel, and bump full tilt into an elephant. There are several known instances of their having fought with tiger. Inglis, in *Tent Life in Tiger Land*, records one such case which Baden-Powell quotes at length. During the tour of a recent Viceroy a fight between a boar and a tiger was arranged at one of the native courts. In the first round the tiger knocked the boar straight out with one tremendous blow of his forearm. He had but to give the *coup de grâce* and the fight would have been ended. He, however, turned away. The boar recovered, rushed at the tiger, and disembowelled him. I have never quite liked this episode; I suppose you cannot insist on the niceties of the N.S.C. in a fight of this description.

In all my hunting I have seldom, when alone, killed a hog who did not oppose me bitterly. And I am sure this is the experience of most men. If of a cynical disposition, you will smile and attribute this to the tendency inherent in man to magnify his own prowess. Still it is the truth.

When you hunt in company with others, the pig

knows he is over-matched, and occasionally does not fight. He gets upset by one attack after another from different quarters. No English word can quite express the meaning of *ghabrou*; it is a state of confusion and bewilderment. This word must well illustrate the boar's condition at such a time. Yet I am sure the same pig would invariably fight hard if hunted by one man only. I only say this because on the few occasions when a pig does not put up a good show, it is annoying to hear the three or four men who have successfully mobbed him come back and say what a rotten pig he was. Of course, in all species there are a few arrant cowards. But, when at bay and attacked on foot, I have never once known or heard of a boar who did not face any number of spears, and charge and die with utmost desperation. I am inclined to doubt if there is much difference in the fighting qualities of a pig in different parts of India. At least such is my experience. An ordinary pig—I do not mean your suffragette extremist—will, as a rule, spar less in thick cover and grass country than he will in the open. He is no fool, he wishes to live; every bush, every clump presents an additional hope of escape. When he is in the open or in patchy country he knows that all that remains is the stern joy of a fight.

And, thank goodness, and I do not say it as a solace to my worse feelings, I do not think a boar does feel his death much. There are seldom long miles of sobbing wind and fate ever pressing behind him. His is probably a sudden wakening from sleep, a sharp run at full speed, and then a last hard fight with blood at fever heat, and the red light dancing before his eyes. When the blood

is hot, experience shows there is little pain from wounds.

Of course this question of running must affect a boar's fighting capacity though not his will. Jack Johnson, if made to run half a mile the second before he entered the ring would not be champion of the world; especially if his opponents were armed with knuckle-dusters.

Pig who see men much will always avoid them. The more a country is hunted the more is this the case. In Mr. Crawford's preserves the pig are left alone to run riot, they never see a man. He is a strange animal to be attacked at sight.

Some hog are curious, cantankerous fellows, and must be quaint jungle companions. Toothache or unrequited love is the cause, I daresay. Charlie Gough guarded outside Jharina Jheel once from 6 A.M. to 2 P.M. seeing nothing while we harried the place inside and had good sport. The only boar that broke to Gough came out of the jheel for about four hundred yards. He saw an empty bullock-cart standing on the maidan; he trotted solemnly up to this, gave it cuts one and two on the wheels, and then trotted sulkily back to the jheel again.

Tenacity of Life.—The tenacity of life of a boar is extraordinary. The idea of a pig getting away wounded to die in pain is hateful; with every care it must happen occasionally. If there is any consolation, it is in the thought that pig do recover from terrible wounds. I have several times seen a pig killed that had only three legs. In the Terai I killed a pig who bid fair to recover from a gunshot wound, apparently some days old, that had taken away nearly all one shoulder-blade.

One year, on an island in the Ganges about half a mile long, I speared a big black boar. I gave him a heavy spear in the near side behind the shoulder, high up. I held him for a short time, but he broke away, and, diving into thick cover, escaped me. I was sure he would die at once, and had the place watched for vultures next day, but did not find him. Next year we beat the same island, and put up a big black boar, who fairly raised Cain at once. He was only killed after a long fight up and down the island. Day, R.H.A., ought to have had his Tommy cut to pieces, and there were several other narrow escapes. The pig was fighting too blindly, and did no serious harm; he fell to Skinner, 5th Cavalry. This pig had a scar six inches long on the near side behind the shoulder, high up. From this, from his behaviour, and from his appearance I am convinced he was the same pig. Yet the original wound looked as deadly a one as can be imagined.

Speed.—The speed of a pig is, I think, apt to be exaggerated. Shakespear, who did the bulk of his hunting from 1854 to 1857, says that “a good hog will run away from the fleetest racer.” Baden-Powell says that a single horseman will take three-quarters of a mile to catch his pig, though a heat will run into him considerably sooner. Most writers on hunting a hog agree as to his excessive speed.

I cannot say that I hold with these views, and I write with a very full knowledge of the Kadir pig, whom I place as indubitably the fastest in India. Provided, and always with this proviso, that you get away within thirty or forty yards of a starting pig, with fair riding ground you ought to run up to him well within half a mile, whether you are alone

or in company; though you may very probably miss him on jinks for a long way farther. This means that you are doing your utmost to burst the pig; if you let him get his second wind, he will go on for miles. If you have a lot of obstacles and heavy jhow jungle to negotiate, the run will take proportionately longer. A party of the 13th Hussars last year took two and a half hours and seven falls over a cramped country before they killed their pig; all honour to a good performance. If you have to canter for'ard to a holloa to try and view your pig, you are apt to have a long run. But getting away to a quick galloping start you ought to run into your pig as I have said. Ordinary roughish country and girth-high grass will not affect the issue; they are, if anything, in favour of the horse. Over real rough country, bad nullahs, sheet rocks, heavy jhow, and other such obstacles, a pig will score heavily. But given ordinary good country he cannot live with a really fast horse. As a rule the pace of a pig varies inversely to his size.

One of the runs which I recall with the greatest pleasure was when we were beating an outlying strip of grass at the end of Jharhina Jheel. Between the strip and the jheel is a hundred yards of beautiful turf. The jheel had a lot of water in it, and was almost impossible to ride.

There were half a dozen of us out; we had a good boar in the strip of grass, but could not make him break. We stood all along the edge expecting a quick thing, and harried the grass with a couple of elephants. My luck was in, for the boar broke at full speed dead in front of me, heading for the jheel and dear life. I was riding Souvenir, a very fast and

beautiful horse, whose death a year later from biliary fever hit me hard. Souvenir caught the hog as if he was standing still, and a lucky spear through the spine dropped him in his tracks with some twenty yards yet left of the hundred between him and the jheel. This was in May. The hog was fit and hard, and had been jogging in front of the line for an hour.

Nothing is more noticeable than the difference in pace between the horses that are now ridden in the Meerut country and those of fifteen years ago. The first of the new really fast horses that appeared was Mr. M. Clementson's Forest King, whom he brought from Dholpore. The horse stood out in a class by himself, and won the Kadir Cup.

I realize the change in the pace of horses that has taken place very clearly when I ride Pioneer. Fourteen years ago he was, if I may be pardoned for saying so, at the top of the hunt. Now, if we ever get a first spear, it is only by low cunning. I admit neither he nor I have become more rapid in fourteen years.

Eyesight.—I think pig have good sight, though, like all wild animals, they are very slow at detecting a man if he stands absolutely still. I stood out in the open once, as an experiment when beating a hill near Mhow. I was in full view of a sounder, which came to the foot of the hill within a hundred yards of me, but did not break for other reasons.

Last year, in the Central Provinces, after buffalo, I came across a sounder of pig feeding. I stalked up to within eighty yards and stood rigid in the open. The sounder worked up to me and did not discover me till they were within twenty yards.

They then, with many stares and uneasy stampings of their feet, disappeared.

In this connection I can quote an interesting experience of a brother officer. He was after buffalo in the Central Provinces in a jungle not much shot. A herd was grazing towards him. He stood perfectly still in front of, not behind, a tree while the herd with a few curious stares grazed up to and past him. He eventually shot the bull.

I do not think this argues short sight. Wild animals have very little knowledge of what a man looks like. They associate him with a blundering, noise-raising, odoriferous animal: they have not been taught the appearance of their adversary by a Zoo and by pictures. That a pig, like any other animal, can detect motion at once is a truism. It is a common thing to see a boar take a good look round before leaving a cover. He undoubtedly sees well at night.

Hearing.—The hearing of a pig is certainly wonderfully acute. When the weather is cool, even with the most quiet of lines, if you ride a mile ahead you will see pig jogging on, alarmed and disturbed. People have no idea of the importance of a silent line. Old Lutchman used to run the Meerut line with the aid of a powerful voice, and an unequalled vocabulary. I learnt much from the latter, and flatter myself I can still bring a blush to the face of even the most sinful Aryan brother. Much to Lutchman's disgust I stopped all shouting and substituted a silent line, an occasional whistle, and signals. Our bag increased to a marked degree. Now that pig have got to know the whistle, a new device is needed: the call of some bird will probably be the best.

Dozens of hog are lost every year through noise. Either the shikaries, the coolies on the line, the syces or the spears themselves are always making an uproar. It is difficult to stop.

Simson states his conviction that pig are frequently deaf. I have been on the look-out for this, but have not found it to be so.

If you have never tried, put your ear on the ground when horses are galloping, even a long way off. Their hoofs sound like musketry.

With all wild animals the development of their various senses is carefully balanced. They would otherwise overrun the country or die out, as the balance lay for or against them. A pig's keen hearing is, in my opinion, counterbalanced by an almost entire absence of his sense of smell.

Sense of Smell.—I do not think pig have any more sense of smell than any of the large carnivoræ. I have never found any signs of it. I am sure neither tiger nor panther can smell. How often do not these animals, no rogues, but honest-minded beasts, pass close to a tied-up buffalo, out of sight, but certainly within smell, and never detect him? When sitting up on the ground in a bush for panther, I have twice now had them in the same bush with me, and detected it only by the rumbling of their guts: they had never smelt me. The stomachs of these brutes are constantly rumbling; I suppose they are empty.

A third time a panther and I were in the same bush, though neither of us knew it. My goat would not bleat, so in desperation I raised a most heart-rending "baa." The panther fled with a dismal "woof."

Intelligence.—I do not put a pig's intelligence very high. They have memory and reasoning powers to a certain extent undoubtedly. I know of a small bagh within a hundred yards of a camping-ground which always holds pig, but which is always abandoned by them at once on the first signs of the camp being occupied. This argues both reasoning powers and memory. Again, pig in the Meerut country have learnt to connect a whistle with danger. Yet given so much intelligence I always wonder why they do not use it more. Why do they ever (still reverting to our one instance of a bagh, for we need not labour the point) go into the bagh when they know it will be bad for them one day? They are very fond of occupying a favourite patch no matter how many are killed from it. This is like the carnivoræ. But when one of the latter takes up his abode in a place, he has no means of knowing the fate of his predecessor. The pig, on the other hand, was probably a squeaker brought up in the same cover, and saw his grandfather and father killed from it. Like most of us, do they chance it?

Pig going to and returning from their feeding will sometimes take an easy road over open country if they have been exposed to danger from gun or panther in a naturally safer route through hills and nullahs.

I am not one of those who ascribe great cunning to a pig in a run. A boar will run into cattle, he will take the roughest line, he will jink, squat and sneak away marvellously. He will bump into a lesser pig, drive him out with instant invitation, and hide in his place. He will do these and many similar things, but they are mostly matters of

common sense, and do not, I think, compare with the artifices of a fox. Perhaps with a boar the run is too short and pressing to allow of much guile.

Choice of Locality.—In Central India there is not much doubt as to where pig will be found. In quantity though not in quality they are inferior to their Northern brethren. Each pig is more or less accurately located and will be surely found in a certain hill or “sendhi ban.”

In the Northern Hunts, however, the country is more extensive. The Meerut hunting-grounds, for instance, extend over between two and three hundred square miles. Pig are scattered all over this area, but they are only in any numbers at a given time in localities of their own selecting. There may be grass jungles, jheels, dak, and jhow jungles all available within a few miles of each other. Happy is the man, *sapiens rerum cognoscere causas*, skilled enough in his knowledge of the working of the porcine mind to predict where their choice will fall.

I will give you of my own experience, and I am sorry I cannot tell you more.

First and foremost, regard the weather. Wet weather, provided the ground is rideable, is a god-send to the hog-hunter. Pig then leave the heavy covers, and are always to be found in light riding country: they can rootle freely, and they thoroughly enjoy the cool and the damp. Nearly all the best days hunting I can recall have been after rain in unsettled weather. This does not apply to wet weather when it is really cold. At such times pig invariably go to the jheels or the thickest cover they can to keep warm.

Next, do not confuse cover with food. The latter comes first every time. As long as there are crops in a country so long will pig be either in them, if they are high enough, or near them. In a sugar-cane country as long as the cane is up all the pig will be in it: there may be beautiful jungles in the vicinity, but they will not hold pig. When the cane is down wheat and other crops are still standing. At such times look for pig on the edges of the coverts nearest to these crops. A pig will go many miles for his food, but not a yard farther than he need.

When all the crops are down, pig will be in the jheels, in jhow, grass coverts, or in patches of jungle and forest. The last named are always a sure find unless disturbed. But you cannot expect to get sport on a big or continued scale by beating baghs and jungle. Your main resource must be jheel, jhow, or grass.

Of these three I put the grass as the least likely to hold pig. You have to get your grass exactly right to start with. If you hunt it too early in the season the fluff of the long *monj* stalks falls as you ride, blinding you for the time and making it impossible to follow pig. A little later the raiyets will be cutting these same stalks for thatching purposes, and there will be no pig in them then. A little later, again, the cattle will be grazing, and the cover will become too scanty to hold much game. You must watch your grass as a nurse does a baby. Then, on a few days at the beginning of the hot season when the sun is bright, but there is still a nip in the air, and when the lying is soft and dry, you will meet with your reward.

If the grass is of your own leasing, conditions are altered.

Do not look for pig in grass jungles in a high wind. They feel no security then. The grass crackles so that they know they cannot hear an enemy coming on them. At such times if you are hunting in undulating country the "quiet sunny side of the slope" should hold out good prospects to you.

In grass, and in all other covers, remember a pig is very much a water-loving animal.

I know some beautiful grass country, miles in extent. It rarely holds pig simply because there are good jheels between it and the main feeding grounds. The grass has no cultivation. I have meant to plant a few acres, here and there, of cane in it to bring the boar there. The jheels near are unworkable.

You must realize that pig get little food in grass, and none in jhow coverts. They grub up a few roots; but truffles and such delicacies seem to be unknown. There are exceptions, as for instance the spot there used to be in the Meerut Kadir called "the Hundred Acres"—a patch of about that area so trenched and retrenched by pig that we prided ourselves that none could ride across it without falling.

Pig frequent jhow coverts when there are no good jheels available; and they are apt to take refuge in heavy jhow when much harried. In the hot season jhow makes cool and pleasant lying.

Failing crops, jheels are, however, the great resort of pig. I can give no more advice about them. When you get jheel and grass intermingled you have a happy combination. One such I remember fondly. As I wrote of it when I discovered it, there were "rushes and reeds, long miles of waving grass, and many a mark of boar."

I have said elsewhere that I think it is a mistake to hunt a covert more than twice a season at most. If you are compelled to hunt a ground twice, always allow ten days to intervene between the two huntings. Pig after being ridden and harried in a covert invariably leave it at nightfall, and will not return within at least that period, even under the most favourable conditions.

Preservation of Ground.—In any country regularly hunted, whether by individuals or a Tent Club, the necessity for maintaining an undiminished stock of pig is a vital consideration. There can be no question of *après moi le déluge*; we have to think of our successors, to hand them over prospects of sport at least as good as those we enjoy.

I have said twice, and, like the "Snark," I will say it again, "you must preserve." This is the root of the matter. If preservation is good, and natural conditions are satisfactory, pig must increase.

After this, look to your sanctuaries. Every ground that is much hunted must either have communication with large game preserves, or it must have sanctuaries of its own, artificial or otherwise. Muttra and Delhi are examples of the former, Meerut and Fyzabad of the latter. Meerut in the old days used to connect through its Ganges Kadir with the Terai jungles, getting thus an inexhaustible supply of pig. Owing to the railway and cultivation the Terai has now been cut off by a belt of many miles wide. This is luckily not a matter of much moment because in the Meerut Kadir there are huge jheels many miles long, full of quicksands and quite unworkable, which form perfect sanctuaries.

Fyzabad is an example of artificial sanctuaries. It has, or can have, large grants of land made by Government many years ago, in which to preserve pig on terms favourable to both cultivator and hunter.

Muttra and Delhi are both fed from native states—Bhurtpur and Alwar. Kheri, I will not give you more examples, used to be fed in the same way with tiger from Nepaul. Owing to years of drought and numerous fires, a large belt of open country has intervened, and few tiger now come there.

Drought, over-preservation, or any unusual occurrence may cause a migration of pig. As a rule, one is powerless to do anything beyond accepting the conditions nature imposes. In Budaon some years ago the jungles on the banks of the canals were cut down. For two years there was magnificent pig-sticking; after that such pig as were left migrated elsewhere.

The increase of pig at Delhi is an interesting subject, and will repay a moment's consideration before I close this chapter. I trust that you will understand that my remarks are made in no jealous spirit. I look on Delhi as the hog-hunters Mecca, and I hope to be quartered there some day. I envy and admire the results produced.

If you refer to the chapter on Tent Clubs you will see that in Delhi for years the bag has been a small and fluctuating one. In 1907, on the arrival of a Native Cavalry regiment, the 18th Lancers, preservation was started in earnest. Results were not apparent immediately. For the three years, 1907, 1908, 1909, the average bag was under 60 pig a year. Then came a great increase. In 1910 the bag was 257, and in 1912 it reached 385 boar.

The question naturally arises as to how this was done. Preservation of pig must have been exceedingly good. The Delhi country is a compact area, a ring fence, which offers facilities for this. The Tent Club were lucky in having an Honorary Secretary, Mr. Brayne, I.C.S., as efficient as he is keen.

The bag of the neighbouring Tent Clubs has not increased in nearly the same proportion. Muttra went up to large numbers with the 15th Hussars, and has since remained fairly stationary at a high level, reaching 400 in 1911, when the Royals handed over the country. Meerut has increased from an average bag of 80 pig a year in 1886 to one of about 160. Yet Muttra has been very efficiently hunted, and in Meerut poachers are, to a large extent, known, labelled, and watched. The Meerut country is so extensive that poaching undoubtedly takes place sometimes in the outlying portions of the hunt.

Considering all this, therefore, it is doubtful if the difference in the preservative measures of the various hunts is sufficient to account for the difference in the bag. In the case of Meerut and Delhi, of course, the one is an old hunt working almost to the limit of its capacity, while the other is, so to speak, virgin soil. The pig were there, but the jungle was impracticable, the situation had not been developed. I have hunted over the bulk of the Delhi country some years ago: it was then mostly unrideable. In places where we gave up in despair large bags are now made. The jungle, jhow largely, has either undergone its periodical cutting, or was specially felled for Durbar requirements in 1911. This latter seems likely.

It is probable that the Alwar pig migrate to

Delhi country. They are over-preserved in Alwar and have to find a home somewhere. The main Alwar coverts are distant seventy to forty miles from the town of Delhi itself, and nearer yet to some of its chief hunting-grounds. Some probably find their way south and east to Muttra.

These suggestions, right or wrong, may be of interest as showing the possible influence of natural causes and migration on sport. That the main factor has been efficient preservation I make no doubt.

CHAPTER IV

CHOOSING, BUYING, AND TRAINING A HORSE

IN writing on pig-sticking it is impossible to avoid a constant reference to the horse : he is the predominant partner in the sport, and on him the joy of a hunt largely depends. Otherwise, I would gladly have refrained from giving you any opinions of my own ; and I only do so now provided that you clearly understand that I am not making any attempt to preach, or to pose as an authority on the subject. I have loved and been with horses all my life, but I think the longer a man is with them the more he realizes his ignorance about them. When I take people round my own or my battery horses I listen to their opinions with becoming gratitude. If you are a youngster, what I have to say may be of some use to you, but if you are an older man I would much rather learn from you.

Now, before buying, the first thing is to settle whether you will ride a horse or a pony. This depends on your weight and where you are hunting ; it is not to any extent a matter of expense. A good pony costs as much as a horse : if he is good at polo as well he may cost more. And if you are to ride against horses there is no use in buying an indifferent pony. Do not ride a pony if you are over twelve stone.

All over Central India, and in any cramped country, a pony is as good as a horse. In the Nagpur Hunt ponies more than hold their own; while Captain Medlicott's brilliant pony, Result, by twice winning the Guzerat Cup, has conclusively proved the value of the smaller animal there.

In any country, given a jinking pig and cover that is not too heavy, a pony is as good as a horse, and can turn inside him. It has to be remembered, too, that the modern pony is in size practically a small horse: very different to the old 13.3.

The only pony I ever owned was an Arab, 13.3, Punch. I had him fifteen years. We killed a good many pig together, and fell in nearly every run. I was too heavy for him. He was a dear, hot, gay little fellow, and I shot him with a very sore heart.

Even the best ponies, however, to my mind, are out of place in a galloping country: they cannot go the pace. I say this with full recollection of those beautiful ponies, "Fireplant," who, with Mr. Vernon, 60th Rifles, won the Kadir Cup; "Solace" (Mr. Wells, 15th Hussars), "Jo Hukm" (Major Maxwell, 2nd Lancers), and "Mosenstein" (Mr. Micholls, 17th Lancers). Ponies such as these are almost a match for any horse; but even they suffered from being ponies.

Colonel Tilney of the 17th Lancers was riding Fireplant one year in a heat against myself and others. We rode a quick, straight-running hog over thickish country. We were all travelling: I happened to be on a fast horse, and I remember wondering how Fireplant could keep up. He came down and gave Tilney an awkward fall. I have always thought that this fall was due to the fact

that while we on horses were going "all out" at sixteen annas, the pony was going "all out" at eighteen annas, and had neither leg nor balance left to save himself, in spite of his rider's fine horsemanship.

In a really thick cover a pony can make no head-way, while a horse crashes through with his weight. For these reasons, and from the fact that I ride 13 stone 7 lbs., I have practically no experience of ponies, and will discuss with you horses only.

Now as regards the different classes of horses, Walers, Arabs, Country-breds, and English, it is hard to say anything that has not been better said many times before.

The Oriental Sporting Magazines up to 1860 and later, had strong views as to the impossibility of the Waler ever holding his own with the Arab after pig. Now the pendulum has swung the other way, and you will find few to disparage the Australian horse.

Simson, who wrote nigh thirty years ago, disliked Walers because he could never rely on them, and found they generally bucked. The days, however, of the underbred, bucking beast are gone. The modern high-class Waler is a beautiful animal, inferior neither in quality nor shape to a well-bred English horse, and with a constitution and legs better suited to Indian hunting. Bold, fast, and handy, I have many such in my memory, and they have all my love.

Simson, to quote him again, would ride nothing but Arabs. But he rode under 12 stone, and paid about 1500 rupees for his animals: a price equal to nearly double that amount now. Baden-Powell loves the Arab, but on the whole gives preference to the Waler.

Arabs make charming hunters, especially for rocky or trappy countries. Like the ponies they cannot quite live with a galloping horse. I have known many good ones, notably, Captain Barrett's (15th Hussars) "Chase me Con," and Major Cameron's (C. I. Horse) beautiful mare, "Summer Seas."

Pioneer, whom I have mentioned elsewhere, is a Gulf Arab. In fourteen seasons he has only given me one fall, and has never been sick or sorry in his life, except when cut by pig, which was fairly often when we were both young and foolish. His only trouble is that he is too casual, and will not move a leg to avoid a cut.

The Central India Horse tell me that as a result of their experiences in Persia for nearly two years lately, they find the Persian or Gulf Arab is exceptionally well suited for a pig-sticker. He is very bold, of good constitution, has sound legs, is fast for a short distance, and is very sure on his feet in even the most impossible country. Both Pioneer and Mr. Branford's Rustom bear out this view in an interesting manner.

Country-breds, thanks to thorough-bred stallions, are in many cases now very well-bred, nice horses. They are always hardy, and their feet stand better than any horse. They are, generally speaking, cheaper than any other class of horse. They are often lacking in chest capacity, high on the leg, and deficient in bone.

I have been disappointed in the little I have seen of English horses. Sir Locke Elliot brought two very nice ones to a Kadir Cup, but they were galloping, striding horses that looked to me more like steeplechasers than pig-stickers. I doubt if

the English horses legs stand the rough ground as well as the Arab or Waler. Still, a light English horse with quality ought to do well, and I hope to take one out when I go to India next : somewhat bigger than a polo pony, but without the weight of a hunter.

Now to turn to the buying. The first thing is to find a man without guile from whom to buy. You may, of course, buy privately, or through the *Pioneer*, from Native Cavalry regiments, from the Remount Depôts, or from the big dealers in the presidency towns.

The secret of all buying is not to have to buy in a hurry. If you have to buy several animals to start work at once you are likely to take some makeshifts. The man to be envied is he who has the capital available, and buys when he sees exactly the right animal in the market.

Always see your horse before you buy him : a friend's choice is seldom satisfactory. I buy a good many horses for various people. I get their epistolary thanks, and occasionally a candid opinion. "I hope you like the horse," I wired. Back came the answer, "He's a brute."

I dislike buying "made" horses, and seldom do so. I bought a horse said to be a good pig-sticker once. Just before he was sold he was badly cut by a pig ; his wound was raw when I bought him. The seller did not know it, but this had made him unstaunch for life. I rode him in the Kadir. He would not go near a pig, and I was never in the hunt. My friends (I did not know I had so many) protested they could not think what I was doing with the horse. They deafened me with the noise of his former exploits. "What a hunt A had

ridden against him when dear old Tom had the horse." I "should have seen how Dick used to shove him along over a country." While all agreed that Harry never lost a spear off him.

If you are landed with an unstaunch horse get rid of him at once. Sell him according to your conscience as either a made pig-sticker or a lady's hack. Give a coward a fair trial, and then never go on with him. He is not worth it: a crowning sorrow in this land of woe.

Some of the native cavalry regiments sell horses. I wonder that more do not.

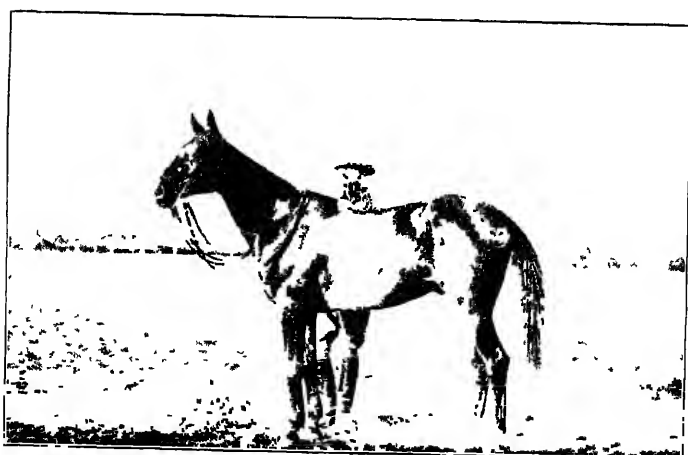
I bought Crispin, of whom more later, from Major Knowles of the 2nd Lancers, who got him from among the remounts of his regiment. He is the best horse I have ever had, of high quality, fast and bold. Not many have led him in a hunt, nor equalled him in his fighting qualities. Pioneer came from the Central India Horse.

At one of those periodical large gatherings, when the civilian measures the importance of the occasion by the discomfort that he deals out to his military friends, I was in want of a couple of horses. I had been too busy to do anything till the last day, when I went to a certain native cavalry regiment and told them that I was short of time, of a confiding nature, and without experience. As I knew they sold good horses would they trot me out one or two of their best? They welcomed me. They kept no bad horses, but the very best they had were at my service. For themselves, their lives were spent in the service of the widow and orphan. The animals they produced would have dried up the Pool of Siloam. I got a nice horse in the end.

When young I bought a horse from another



" PIONEER "



" CRISPIN "

regiment. He was a beautiful horse—sideways. I forgot to look at him edgeways. He was the most awful speedy cutter I have ever seen. So much for my experience buying from a regiment.

Some of the best horses I have ever had have come from the Remount Depôts, and I owe many thanks to my good friends in the department. If you go to a dépôt remember they are experts, you are not, and take their advice.

I make no mention of that atrocity the hired charger.

I practically always buy raw horses from the big dealers, and I strongly advise you to do the same. The mere buying is an education to your eye. The training of youngsters must teach you, and the pleasure of riding a young horse that you have trained is great. Men are often met who put down long sums, and always ride made pig-stickers. This perhaps is sound if they are well enough off to be able to afford it. But they miss the anxieties and joys of a first hunt: the delicate feeling of mouth and manner shaping to the rider's will can never be theirs. Also, though you may be too young to appreciate this, it must be good for you, and keep you young to handle two or three youngsters each growing year.

Once you have settled on the breed of your horse, and the person of open countenance from whom you are going to buy him, consider awhile what manner of animal will you buy?

I will give you my definition of a perfect pig-sticker: he should be a little, active, *quick*, fast, clean-bred horse of 15.2½ hands, with a perfect shoulder and rein. He should have a bold eye, a generous disposition, and a courage beyond praise.

Yet with all these qualities he should lack neither drive nor devil. That his mouth and training should be perfect requires no comment.

If you agree with me, and you must skip what follows if you do not, I will amplify this a little more.

I am not a believer in big or heavy horses. I have owned several of 16 hands, but I have always found they wanted the more riding, and were apt to be unhandy after jinking pig. I am sure many men from their English hunting training overmount themselves after pig. There is no question here of heavy plough and runs of many miles : almost any animal is up to weight. A heavy horse cannot be quick, off like a flash, into his stride at once, and turning like a polo pony. This quickness is the one most important quality of all. You can make certain of getting it if you get the right shape and disposition, and train well enough. The valuable gift of following a pig of himself, as if he were going to eat him, you cannot teach a horse : it must come from the horse's own nature and from experience.

One of the charms of hog-hunting is that a heavy man is not handicapped. His extra weight gives him the more balance and power to turn a horse or stop a charge.

Pace and quality need no comment. It is certain that if you once ride really well-bred horses you will never be satisfied with anything else.

Shoulder and rein I consider vital ; they mean the saving to you of many falls. At home I do not think a shoulder is as important as are barrel, gaskins, and hocks. It is quite the other way in India. A horse with a bad shoulder is bound to fall : moreover, your horse must use his shoulders ;

when you are on them you must see them working like the oscillating piston heads of a big engine.

I need not elaborate the moral qualities. You must buy the best compromise you can, no horse can be expected to be perfect.

My advice to you, then, is look for as essential :

1. A *quick horse*. You can judge this best by eyes, action, turning, movement of hocks, or possibly the celerity with which you are shot over the animal's ears.
2. A *small horse*.
3. A *good rein and shoulder*.
4. A *good bold eye*. If a Waler has a small eye or a bump between the eyes, he is a knave for sure.

I dislike a Waler with a bump between the eyes intensely, he is always a ruffian : I have only owned one. He bucked me on to my back on my sword one Christmas day, and he bucked me on to the top of a pig the first time he went pig-sticking. He did little else, and I sold him very cheap. I had a letter shortly after from his new owner in hospital, complaining that our friend had seized him by the arm in his stall and worried him shrewdly. I offered him my deepest sympathy.

If any of the above points are lacking in the horse you are after, I urge you to have none of him. After these look for quality, pace, action, hocks, and whatever special points your fancy may dictate. Each man has his fads. I personally never ride a brown or black, nor have I ever owned a mare. I think you will find bright bays and golden chestnuts the hardest and best horses in India.

If you see swollen muscles at the junction of the jaw, and the neck, you must either refrain from

buying, or you must break them down by training. They tell of a hard mouth and wrongly balanced head as surely as exaggerated front forearm muscles tell of a slow mover.

My friend H of the Army Remount Department, as shrewd a judge of a horse as he was a brilliant race rider, always maintains that a horse tires first in the neck. A beaten horse always lowers his head. In getting a horse really fit his first endeavours are therefore directed to the muscles of the animal's neck.

It is obvious that you will not buy a horse with real bad formation of any sort or crooked action. Apart from crookedness, a pounding action is to be deprecated. It is hard to tell from seeing him over the open how a horse will shape over grass and rough country. Some horses would never be seen for dust on the flat by others who would leave them hopelessly behind in a run. Courage and devil are large factors in a horse to help him over a blind or thick country. The really good horse goes straight and seems to take everything on chance, yet with a fifth leg always ready. This requires a wise horse: a fool will fall. I think nothing describes the action of a good horse across country so well as the word "sailing": the smooth, apparently effortless motion. I do not believe that most of us attach half enough importance to action. A perfect action can never be mistaken nor can it ever turn out wrong. I have seen a young horse's action deteriorate badly, but only when he has been a common under-bred beast.

Now for the question of expense.

Except in outlying districts you will no longer get the best of sport, for almost nothing, on the

cheapest of animals. It is a lamentable fact, but it has to be faced. India is no longer a poor man's country. Pay is better than at home, but servants, horses, entertaining, and everything connected with sport have all gone up in price. In English pay one is apt to overlook the free extras.

I advocate paying good prices for your horses. Good prices that is from my view. To a man with any money they are a mere bagatelle. Because I do this I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am, and always shall be, a very poor man. But I am convinced that with most things, certainly the dear ones, such as horses, guns, motor bicycles and motors, the soundest policy is to buy the most expensive you can possibly afford. Cut your mess bill down, economise in every way you can. The poor man who marries, goes to the hills, or spends money on clothes is a fool. You will get far more pleasure by keeping good animals; their upkeep is the same as that of inferior ones. You will get a name for keeping good cattle, and you will find your horses snapped up at good prices if you ever want to sell. Not that I advocate your being an amateur horse dealer: there are too many such. If you have a good horse, never sell him. With all the will and cunning in the world a dealer will never make pig-sticking a profitable amusement. Two thousand rupees is a long price for a pig-sticker, and even this, when casualties from ground and pig are considered, gives little margin of profit on the price of the raw animal.

Some people argue that it is of no use to buy good horses for pig-sticking, as they are bound to be screwed or cut. I do not agree. Provided you do not hunt with horses till they are really fit, and do

not overwork them, I think their legs stand wonderfully. The strains and injuries occur to tired and unfit horses. The work is very severe. For a heavy season's hunting I like five or six horses; and of them, three out for each day's hunting. I know a certain man who had eleven horses of the "caster" class for hunting this season. I would rather have had half the number for the same money of a better class. Our friend, though, was right in wanting several horses. You must change your horse after every run: a gallop in grass or thick cover is most exhausting. No horse should be called on to do more than three really severe runs in a day—two such are ample. It is the tired horses that always cause the grief.

If you are lucky enough to be in a district where there is no competition ride the cheapest you can get. But, I beg of you, keep one good horse for the pleasure of his company.

My advice to you, therefore, is to buy the best horses (Walers) your means will allow raw from the dealers. Their price will run from 700 rupees to 1500 rupees in proportion as you insist on the qualities laid down for our ideal pig-sticker. A horse costing 1000 rupees to 1200 rupees raw, if he turns out well, ought to make a very nice pig-sticker, and sell for 1500 rupees. The Bombay market is probably cheaper than Calcutta, where horses are snapped up for the paper chasing. Your native cavalry horse should cost you considerably less. If you buy "made" horses you are not a poor man. You are either a rich man or a confirmed optimist.

A few words on training and I have done this long chapter.

Train your horse exactly as you would a polo

pony ; even play him at polo if you can manage it. You must get him on his hocks. Nothing is so good for this as the constant cantering up and down, and about, putting your legs on strong at each turn to get the hocks under, and turning on the hocks alone. Owing to a horse's size and weight neither his fetlocks nor his temper will allow as much of this as a pony. Do the whole of your training on a snaffle. When your horse is trained put a severe bit in his mouth, and ride him after tame pig and cattle, but remember not only the trodden worm but the blown cow turns, or your horse's education may be all too thorough. Ride with an absolutely loose rein : your horse may be afraid of the bit for the first day or two, but he will soon learn that it is only applied for a specific object, and that the instant he has obeyed the signal he has a loose rein again. He will soon become bridle-wise, and you will then have a perfect-mouthed horse. By a loose rein I mean one absolutely dangling. I ride my own horses on the bottom bar of a mohawk, and seldom have a snaffle. I do not see any particular advantage in the latter if you always ride on the loose rein principle.

I had an interesting talk at dinner lately with a Native Cavalry officer who had just done a winter's hunting at home. He said he was astonished at the different standard of training and manners required in horses in England and in India. His experience had been that so long as he could jump any manners were passed as good enough in the English hunter. Reining back, passage and turning and similar qualities might be conspicuous by their absence, and would call for no comment. My friend will, however, I trust, pardon my calling him an extremist

on training. He holds that two years are necessary after buying a young raw horse to get him both fit and really trained and ready for work.

Work in the company of another horse at the last stages and at full pace. At full speed, and when excited, young horses are apt to forget their training. It is good for one man to hunt the other : the horse soon learns to take his jinks unaided, and you have the delightful feeling of change of legs and altered balance before you are ready for it even.

Many starts from a walk or a halt at full gallop to some object fifty yards away, forward, at an angle, or about, are of value. Each man alternately gives the object and the signal to ride. Use your voice often. If the horse goes wrong in the last stages use the bit freely to correct mistakes, but never forget your horse is your pal. Always ride with sharp spurs ; you may want them to get a horse's quarter out of the way of a fighting hog.

Remember the rough ground and severe work require very careful hardening for a horse. You cannot have him too fit or too hard : even so, if he is a young 'un, you must work him light.

Failing pig or cattle, you can train well after jackals or foxes. I trained all my horses this way one year at Campbellpore. I had a cork on my spear point.

Teach all your horses to swim. If you have a long swim in front of you, slip off your saddle, and lie alongside your horse on the near side, with your right hand and spear over his withers ; do not touch the reins except to guide him if necessary. This is not a difficult accomplishment but it is seldom well done. We all swim in " R," and have many good swimmers ; but those who can swim



Lionel Carvado

"HAVE KILLED PIG SWIMMING "

To face page 57

a horse well, without making him fight, are few. If you have only a short swim to face do not get off your horse; he will carry you easily enough, and you can catch your pig in the water. I have twice speared pig swimming. A horse swims double the pace a pig does. Pig, though, are strong swimmers and fond of water. I have seen them repeatedly swim at right angles across a strong current where a horse at the same place is carried a hundred yards down-stream. I fancy this is because the greater bulk of the horse is more readily caught hold of by the current.

In any pig-sticking country you must expect to swim at any time. This reminds me of a certain Hog-hunter's Cup. These are point to point races after the Kadir Cup: they generally bore me to distraction. Well, we took our racing friends and made the course clear to them, quite clear to the meanest intellect. They had to go round an elephant with a white flag on him. We warned them of a couple of awkward nullahs with deepish water. Soon after they started we saw Major Tilney, 17th Lancers, fall on his head. He got up apparently none the worse, though we found later that his fall had temporarily somewhat affected his clarity of vision, mental and physical. When the race ended there was no Tilney. Our anxieties were allayed an hour later when he and his horse, very wet and tired, came in. His only comment was, "D——d big nullahs those." He had mistaken a white temple across the river for the white flag. He had swum and re-swum the Ganges.

The Kadir Cup country is so flat and featureless that these flagged point elephants are sometimes a necessity. One year one of these flag elephants,

on the arrival of the first horse, was so terrified at, I presume, the rider's racing seat and demeanour that he fled forthwith. It was pleasant to see the elephant bolting for all he was worth, trunk and tail on end, the white flag drooping down his back, while an indignant and protesting field galloped with the utmost velocity in their vain efforts to go round him.

And now, reader, I must close this long chapter. You have borne, may be, with my fads, and listened to my views : it lies with you to sift the corn from the chaff. I can but hope that your horse when you get him may turn out well. Long and in all honour may he be your friend.

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CHAPTER V

RIDING A PIG : POLO : HUNTING

. . . and heard great argument
About it and about, but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went.

F. B. SIMSON gives the following rules for pig-sticking, which had been taught him as a youngster, and on which he ever acted :

1. Always gallop fast at a pig : never walk.
2. Always ride at, or take a charging pig at an angle, not end on.
3. Spear well forward.
4. Have a sharp spear, and do not hold on to it.

Two more rules are so universally known that they hardly require noting :

5. A horse can go where a pig goes.
6. If you lose a pig, cast for'ard.

And I would add two others of a gospel that I have ever preached, though I may not have practised it successfully :

7. You must lie first in a run.
8. Always ride with a loose rein.

I comment briefly on these maxims.

1. *Galloping*.—Nearly every bad cut I have seen from a pig has been where the horse has not been going at full speed. Hog fight often, and use their

tushes much ; but always with an animal standing still. They misjudge the pace of a galloping horse, and nearly always miss. Of course the momentum of the pace renders the cut the more severe if it is inflicted.

2. *Charging Pig*.—If you ride “end on” at a charging pig you are very apt to get a pretty fall unless your horse is clever and leaps the pig. As a matter of fact if you are riding an animal worthy the name of a pig-sticker, and you leave his head alone, he will leap the pig successfully more often than not. A pig alongside you who turns sharp across your bows at speed is much more likely to bring you down. For he either cuts your horse’s legs away from under him, or entangles him in the spear.

To see hog and hunter mutually pick each other out when some fifty yards apart, and then charge each other “bald-headed,” end on, with a simultaneous squeal of rage is always delightful.

3. *Spearing*.—If you spear far back you will not kill. Spears, and the art of spearing are discussed in a later chapter.

4. *Holding to the Spear*.—My own view is that you should never let go except to save a fall ; or unless, when alone, you cannot keep a heavy boar out. Holding on is largely a matter of habit ; it means many broken spears of course, for nothing can stand the strain of horse and hog. The stoutest shaft will sometimes break, leaving in your hand what looks like tangled fibre. Hunting in company, a man who lets go his spear is a nuisance. If the spear remains in the hog the butt makes it difficult to get near him : if it comes out it may land butt down, point up, and spear some one.

5. *Line to Take*.—If you do not go over exactly the same ground that a pig does you are bound to lose ground, and you will often come to grief. You, of course, see nothing of the country, but your horse does; and the hog ahead is a valuable pilot to him, telling him where to put in a fifth leg, and where to shorten his stride. There is no difficulty in riding hard on a hog's line; the trouble is in riding a parallel line, or a stern chase.

6. *Casting For'ard*.—If you lose a boar always cast for'ard. Find the first piece of open country you can, get there quietly, hide, wait, and watch. You will not be always right, but you will be more often than by any other method. The way a pig squats in thick cover and then sneaks out on again unseen is extraordinary. His pursuers meanwhile continue to guard vainly the spot where he once was but is no longer. A hog always knows his own mind; if he started meaning to go to certain cover to that cover he will go, sooner or later.

This "casting for'ard" is one of the most important things in pig-sticking, and one of the least understood even by men who, in many cases, are not novices.

I will give you a couple of instances of it.

X and Z were watching a heat nearly a mile away riding a pig in long grass. After a while it became obvious from their actions that the heat had lost the pig. The general direction of the run had been from left to right across the front of X and Z. These two watched the heat for a minute as they continued to wander about aimlessly looking for their pig in the vicinity of where they had lost him. X and Z then did what the heat ought to have done in the first instance, and galloped as hard

as they could about a mile and a half to the right, where a shallow sandy nullah crossed at right angles to the general direction of the boar's previous run. They had not to wait there long before they were rewarded by the boar coming out to them. His condition and state made it certain that he was the hunted pig.

I remember one afternoon we were beating north along some grass *bhur* lands. The Kadir was on our left, and the country on the edge of the Kadir was a mass of hills and nullahs, a nasty country to travel over. In the Kadir were fields of sugar-cane and *dâk* and palm jungle. I was on the left alone, and there were two heats on my right composed mostly of novices. The extreme right heat rode and lost a pig. It was obvious that the pig's point was the Kadir. It was probable that he would not go straight down to it on account of the noise of the line and the other heat. It was likely that he would travel straight on for some way, and then turn down left-handed. I at once cantered forward about a mile, and standing watching on the highest hillock presently saw my friend slanting as I had expected towards the low ground. I gave chase and had a pretty run. The boar got to the broken ground on the edge and ran all along it. He would not face the Kadir on account of the open ground that lay at first between him and the cover. I travelled over a mile before I got on terms with this pig. The ground was really rough, and both the pig and Pioneer had to scramble like cats. When I got up the pig came in well, and I got in a good spear, but could not get it out and had to let it remain in him. A bad piece of work. The pig, seeing that he could not get at me continued

on his course slowly and very sick. I was debating whether to try and finish the matter with my stirrup iron or whether to gallop to a little hamlet a quarter of a mile away to get a lathi or stick, with the almost certainty of losing the pig, when Norton who had also cast for'ard came up. The sight of him seemed to give the pig a fresh lease of life for he charged him savagely at once, and cut Scatters, Norton's horse. The butt of the spear was in the way; however, Norton killed him.

7. *Position in a Run.*—No run will ever give you pleasure to think of unless you have cut out, or tried to cut out, all the work, be it in competition, Tent Club, or hunting trips. If your horse is not fast enough you may not be able to do the bulk of the hunting. Try to, at anyrate; you will help in the hunt more by being first than elsewhere. Never lie second on purpose, or ride cunning as regards the work. A fast horse is a great advantage, but he is not everything. In the Kadir Cup, and still more so in ordinary hunting, how often does one not see a good man on an inferior horse leaving better horses behind him? The extra knowledge and quickness give an advantage of two or three lengths, most difficult to make up, be the other horses as fast as they may.

Ever since I have hunted in any country, I have always been struck with the way in which a really first-class performer, no matter how he is mounted, leaps into full stride and sails away on the boar's tail; riding easily with no effort and leaving his heat behind with the difficult task of making up ground or trying vainly to get up by chipping in on a pig, who always seems to go just the wrong way.

To my mind the mad joy of a race for the spear over a rough country can be equalled by nothing on this earth. But I cannot make myself too clear when I say that this racing and riding for a spear is entirely conditional, and must be tempered with discretion. The first object in all pig-sticking is to hunt the pig; the second to kill him; and the third, a bad last only, is to get the spear. Anything that interferes with hunting the pig or killing him must be wrong, and cannot be too strongly condemned.

In any awkward ground or thick cover you must ride the pig slow, there must be no racing. Shout as the boar turns. If you are not on the pig you must ride wide, or behind, to help the man who is on, and you must give him all eternity to ride and spear his hog in. You must act unselfishly, and play the most strict cricket in every possible way. But the moment the pig gets to easier country challenge the man on the pig at once. Make the pace as hot as you can. Have no patience with dawdling, crawling methods. I have tried both systems, slow hunting and fast. With youngsters, who do not know when to take a pull for difficult cover, you may override a few hog with the latter method; but even so I am sure you will kill more pig than by "wear him down" hunting.

8. *Loose Rein* (see also chapter on horses).—The more I hunt, the more I am convinced that why people fall is because they will not leave their horses' heads alone. Put a mob of unbroken horses, without riders, over the jumps in one of the big manèges at the Remount Dépôts. Note how few fall. They may stumble, but they recover; their heads are free, their balancing levers untouched.

My experience holds good in this respect as regards all the Northern Indian countries, and the rougher ground towards the Terai. I never found much trouble with a loose-reined horse over the rocky hills of the Deccan and Central India. As for black cotton soil, I prefer long reins and my flat feet.

So much for our maxims. I add a few general notes on hunting.

The hunting instinct is poor in most of us. It is almost hopeless to expect people to keep silent, to help on the line, or to hide when a cover is being beaten out to them. You may post a heat, moving on tip-toe to hide them. If one of the heat comes up late, will it ever enter into his head to walk quietly to his post out of sight of the beat in order that the sound of his hoofs may not carry? Not a bit of it. He will rattle gaily up in sight of the beat and ask for directions in a cheerful shout from the other members of his heat, whom he will probably find standing in front of their posts in full view.

Again, many men get away moderately quick with a pig under their noses. It is only an infinitesimal number who can both think and act quickly on the slightest sign. Cattle suddenly disturbed, waving grass, a flick of dust, a disturbance on the line, a shout, a gesticulating cultivator, all of these have their meaning and their message, what to do and where to go. It is for you by natural instinct, by quick sight, by training, and observation to interpret and act aright.

In riding a hog, press him for all you are worth, at once. You will then burst and catch him in a short distance. If he gets his wind he may take you a long way. Then, when once you are on his tail, settle down to your hog's pace. Nurse him

through thick cover, at this period, with a good margin of speed in hand. Waving grass and dust will help you much. Cutting out the work does not mean seeing red and riding like a lunatic all the way; it means good hunting. When your opportunity arrives, touch your horse lightly with the leg, and you are on the pig in a couple of bounds at twice his pace.

At the end, when you do make your rush, you must go in like a tiger, "all out," man and horse, every nerve and muscle strained. Whether the boar comes into you or not, this is the whole art of killing a pig. It is your horse's pace and impetus that gives the blow, not the strength of your arm. I have written more on this subject in the chapter on "Spears." If you are riding a slow horse "all out" with only just legs to catch the pig, you must spear when and where you can. It is a tiring and difficult performance.

In difficult cover, I repeat, ride slow and shout. In 1913, "R" Battery, R.H.A., won the Muttra Cup in country of all sorts with Mr. Norton, Captain Phillips, and Mr. Clibborn. The two men nearest the pig when he got up hustled him all they knew; the third rode twenty yards behind, and in echelon, decreasing this distance as the pace slackened, ready for a jink especially on the side on which lay any special cover.

When a hog is in one cover, and has only a short distance to his next cover, your only chance is to stand with your back to the latter and face the cover where he is. When he comes out, ride for a charge at once.

If you are beating a cover with a line, and come to the clearly-defined end of the beat, let the line

go, and stand some hundred yards back : the pig is bound to break back through the line to you.

In riding a hog always remember, or know by pig-craft, what his point is, and always look for his point in that direction. In a heat of the Kadir Cup of 1912, I got away first on a mean pig, who, I was sure, was a nasty jinking beast. He ran left-handed, but his point was to my right. I had the legs of the others, and only rode at a hand gallop quietly behind the boar's off-hind. He jinked, as I knew he must, turned sharp to his right across my front, and was speared.

As a general rule, gallop straight into a heavy boar, but take a small pig easy. You will be lucky to spear him before he has jinked once or twice. But this all depends on the country, and how much you are pressed. I detest little pig, and seldom ride them. There is a joy in the hunting of a big boar quite different to that of a small.

I am all in favour of the first spear being a good one that shall either kill or disable the boar so long as you are in difficult country or hunting on a trip. In a competition, or in a Tent Club, when the ground allows, I consider a spot of blood sufficient. It is a matter of opinion and of circumstances.

With a fast horse make the pace more than ever a cracker from the start. This year I was riding one day with N of the Political Department, a hard rider. I was on a thoroughbred race-horse, he on a fast pony. We got away level on a boar who had a couple of hundred yards' start. N shoved along for all he was worth, and I kept level with him, smiling. When we got up I made my spurt, and missed handsomely as the boar jinked sharp. N came with a rush, and I lost the spear through bad

judgment on my part and fine horsemanship on his. I ought to have utilized my pace to get as far ahead as possible, so that I might go slow on the pig and, if need be, take a jink before N came up.

It is common to see men in every hunt who ride really hard, and well, yet do not get many first spears. This is often so among men who have hunted much at home. They realize the necessity for pace and for riding a good hunt, but they do not always acquire the savageness and devil which must make them go in at the end. It is simply that they are accustomed to have their fox pulled down for them, and also because they wish the other fellow to have a chance of joining in the fun. A good man in front of me at the end of a hunt as he twists and turns with his pig, determined to kill at all hazards, always strikes me as horribly selfish.

I have tried to deduce some rule for learning from a hog's ears and tail, and the turn of his head, which way he is going to jink. But I have found no certainty.

Apart from the question of being ready for a pig to jink to his point, I find the best place to ride after a boar is about a horse's length straight behind him, and the least shade to the near side. Here you are well placed to take a jink either way, you are ready for your spurt, and he must indeed be a ruffian who would pretend you are not on the pig.

If you have the faster horse, and are riding against one other man who is your intimate friend, or if you are in a competition, you must get the spear even on a little jinking pig. A decent boar wants no manœuvring. Go ahead at once, and ride half right or half left between your opponent

and the boar. You are nearest the pig, and have a right to your line. The other man must either go further out or pull up and go behind you. In either case a sharp turn on to the hog leaves you with a tiring pig in front, and your adversary with a long stern chase behind. I was doing this to my complete satisfaction on Crispin against S in this year's Kadir Cup. My horse put his foot in a hole, we both fell and were *hors-de-combat*, while S went on and speared.

In easy country a deliberate jostling run, among men who know each other well and are not novices, is quite amusing. Only it must be agreed on beforehand, otherwise the more reputable members of the gang get caught napping. I remember one pleasant ride through light grass girth high. Three of us were abreast, and the only reason the right-hand man alone speared was that the other two were each so busy riding off their right-hand neighbour that they had no room to get their spear hands down. It was pointed out to the right-hand man that he had had an unfair advantage in having no one on his right.

The signals in pig-sticking are universal and well known. Spear horizontal across hat means sow or squeaker. Spear pointed at arm's length in any direction means a boar viewed. It should be accompanied by shouts as the pig turns, and can hardly be mistaken as the signaller should be galloping. A hand waved in the air means that you are not on the pig. A hand twisting vertically at the wrist, when made to a man elsewhere when guarding a beat, may mean "where is the pig?" Some people do not understand this.

An expert can and does distinguish a boar from

a sow under any conditions a long way off. But many boar are undoubtedly let off by novices, and sometimes by men who ought to know better, especially in the cold weather. They like to signal quickly because it gives them the knowing look of an old hand. For his first year the novice should not signal unless he is quite certain.

So long as there are no onlookers, the signal for sow is useful when you come to bad country and are uncertain of your horse.

No account of riding a pig can be complete without an allusion to killing one on foot. As I have written elsewhere, this form of sport is sometimes necessary when a wounded boar has taken cover in thick cover or in heavy crops, such as sugar-cane, and cannot be tackled on horseback. In these cases the spears have no choice ; they must go in on foot. It is not right to leave a wounded boar to die in pain, and it is, of course, quite impossible to put coolies or beaters in to drive.

This is an amusement which is apt to lead to an interesting fight between two spears and the boar. Three spears if steady must always win. In the case of a single spear I am inclined to back the boar. It, of course, depends on how severely the latter is wounded.

I can give you no advice as to what to do beyond urging you to hold your spear steady and not to thrust. Your procedure with a wounded hog if you find he has to be tackled on foot should differ from your method of handling a wounded tiger in the matter of waiting. Tackle a boar at once, give a tiger several hours' law. The boar will be tired after his run, and short of breath : every minute's delay is in his favour. The tiger, on the contrary, has been

wounded when quite fresh, and the longer he has to stiffen and feel his wound the better. I give you several experiences of my own in this book, but I have never had to tackle an unwounded boar, so I will give you a couple of instances which happened to others.

My father, the late Major-General Wardrop, going in on foot once, Poonah way, into a cactus patch after an unwounded boar, was knocked over. He was then charged again by the hog, but he hit him on the snout with his clenched fist. The boar went off, and my father escaped with a badly-ripped arm.

A friend writes to me from Saugor :

Some years ago Colonel Manifold, I.M.S., was civil surgeon at Rampur, and in charge of the gaol there, which, at that time was cleared for cleaning and repairs. A boar, one day, during severe floods, took shelter in the empty gaol. The gaoler at once incarcerated him, and sent word to Manifold who had a round with the boar single-handed, inflicting a skin wound with a blunt native spear. He then wired to Bareilly for his friend Maxwell in the 2nd Lancers.

Maxwell was delayed by duty for two days. Meanwhile, Manifold fed the hog with much grain.

When Maxwell came the idea was to net the pig, and take him to some rideable ground. All the exits from the gaol, bar one, were blocked with stout barricades of scaffolds and planks :} each barricade was garrisoned with sepoy; and Kunjars spread a net across the remaining opening.

On being disturbed, the boar scattered one of the barricades, garrison and all, like paper, and then went through the net, also like paper. He then took cover in a small inclosure from which all efforts to dislodge him were fruitless.

The two spears with an orderly went to the entrance while stones were thrown through the windows at the boar. He soon charged and was missed by two spears, but impaled

himself on the third, the lead hitting his chest and the point coming out at his tail. The hand and thigh of the third man was cut, and the man himself was dashed against the wall. It was against the wall that the spear probably struck when it was driven through the pig. The other spears got up and the pig was quickly killed—a heavy pig of 31 inches.

The above is an instance of an unblown boar being killed, but he had only a few yards to get up steam in. His killers did not suffer from the weight of a fully-developed charge.

Last month, here, a boar took cover in the Betel-nut gardens. These are several acres in extent, roofed over with trellis, only about six feet high, and divided into alley ways by hedges of betel-nut, each alley way permitting of the passage of one man only. In the betel gardens it is always semi-twilight, and the lowness of the roof and the narrowness of the alleys makes carrying and handling a spear very awkward. A boar $31\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 185 lbs., had been rattled out of the garden: after receiving a charge of shot in the snout, he had lain up again in it, and nothing would move him. Three spears entered the garden, and saw, sixty yards away down an alley, the bloody snout of the recumbent, but now thoroughly rested boar. Down that alley went two spears, in single file, with the rear man closely backing up the leader. The third spear came down the next alley. Of the two spears in the boar's alley, one had never seen a pig before, and had no idea that he would charge. At thirty yards' distance the boar came at the two spears, reaching them at top speed. The leading man knelt; his spear took the pig on the off shoulder, and deflected him slightly, but he was knocked over by the boar's shoulder. The boar, squeezing past him, took the hinder man at mid-thigh (luckily not using his tushes), and flung him to blazes, and then passed away, tearing the spear out of his shoulder, but being considerably incapacitated by his wound. The third man in the next alley was unable to help. After hunting him again by his blood tracks and failing to find, these three left the betel garden, just in time to find the boar had broken, and to

be able to mount and be in at a very lively death. The man whom the boar struck got off with a week in hospital and a bad bruising—particularly lucky as the boar was well tushed. The force of his rush was amazing. One felt like meeting a run-away horse.

In the old days, about 1830, round Poonah “Sabring Hog” was a regular practice. I can tell you nothing of my own knowledge about this, but quote you an experience of Colonel Vaughan’s with a 250-lb. boar.

He writes :

My incident was as follows :

I was, with my adjutant, trumpeter, and orderly, watching the leading squadron of the Regiment going to water in the Nerbuddah after crossing the railway bridge on the Khandwa-Mhow line. A large sounder of sows and squeakers jumped up in the middle of the squadron and made off upstream. I cantered along, followed by my staff, abreast of them, and presently saw an old boar some three hundred yards ahead of them. The river-banks were intersected with small ravines so we scrambled along by the water’s edge, and gradually got level with the boar. It was impossible ground to kill him in so we rode parallel with him and shouted at him, and presently he turned inland ; we gave him a good start, and then raced him. I drew my sword and gave him the point in the loins as he reached a cotton-field. As there was a nullah in front, I galloped to the far side of the field to head him off, and shouted to the trumpeter and orderly to each watch one corner of the cultivation. Then Mitford and I drew the field backwards and forwards like spaniels. The old boar squatted close, but at last jumped up and charged me. I whipped my horse round and received him with the point of the sword which held him off. Mitford then gave him a thrust, and he staggered and died. I measured the grease marks on my sword 14 inches ; it went into him easier than a spear, and came out as easily. It was an old pattern cavalry officer’s sword ; the new pattern would

probably be more effective as it has a sharper and finer point.

The various forms of riding pig, alone, in Tent Clubs, and on trips are so often referred to in various chapters that there is no need to say any more about them. However you hunt, three methods are open to you, beating a cover, beating on a line, and "gooming" alone. All these are also described elsewhere.

I must just add that I personally much prefer hunting with a line to beating a cover. In the latter there are inevitably tedious waits; one is taking no hand in the beating, and the country between is generally easy going, often fields. In Central India, and over the big cactus fences of Guzerat, the last objection does not exist.

I prefer the beating in line through the long grass, as in the churs of Bengal and all our Kadir lands. There is no tiring waiting, there is a constant excitement. The sea of grass, with its jhow, its river-beds, and winding nullahs, calls forth in the highest degree the boldness of the horse and the hunting qualities of the rider. In

The yellow waving grasses, league long on either hand,
With cloudless skies and sun-dimmed eyes and burning river
sand,

there is a sense of freedom, of elation as boundless and as healthful as the sea.

I will say no more on these subjects, but I cannot close this subject without a brief allusion to the kindred pursuits of polo and hunting. Comparisons in either case are impossible. But it may be of interest to consider shortly some of the merits and demerits of each.

The case of polo is simple. The finest game in the world teaches obedience, discipline, organization, unselfishness, nerve, riding, and quickness. But does it necessarily teach a man good hands, an eye for and a capacity for getting across a country, a knowledge of the language and the natives, and a capacity for fending for himself? After all, one is a game, and the other a sport. It is enough for the devotees of each to respect one another.

Polo is, except as regards tournaments, a cheaper amusement than pig-sticking. There are no recurring expenses of meets and of transport, and casualties are less. There is a far better chance of recovering or making money on the sale of animals. At present regiments are largely esteemed by their polo. Ponies they must and will have.

As regards hunting, I have written to several of my friends who are as noticeably good to hounds as I, personally, know them to be brilliant after pig. With considerable trouble I have obtained their consent to publishing their views.

Mr. P. U. Allen, I.C.S., Commissioner of the Lucknow Division adopts rather a non-committal attitude :

I think there is nothing on earth to beat the desperate excitement of getting on terms with a big fighting pig, before he makes his point, and then taking his charges until he drops. When, after many years of pig-sticking, I spend a winter hunting a big bank country in Ireland, it is an intense enjoyment to me to apply my Indian experience and try to take my own line.

Pig-sticking and hunting have this one thing in common, that they make you rise superior to the elements. Some of the happiest days of my life have been spent under an

Indian sun when the thermometer registered 110 degrees in the shade, while I can remember the positive pleasure of a 12-mile hack home in the face of a blinding storm of sleet and rain after a real good day's hunting.

Major R. Carden, 17th Lancers, writes :

The word *best* in your query has rather posed me. I think that is a question which will never be settled. If you ask me which require the greater skill and judgment, I say fox-hunting, for the following reasons :

1. There are many ways open to go when the fox is found : there is only *one* way to go when the pig is found.

2. You have a great thrusting crowd to compete with, fox-hunting. You have three or four only pig-sticking, and a great open country to get your start in.

3. Your brain, your eye, and hands are at work fox-hunting sometimes for one hour on end. This entails saving your horse. Pig-sticking they work for a few minutes only, and the knowledge of the staying powers of your horse is practically never called in question.

4. I think that a good man to hounds will unquestionably be a good man after pig, and that in a very short space of time.

But a good man after pig may never become a good man to hounds.

This I think is the test which in my opinion shows fox-hunting to require more skill and judgment than pig-sticking.

Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Tilney, 17th Lancers, gives his views as follows :

On the whole the best of hunting is preferable to the best of pig-sticking.

In the former there are more incidents in the actual chase, it lasts much longer, and you must always be using your head and cunning.

Pig-sticking is a grand rush of a few minutes with every thought concentrated on the pig, and none for your own or your horse's safety. The horse must look after himself and you.

In hunting the rider's prowess is paramount, in pig-sticking the rider must leave things chiefly to his horse.

Major F. W. Mackenzie, R.F.A., writes :

Before trying in any way to compare "fox-hunting" with "pig-sticking," one must at once put out of court all forms of "competition pig-sticking" as fox-hunting is a sport pure and simple with no element of competition in it.

Against this it may be argued that the spirit of competition does enter into fox-hunting in as much as men try to be up first ; but among the best this is really the desire to be in at the death, not to beat any individual.

I will therefore confine myself to a few remarks on pig-sticking as done in the lonely jungles of Bengal, as against fox-hunting with a wild sporting pack in Ireland.

To begin with the former, there is the start in the early morning with, at the most, three spears in all. A small line of five elephants, with lead horses filling up the gaps. Grass and jhow jungle as far as the eye can see, broken up by small streams, many of them with steep sides covered with jungle, and heavy muddy bottoms, clumps of thick wood dotted about, and the hills of Nepal as a background to all.

Nothing is to be heard but the swish of the elephants tramping through the grass, when in a second this peaceful scene is changed to one of wild excitement by the time-honoured cry of "Wuh Jata" (there he goes), and right enough, an old boar is viewed stealing away on the right. The three spears are off in hot pursuit. First the chase leads across a stream, then half a mile burst in the grass, a sharp jink, and back to the stream again, this time banks lined with heavy jungle—one man across—one upstream—one down. When, after a few minutes' suspense, there is a wild halloa forrard on the far side, and again we get on terms—but there are only two spears now, for one is upside down in the stream. A hundred yards short of a thick clump the gallant boar, feeling he cannot reach cover, whips round and charges home. And so on through a long day—no two hunts, no two falls, no two cuts the same ; then

home to camp at sunset, tired and weary, with five good boar accounted for and at peace with all the world.

And now for the latter :

A morning, clearing after a wet night, a gentle breeze from the south-west, a steep hillside crowned with gorse, and below, mile upon mile of grass country fenced with big sound banks and stone walls. A small field, and hounds are quickly in covert. A whimper, a crash of music, a short pause while every hound gathers on the line, and then "gone away" from the lower side of the covert—a wild rush and scramble down the hillside, and the fields fall gradually into their places, behind and on each side of the flying pack.

Seven miles are covered, hounds are running almost mute now, the few riders up are looking for easy places to save tired horses when the pack with an eager cry fling up their heads, as they run from scent to view—a seething mass of black, white, and tan. The huntsman whoop, and another stout fox has met his end. And now who shall compare ?

One thing is certain, as fox-hunting is the best sport at home, so is pig-sticking in India.

Pig-sticking is all in favour of youth—the environment of the sport, and the inability of most of us to see red after a certain age account for that. Whereas fox-hunting is a game one hopes to carry on to the end, to see red would only mean one saw but little else. What one loses with youth, one should gain in knowledge and judgment.

To sum up, if only for the sake of the country, and the hounds, I would give it to the old country.

A well-known cavalry soldier, after a season in the Shires, wrote out to me last year, "It is very good, but I feel I am sitting in the stalls at the theatre. I long for a fighting boar."

I quote some further remarks, the views of a man who is really good after pig, but lacks, he says, the judgment necessary in one who aspires to be in the first flight at home.

He says that, given a horse that knows his job, all that you need to do to hold your own after pig is to make up your mind to leave his head alone, and keep your eye on the pig. In crossing an English or Irish country, the getting out of each field presents a fresh problem, how and where to have this fence, etc. A mistake in any one of your decisions may cost you half the day's pleasure.

In a fast thing, with a big field out, you feel far more jostled and hurried, at the start at any rate, than in pig-sticking. You have the whole field against you in getting a start. In pig-sticking your heat and the pig are all helping you, if you need help, to get over the country: it is only at the end that the feeling of competition and anxiety comes in.

He agrees with Major Carden's view that, owing to its surroundings, you get more pleasure for the time and money spent out of fox-hunting than pig-sticking, but there is no denying the fierce joy of a spear in hand and a boar in front with the faint swish of the grass behind to tell you that your heat just can't quite get there.

Another good man to pig and hounds, to whom I sent these remarks, writes:

I am certain that hunting wants more skill and judgment. On the other hand, I make no question that pig-sticking is a higher test of horsemanship. I have seen real good men to hounds who were not A1 horsemen, but cannot think of a really first-flight pig-sticker who is not a really good horseman.

Speaking from the pig-sticking point of view, I venture to make one or two remarks on all these views.

I quite agree with the writers as regards their

own premises, but I am not sure they have not omitted certain points. They dwell on the hunting and riding a pig, but they make little mention of the fight at the end—the reckless charge of an angry boar which is surely the cream of the whole sport. Does Major Carden make enough allowance for the skill needed in locating, hunting, and killing a pig, single-handed or with a friend in unknown country? Major Mackenzie knocks out all element of competition. He is in accordance with the accepted traditions of the sport as laid down in every book on the subject that I have read.

Yet I remember comrades,
Old playmates on new seas,

when he and I were exploring new country, and one of my greatest joys used to be a jostle with him. That I seldom won did not lessen the pleasure.

And there are two facts in pig-sticking which I have never known disproved.

Firstly, that more men comparatively go well to hounds than to pig. In sixteen years' fairly hard pig-sticking, I cannot count as numerous the men absolutely brilliant all round in every branch of this sport.

And the other fact is, that men hunt with hounds and go well up to quite an advanced age. I have not seen five men of forty, and only two of forty-five, who were real flyers pig-sticking. I used to put thirty-five years as a limit to a man's pig-sticking even moderately. But I have unluckily been compelled to change my views. Does this mean that pig-sticking makes a greater demand on nerve than hunting? I admit that a large fence with a tired horse, and no knowledge of what lies beyond,

terrifies me even more than a blind country pig-sticking.

The truth is, you cannot make comparisons. A nameless friend is right in preferring the home surroundings, the climate, the scenery, the long hack home in the cold, and "the warm hearth-stone," when you enjoy tea and bath, and think the day over.

For myself, whether I am after pig, tiger, bison, or snipe, I think each best at the time. Yet I know in my heart that to me nothing can equal the hunt of a flying boar with, if great luck so will, the thunder of feet behind, and the whole of wide, wild Asia before me to counterbalance the pleasant surroundings of an English hunt.

CHAPTER VI

HUNTING ALONE

My own experience of hunting alone has been an odd pig in the Dekhan and Central India, a considerable number wherever met during the time I have been in Northern India, and two trips of a fortnight each at certain places near the Terai, where I had excellent sport.

Hunting alone is a charming sport. You are generally in unknown country, you have to study the ground and use your utmost pig-craft to forecast the hog's run and the point he will make. There is the certainty of a fighting pig. In off days there is a joy in reconnoitring the country, and in studying beats, drinking-places, and tracks.

I have, however, little faith in the tracking powers of any white man. Even my friend Mr. Clutterbuck, of the Imperial Forest Service, skilled tracker though he be, would, I believe, be the last to claim an equality with the Gonds and Bhils of Central India, or the wild jungle men of the south.

The great drawback to hunting alone is the expense. This is inevitable, for it all falls on one man. And I find myself slow in company after hunting alone. One has been doing careful, deliberate hunting, pulling up to the hog's pace in any but the lightest cover, and taking ample time to give

a spear. I also find in myself, to my shame, a tendency, when alone, to regard any difficult ground as bad ground and go easy, thereby losing a pig that I would certainly never have done had I been in company.

Before a man has any right to consider himself no longer a novice, he should have killed one or two boar alone. Nothing else will give him the requisite confidence in his horse, his weapon, and himself.

When alone on my trips, my dog Baskerville, half bulldog and half foxhound, eighty pounds of fighting bone and muscle, was my constant companion. He was too heavy to keep up in a run, but was nearly always in at the death, following by scent and ear. He was never badly cut by a boar, though he ran many chances.

Hunting with my brother-in-law, Major, now Colonel, Short, R.H.A., while exploring unknown country, we put up a 32-inch boar, who ran in circles. The boar had not been speared when Baskerville got up and made his usual dart for the off ear. He missed the ear, and I thought he would be killed; but in his bound he turned half over, seized the hog by the snout, and then hung on till his foe was killed. He was untouched, but very sore. It was the finest performance I have ever seen.

Once, when out with Baskerville near Delhi, I came round a corner of ground and found him seated in a little circle with two large wolves. All three were on their hunkers, facing inwards, noses almost touching. When I appeared the wolves bolted, and Baskerville lumbered after them in a make-believe pursuit.

Poor old hound, he was never beaten in a fight.

As gentle with my mother and myself as he was fierce with others, he will surely "give us joyous greeting."

I will give you an account of one or two runs, and have done. The first person, in describing hunting alone, is apt to become monotonous.

When you hunt alone, carry a knife, and have a syce riding after you with a spear. The second horse may be useful, too, if you have had a fall.

I speared a fair hog once, and broke my spear in his back. He took refuge in a small stream about eighteen inches deep and a few feet wide, and stopped there. We had come over a roughish country, and my syce had fallen. The hog would not face the open again, nor could I get at him to use my butt. We must have stayed there over an hour before I got a spear up. During this time the pig made frequent feints at me, and I much wished that, failing a spear, I had a camera.

I put up a good boar, a few months ago, out of a wheat crop, who took a line down a lane towards some dâk jungle. The lane ran between mud walls, and had a deepish ditch on either side. The hog got into the left ditch on my near side, where I could not touch him, and threatened to make good his point; so I got into the ditch too and tent-pegged at him. My horse, a good 'un, Hullucky Bill, flew the pig, and I broke my spear just below the head in his back as we leaped him. From this, and from Hullucky's hind feet on his head, the hog fell, but recovered and scrambled away to the side.

I had no knife and no second horse. That infernal boar went steadily on at a slow trot, sore hurt, but always getting away from my men, who



"HE CHARGED MANY TIMES "

were running up with a spare spear. I had only the shaft and head of my spear left, a long clumsy weapon. Though I had a pocket-knife, I stupidly did not cut off a couple of feet of the bamboo. Had I done this I should have had a useful club, and would doubtless have killed the hog with blows on the head, as I did once before.

To kill with the lead you must hit the boar on the side of the face at right angles as he charges. You can hit either forward or backwards; it requires accurate timing. You must gallop, and if you make a mess of it you have the hog into you. It is useless to gallop from the rear : you must cross.

It was the best part of an hour before I got a spear up. The boar charged, at first very angrily, every time I crossed him. He charged many times, but with my clumsy club I missed him. Hullucky had some close shaves, and twice bucked heavily with the boar underneath him. Presently I got the hang of the thing, and gave the boar several staggerers ; I then knocked him over twice. After this he would not face me again, but made half-charges and jinked. He laid down in wet wheat once, while I yelled myself hoarse, but could get no sign of a spear. I then took the boar through some small sugar-cane patches, and at last lost him in a big field of the same. I guarded quietly, got a spear, and felt master of the situation.

In about half an hour the boar broke on the far side of me. I galloped round, but he heard and turned sharp into another mass of sugar-cane. I was hard on his tail, and had time to have killed him before he reached it, but, to my disgust, Hullucky funkcd and would not go near.

I made a cast for'ard, and took post half a mile

away on a small canal, where I felt sure the boar must come for water. After a wait, just at dusk, I saw my friend come down. He was several hundred yards away. I galloped to him, but he heard the noise and staggered up the bank. In the dark I never found him, nor did I ever see him again, though I searched for a week. I fear he must have died. Poor beast, he and his hunt have haunted me in my dreams.

Hullucky was an unusually bold horse. I suppose the frequent charges, his narrow escapes, and my yelling for a spear upset him. An excited rider is the devil. I rode Hullucky in the Kadir Cup a fortnight later. But he funkyed, and was beaten by a better man, but a possibly inferior horse that had had no part in the run. It took him a month to get right, but I am glad to say he has killed several pig since in his old form.

With a knife like Baldock's (see chapter on "Gear ") I should have had no trouble.

One of the best hunts I ever had lasted two minutes. A big pig had been giving trouble, killing one man and wounding others. I was at lunch with Sir George Luck, then Inspector-General of Cavalry, when I got word from my shikaries that they had marked him down. I made hasty excuses, biked to my house, got the first available horse, and away. I found my men watching a field of wheat and mustard, hip high. As soon as the line started the boar got up in the middle of the field and ran along, bounding above the crop to see what was happening. His big black mass above the yellow and green crop looked well. He saw me at once, and came straight at me. I met the charge with, I thought, a rotten



KURERA AND THE LAME BOAR



"MORNING STAR"

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spear, for my horse (a cur who later broke his leg) shied away. The boar remained still, a dark mass in the crop. The idea of fighting this hog on foot was repugnant to me. I got my horse up with some persuasion, but I found the pig stone dead; the spear had broken his spine. He had a game leg, and I give his photo.

Some years ago I had a hunt of the Meerut Tent Club all to myself. I had advertised the meet, sent out camp, and made all arrangements. Two or three spears failed me at the last, so, sooner than disappoint the shikaries, I went alone, and lived in considerable luxury with big tent, ice, and the full staff. This comfort was the more welcome as it was the hottest season of the year.

On starting the first day in thick jhow I had a coolie badly ripped by a boar before we had been going two minutes. After doctoring this man, I spent the rest of the day in fruitlessly riding many pig, all of whom were too good for me in the heavy jhow. I stubbed one horse, and got back to camp at noon content, but black from the burnt jhow, with various bits of skin chipped off by the boughs, and with my other three horses all tired out.

The next morning I beat a patch of grass about half a mile long with an awkward winding nullah running through the middle of it. We soon put up a good boar, and I speared him heavily in a thick patch on the edge of the nullah, which was quite dry. He then got up the bank and stood under a low bâbul tree with overspreading branches. I waited watching until in a short time the shikaries on their camels came up with spare spears. I then rode on to the boar, trying to entice him to

charge, for the overhanging bâbul thorns were so thick I could not get at him. But the pig would not leave his cover, and simply faced me as I circled round him. I then made the shikaries work round the far side, hoping that they would distract him while I got a good spear on foot from his rear. Here again I was foiled, for the pig knew where the danger was, and never took his eyes off me. Baboo and I then went in on foot and killed him.

I hunted no more that day. Both my horses and myself were tired and sore from the previous day's gruelling.

On the third day we beat some low sporting looking grass and drew it blank. We then came to a straggling thorn bagh which was separated from a similar but thicker bagh by a deep and winding stream full of reeds. The two baghs were about a hundred yards apart. There were only two fords to the stream, distant about quarter of a mile from each other.

On beating the bagh a pig at once broke, and, crossing the stream, took a line, not, as I expected, for the other thorn bagh, but over open country to a long grove of palm trees a mile away. I at once went to the lower ford, but lost my bearings, and was some time in crossing. I could then see no signs of the pig. However, obeying frantic screams of look-out men in trees, I cast for'ard half a mile, and there beheld the pig pursued by Baboo on his camel, travelling as fast as they knew how. Baboo with arms outstretched, skirts flying, pugri streaming in the wind, and his camel with great ungainly legs flying in all directions, gave me a greater impression of speed than anything I have ever seen.

I was riding Burt that day, a particularly

bold and gallant horse, and the handiest that I have ever ridden. He was afterwards thrown carelessly for a minor operation, and broke his pelvis, to my lasting sorrow.

We caught the pig just before he reached the palms. I had some difficulty in making Baboo get out of the way. The pig was an evil fellow, though of fair size—31 inches, I think. I rode alongside inviting his attack, but at first he would not come in. However, I still rode alongside, edging him so far from his point that he at last hardened his heart and came in with a rush. My spear got him fair in the side high up, he cantered on a few yards with the blood pouring from his mouth and nostrils, and then fell over dead without a groan.

I enjoyed this run much, but felt rather small at being so badly left by Baboo, who had started level with me and crossed by the upper ford.

Another pig was reported to be still in the bagh, so I beat for him, staying this time on the palm grove side of the stream. The pig broke, crossed the stream, and, taking the big bagh *en route*, worked his way down a strip of date palms, through some scattered houses to the snipe jheel which runs all along these parts, and which was still wet. Here I killed him. Both the pig and horse were bogged, but the pig felt it most.

This finished my little meet.

I will give you a short account of my best day on my trips alone.

I had to wait till nearly ten o'clock before I could get my coolies. It was the market day in the country town five miles away, and most of the inhabitants of the little hamlets had gone there.

However, I was very happy in the lovely cold-weather morning, pottering with a gun and trying to shoot a partridge. My camp was on a little bluff above a river, below which, on two sides, lay the hunting grass, while behind stretched a maidan where lived many buck. Baskerville and I used to stalk them, generally from opposite directions; it amused him, and we never hurt the buck. The photograph does not show the jungle well. It was a lovely cover, and as I had already hunted it for pig I did not mind disturbing it with a gun.

Some way behind the camp lay a deep winding stream, and then a plain, five or six miles wide, in which were a few crops, and every here and there clumps of jungle, relics of the main forest which had proved too stubborn for the clearer's axe. The river on which my camp lay flowed along one side of the plain. It had a small Kadir or bed, sometimes nearly a mile wide, overgrown with grass and jhow, and in places remarkably rough under foot. In the distance were the dark jungles of the Terai and the foot-hills of the Himalayas.

At last the coolies arrived, and away we went, a little cavalcade of three horses and some thirty men, leaving the hound, who was lame from a previous hunt, disconsolate in camp.

When we had crossed the stream we turned sharp left for half a mile, and then beat some sugar-cane on the banks. There was no crossing the stream, it was too full of weeds. After considerable beating three pig broke across the maidan some way off, and got into low sugar-cane three-quarters of a mile away. However, I got them out of this with the help of a couple of local men and a dog. They took a line left-handed to the river, and I killed the boar



BASKERVILLE



CAMP NEAR TERAI

without event just as he was reaching the Kadir. He was an indifferent pig. When I got back I learnt that a big pig, the usual "biggest wot ever was seen," had crossed the stream.

However, there was no good in greeting; so we moved on to our next place, three clumps of jungle placed in the corners of a triangle each about six hundred yards apart. I made sure we should find pig there, for the many marks promised good sport. But there was only one boar at home, a nice pig who took two hours' hunting. The grass between the patches was high, and he used to get a long way before I saw him. He was very lame, and I was furious with my shikari, who I thought had shot him. At last he took a line over a dried-up drainage cut and some broken tussocky ground, where I caught him up and killed him after a pretty scrap and some bad spearing. He broke my spear, but I was able to get another at once. Half his left shoulder had been shot away some days before; the wound had maggots in it, but would have healed.

We now gave the horses and coolies a rest. I used to take out for tiffin, on this trip, only a stick of chocolate. Books said it was sustaining.

After tiffin we worked down to the river and beat the Kadir. The grass here had turned to light jhow. I soon saw a big boar jogging on quietly over an open patch about a hundred yards away. I dashed after him and caught him just as he was entering a belt of cover. He turned into me, and I speared him at full speed, the merest touch. I galloped on and wheeled sharp about. But the hog was dead, speared through the heart.

I changed horses and went on for half an hour, and then put up another nice boar, a smaller fellow,

but very black, and with curly tushes. I had to take him slow as the country was thicker. Suddenly he jinked right-handed from me and, wheeling about, charged with his full force. He gave me a perfect opportunity: the spear went clean through his lungs and broke, turning him over. I went on and wheeled in time to see the gallant beast scramble to his legs, stand swaying from side to side with the blood pouring out of his mouth, and then fall over dead.

I was pleased at these two pig.

We went on for another hour but did no good. I rode one boar, but the country, now near the hills, was poisonous, and, I admit with shame, I did not go, as I ought to have. There only remained a quiet trek of some miles back to camp, talking to the men, thinking the day over, revelling in the air and scenery, knowing how good it all was.

When I got back to camp, there was the comfort of a hot tub, a brushwood fire, and the always grateful whisky and tea; while the hound, as was ever his wont, would have first a sup of tea and then hobble over to the pig, walk round them, sniff at them, and even nozzle them in all dignity, and then slowly hobble back to me, his old tail wagging all the while.

An attractive way of hunting alone is to go out "gooming" in the early dawn on the line a pig will take returning from feeding. I always do this when I can, and have had pleasant days and some good sport. I used to do this regularly when out at camp at Pur, forty miles north of Meerut, but I never killed a pig there, for the ravines beat me. I went as much for the scenery as anything. Here,

when you ride in the bitter cold to the old tower on the low hills and see the dawn rise, you thank God for being alive.

Gradually the scene unfolds itself. The vast sea of yellow grass, interspersed with the white feathers and reeds of the jheels lies before you. Farther is the faint line of the sub-Himalayan forests, and far, far beyond spreads the long horizon of giant snowy mountains standing clear and sharp as their peaks catch the light of the rising sun.

It was here that my friend Mr. (now Major) D. Forman, R.H.A., killed his tiger. I give the true version, for there are many stories of this.

Forman and I were subalterns in "H," R.H.A., in camp here in 1899. My shikaries reported two tigers in one of the jheels I have mentioned. People laughed at me in Mess, for our shell were daily going all over this Kadir. However, I tied up, and getting no kill, we sat up one night, as usual, over live buffaloes.

Through the jheel, where we believed the tigers to be, ran a little stream hedged in on either side by swampy grass and *narkul* taller than a man. Occasionally the stream opened to a little clearing with a low sandy beach. In one of these was Forman's pit roofed over with branches, grass, and sand, for there were no trees. I was on the low hills.

There was a full moon, a hard frost on the ground. One of those wonderful North Indian nights :

When the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars fairly blaze
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky.

In the full of the night the tiger made a rush and killed. Forman had a small bore magazine rifle and a revolver. He fired and partially paralysed

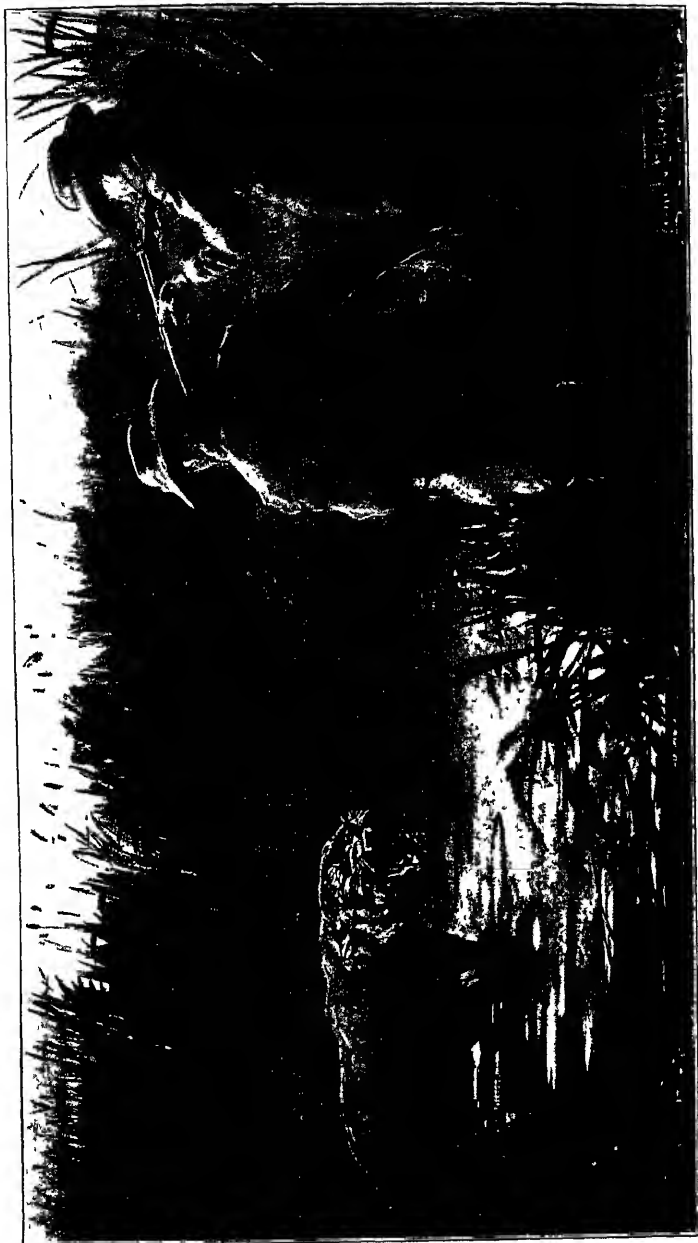
the tiger, for he never went thirty yards from the spot. The bullet had gone through his loins about an inch below the spine. Forman's rifle jammed in the mechanism with the fine sand, and in spite of his utmost efforts was of no more use in this affair.

The tiger, a big male, lay roaring, getting up and falling down occasionally. The tigress came, and the watcher in the pit could see her in the brilliant moonlight licking the wounds of her stricken mate. Presently Forman's desperate efforts to free his rifle disturbed the tigress. She walked round the pit growling, but made no effort to dig him out. The hunter meanwhile sat in the corner, revolver in hand, ready for eventualities. The tigress returned to her mate and stayed with him until dawn.

Forman, when there was light enough, seeing the coast clear of the tigress, crept out of his *machân* and advanced on the tiger. The tiger also advanced, at a walk, on him. Forman emptied five barrels of his revolver at the tiger without effect. We afterwards dug four bullets out of his cheek, neck, and chest. He then hurled his revolver at the tiger and fled.

I had marched on the sound of firing, and met Forman retiring. We made a detour so as to have the open stream between us and the tiger. He must have heard us, for as we stepped out of the rushes he was in the water, about fifteen yards away, coming towards us very slowly and painfully, poor beast.

This fine angry tiger, up to his elbows in the stream, with the background of white sand and dark green reeds, and the yellow dawn above, made a picture which is as vivid with me now as when I saw it.



"AS VIVID WITH ME NOW——"

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I shot the tiger, a fine male 9 feet 6 inches. I ran no risk whatever ; but Forman's show, whether you think of what he saw, or what he did, has always seemed to me good.

The tigress lived some years. She was missed from a tree. Then Mr. Faunthorpe, I.C.S., certainly the best shot in India from an elephant, and probably on foot too, beat for her in a patch of grass near where her mate was killed. She dodged the line for hours, but, getting bored, climbed on to a stack of grass bundles to see how the hunt went. Faunthorpe aimed at her for about two minutes while his elephant swayed ; at last he got a bead he was satisfied with, and knocked her over, stone dead, at a distance of over 200 yards.

CHAPTER VII

DAYS WITH THE MEERUT TENT CLUB

I WILL try and give you an idea of a few days' sport at ordinary meets of one of the great Indian hunts. I have written of some days at length: the accounts of the other days are for the most part brief extracts from the Meerut Tent Club Log. The short accounts, as written at the time, will show you everything better than any words of mine.

I have chosen days on which various incidents happened. Do not think therefrom that we always kill panther, slay countless hog, ride heroically, or fall for ever on our heads. The times when we kill few pig or many pig without incident are numerous; the long blank days are not unknown. But of such I do not write. I need be no subtle craftsman to show you a blank canvas and call it a picture; although I always remember the Board of Examiners at Calcutta. I was examining a man in Hindustani. He, finding the questions uncongenial, submitted a blank paper, which I duly forwarded. I was asked by the Board for my reasons for not sending with the candidate's paper a certificate that he had had no help in doing it.

I will describe to you first a day's beating a cover, and then I will be quit of it; for you know my views on this subject.

The scene is Bussundpur Bagh, one of our few covers in the Kadir. There are nine spears out. Coolies have been collecting since midnight with the help of a full moon, and we start beating as dawn breaks.

The bagh is a fine jungle four hundred yards long and two hundred yards wide. Everywhere are great trees with dense undergrowth at foot of thorns and *bussoonta* beloved of tiger. In the heart of it stand some old pillars and carvings. Here,

Where some ancient temple in solitude decays,

is a stronghold of pig and panther. The bagh stands on a little rise sloping gradually to an encircling nullah, whence stretches a mile of turf to the main pig jungle of jhow and grass.

Two heats are generally on the nullah, and a third on a knoll, a continuation of the bagh itself. From the nullah it is good to look over the quiet waters of the stream and the green slope up to the dark foliage of the bagh with the snowy mountains in the distance.

I am with P and S, both good men and well mounted. We have drawn our post on the knoll. Pig for us must either run along the uplands on our side, or cross the nullah. If they are in our territory we will also cross and hunt them over the turf. We command the plain below us, but in the dim haze of dawn can see little save the dust of the village cattle as they go to graze.

Gradually the din of the beat grows stronger. We can hear the harsh cry of the peacock, and see jackals sneak away. Presently, far away we see the farthest heat riding. A pig has swum the nullah, and we can just distinguish him with Lochinvar

in close pursuit. Possibly he is a good boar ; for the cunning old stagers sometimes sneak off at once, though more often they wait to the bitter end.

Now is our turn, for, as we watch, a sounder have crept out under our noses, crossed the stream, and gone away on the maidan. We run to our horses, trot quietly over the ford, line up, and then away we race with the one boar of the sounder jogging some three hundred yards ahead. We have shortened the distance to half before he grasps the situation. With one turn of his wicked old head he, too, is in full stride. But he has left it too late, and we collar him some two hundred yards from his point, the heavy grass. We are all nearly abreast. With a sharp jink the boar avoids the leading horseman, and, turning sharp right, crosses S's near fore and brings him down. Hog, horse, and man fly headlong. When the dust clears we see S pinned under his horse, who is lying, knocked out, tail on to the pig. The pig is standing looking at them both, shaking his head, bewildered and angry, and things look awkward for S. P is near S's horse's head, and sees that the only thing is to jump off, and run to help on foot. This he does with his customary quickness ; but the hog with one glance at his fallen foe, disdains him, and seeing me coming up on the right, charges home. Neither horse nor hog flinch. The spear goes deep into his back, and the tough shaft breaks like splintered matchwood. But the fight is not over, for the gallant half-paralysed beast cuts again and again at P before he falls with a sob, dead, on his side. S's horse is lame, and his own leg badly swollen, but he can hunt. We fix him up, and go back to our knoll.

As we go we see the centre watching a light boar break. They give him law enough, and then ride. Three good men, and three of the best horses at the meet, the result of an argument the previous evening. As pretty a sight as you may wish to see as they fly past us.

They come with the roar of the sullen surf
On the bar of a storm-girt bay.
Like muffled drums on the sounding turf
Their hoof-beats echo away.

No hunt can last at this pace. The pig swerves slightly to the left where C and Ugly are to the front, as ever. They seize their opportunity, and the run is soon over.

While we change our horses on the knoll we see two more boar run almost straight into the arms of the same heat as they return. Two spears tackle one pig, the third the other. The former is soon accounted for, but the latter is a master of tactics. Whenever his pursuer gets within spearing distance he throws himself on his side out of reach of the spear, picks himself up at once, and darts off at an angle under the horse's tail as he goes by. Three times this happens before they disappear into the grass. Later a single figure appears, telling the tale of a disconsolate rider and a deservedly successful pig.

The far heat seemed to be riding, but we have no time to watch, for our luck is still in, and we have two more runs in rapid succession. The first calls for no remark. In the second hunt we are after a fine pig of 32 or 33 inches, the master boar. Instead of crossing the nullah he sneaks out towards the uplands on our left. We have to give him law, or he would break back ; and a heavy boar like this will

not break twice. We know his tactics : two of us ride him, while the third rides parallel on the left by the nullah. After a hot run of a quarter of a mile, the hog turns sharp left down to the nullah, which has broadened here to wide jheel and swamp. The two spears thunder behind him, while the third, on the left, tries to take him broadside on. But the effort is miscalculated : the hog pauses just enough to let the broadside man pass him, and then with a swerve and a couple of bounds has reached the jheel and safety.

Where a hog is making a point and there is a chance of intercepting him, the above method is worth trying. But the broadside man must take chances ; he must time his pace exactly so as to catch the hog broadside on, and not over-shoot him as in this case. Also, if the other spears are hot on the pig, he runs a good chance of giving a dangerous foul across them. It is not a good manœuvre for novices.

This is the end of our sport ; for, though there are long waits, and other pig break, none do so to us. The signal is made that all is over, and the line comes out, dripping with sweat, scratched, and tired. Harder work this for the coolies than the open country.

High noon is now on us as we leave the bagh and the plain shimmering in the sun, and get back to grateful shade, tub, and breakfast. We talk over the runs, and hear the fortunes of others, and of the vile behaviour of one pig who enticed his hunters into a melon bed, and so on to their heads, and went his way rejoicing.

So the day ends with ten good pig, and one more happy memory.

I must now try to give you an example of our more usual hunting "on the line."

We are camped in February at Kulpur in a mango bagh, low down in the Kadir on the edge of Jharhina Jheel. There has been heavy rain the day before, so we are not astonished on waking to find ourselves enveloped in a cold clinging white mist that make a toilet in the open none too pleasant. However, breakfast and a blazing fire in the tent enable us to face the delay necessary before the fog can lift. At last, at about 8.30, we can dimly see the red orange-like sun trying to come out, so we send on our horses and the line, while we give ourselves one final warming at the fire before starting.

Our way lies for a couple of miles over an open maidan which holds a few scattered sugar-cane fields. At one of these fields we find the line—an unexpected halt, for our rendezvous is another mile farther on. Puran has seen a sounder cross in the mist and disappear into the crop. We beat it at once, but though the sounder breaks no rideable boar at first appears. While we are resuming our road there is a sudden hooroosh from the rear of the field, and at once some eight spears can be seen in hot pursuit of a small and disreputable hog, while our master, with many expressions of disgust, surveys the scene with Napoleonic disfavour. The wretched hog, though he runs and jinks and fights for all he is worth, has of course no chance and is quickly slain. The field then, like naughty boys, gather to hear the winged words of the master, "mobbing—disgraceful—murder," and the like. Having been on a slow horse myself, and never in the hunt, I venture to plead that I was

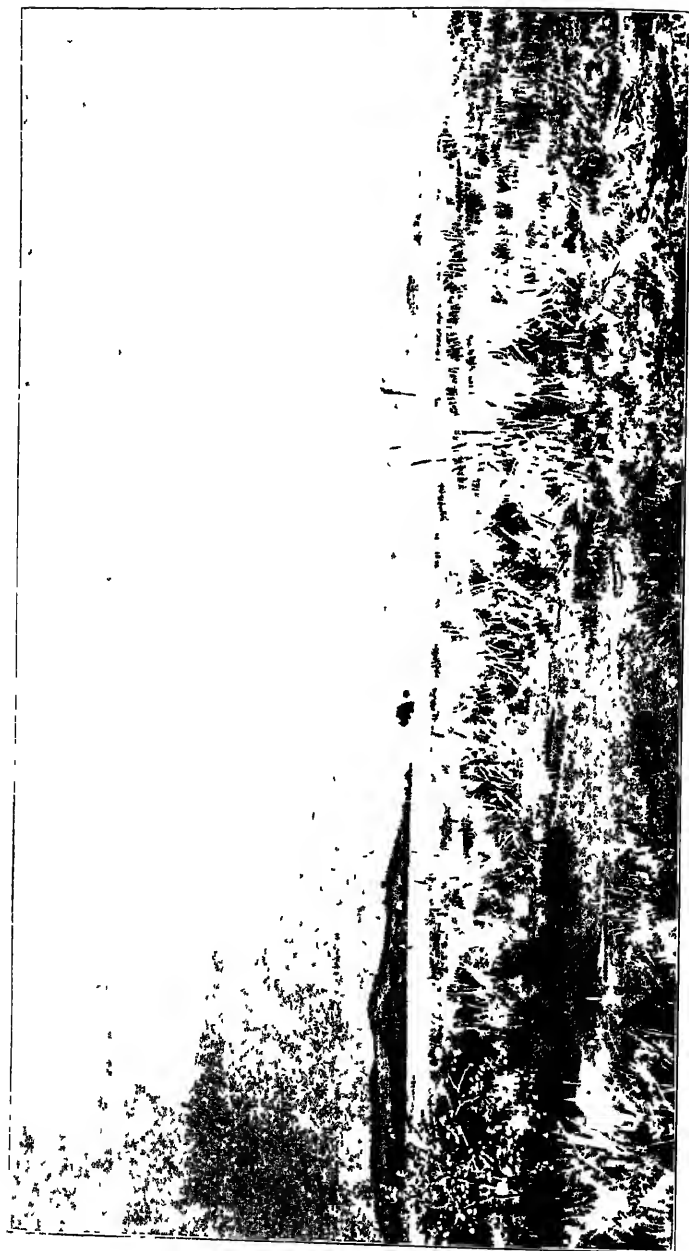
only spectating ; but my excuses are received with the contempt they deserve.

Having pacified our Hon. Sec., we once more continue our way, and reach the hunting-ground, a strip of mimosa a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad bordering the banks of a *bourrh gunga*.

The grass here grows in tufts and patches, some of them fifteen yards in diameter, almost impenetrable, and forming a famous lying ground for pig. Apart from sport, the beat is not devoid of charm. The thickness of the jungle renders the progress of the line slow. We have ample time to enjoy the scenery, the deep blue sky, the yellow grass with its palm-trees and its thorns, and the quiet stream on our right with its silky reeds and silent pools, their surface, here broken into ever-widening ripples as a *mugger* sinks noiselessly, or there churned into violent commotion as some big duck rises hurriedly and flies quacking away. Pervading all is the faint sweet smell of the mimosa's golden flowers. Rightly is it called "Mimosa Land."

Sport here is disappointing. On our left they run a pig which turns out to be a sow, while the heat across the stream ride a hog who has crossed far for'ard, giving them only a momentary glimpse of him. They have a long gallop, but never find him. Such luck as there is befalls us in the centre above the stream. We put up a fair pig who dodges in and out of the bushes on the edge of the water but is too stupid to cross. He fights well, though sadly hampered by the thickness of the jungle, and so dies.

We all then cross by a ghat, one member causing some amusement as his horse dives in the deepest



THE KADIR.

part, compelling his rider to wade up to his neck through the icy water.

On re-forming line we are in the typical grass hunting country, one long line of yellow grass, chest high, with palms and tufts of jhow stretching to the horizon, while on our left runs the ever-present *bourrh gunga*. At our feet in the open spaces lie pools of water from the recent rain, reflecting the blue sky and looking uncomfortably slippery. Not a sound can be heard but the quiet swish of the coolies. Nothing but the eager faces of the riders scanning the country and the occasional fretting of a high-strung horse betokens the prospect of immediate sport.

Suddenly the calm is broken by a shout from some beaters on the left, and a sharp yelp from the shikari on the nearest camel, "Sahib, soor beitha." They have found a pig squatting. We pull up and watch the nearest heat canter up and beat the patch with their spears. There is an instant commotion, and then away they go at top speed, a pretty sight. A short run it must be, starting, as they do, at this pace on the boar's tail. Z on his good bay has the advantage, and makes the running, but a jink favours Y, and the two ride neck and neck. A third jink helps little D, and he shoots in between the astonished pair and their pig, getting the spear, while Z catches his hind legs in a hole, and comes down spread-eagled. A dangerous foul, my friend, if there ever was one. However, D explains that he could not hold his horse, a new one borrowed from Lucknow; and it only remains for the heat to condole with him on his horse.

But our master has no ears for the tale, and signals his line on. In a little time we see Puran

stand in his stirrups, and point his hand, and give the great cry, "woh-h-h jata," as he views a pig half a mile away. We and the right dash out together, but it is obviously their hunt, so we pull up and watch our friends. Two of them are old hands, the third is a youngster. It is interesting to watch the latter as he gallops blindly on, wild with excitement, but seeing nothing. The other two are riding at a fast canter, scanning the country, and turning sometimes a hurried glance back to Puran for fresh signals as to the hog's line. Apparently they both view together, for we hear two faint yells, and see two spears both pointing, though in different directions. There are two pig afoot. Alas, the horizontal spear shows before long that one is a sow. The other spear and the boy by their actions and circling evidently have a good ride and a determined fighter.

Pig are plentiful, though for the present not much in our way. The right have hardly remounted when they are again signalled forward. After a long hunt they pick up their pig, only to lose him shortly after as they swing left-handed to the jheel. But the left, led by the old spear X, have been backing them up, expecting this, and we see X suddenly riding hard. It is a strong heat; they are all up, and it is very good to see the horses drop about a foot in height as they open from a hand canter to full gallop. They kill their hog, a fine one, and angry; and we hear later from X that, as he was backing up the right, he first saw for a fraction of a second a faint flash of black above the grass. It might have been, and was exactly like, one of these low-flying king crows. However, it was enough to set X in full gallop: a matter of

quick sight and brain. Bad luck on the boar, but, to use the touching Indian phrase, "Uska wakt agya tha" (his time had come).

Once again the line goes on. Our master has no spears ahead, for the line is quiet and pig are lying well. For a time we have calm, broken only by an occasional sow or squeaker who depart with more noise than many a boar.

The line now wheels to Bhugwanpur, and sport once more begins. It is curious how often a wheel means a change of sport. Is it simply a change of country and aspect, or is it more? A fine hog gets up at my feet with a "woof," sending two coolies flying. The other spears are some way off. I am riding a young horse, just made, and still without a name. He remembers every lesson, travels very fast, and shows that he has that invaluable gift, which none may teach, of following a pig on his own without any need of reins or leg. With the start I get, it is not a fair hunt for the others, yet it is a run that my memory holds dear, and you will forgive me, reader, that, in my pride, standing over the dead boar, I called my horse "At Last."

As we walk back to the advancing line we see the right once more riding another nice boar. Very pleasant it is to watch the leading man as he sails noiselessly through the grass, horse and man at one, smooth, silent, and effortless, as it were a shadow passing on a screen. But the fates are not ever kind, for horse and man come down with a heavy fall, and the others lose the pig.

After sewing up N's eye, and seeing that the coolies are not really the worse for our boar, we start again, and our heat are soon riding a heavy

pig. He takes a straight line back through the line to the *bourrh gunga*, and owing to some unhandy horses gets unscathed to the water's edge. Here one of our number rides for a charge straight across him and drops him with a spear through the chest within six feet of the swamp and safety, a close thing.

One more pig, a poor one, falls to the left, and then we close the day, and have a late tiffin under Bhugwanpur tree, while the coolies enjoy their gram and sugar, and the thoughts of the coming feast of seven pig.

N and I do a couple of hours black partridge shooting, beating the sugar-cane, and working the grass round the mustard fields, which are ablaze with yellow blossom, and delicious with their clean and acrid smell. I am shooting badly, but N hits clean and true, and I enjoy seeing the splendid old blacks come sailing, black wings outspread and great white eye circles staring, only to crumple into a mass of feathers in the air.

Evening shadows have grown long, and a globe of yellow gold, the Indian moon at its full, has appeared over the horizon, and lights us on our path as we recross the ghât and make our way to the lights of the distant camp.

I will now give you extracts from the log of a five-day meet in our southern country :

February 18, 1905.—Present : Fail, A.V.C. ; Johnston-Stewart, H.L.I. ; White, Kincaid-Smith, M'Cullum, 4th Hussars ; Nixon, Smith, Poston, Wheatly, Parsons, R.H.A. ; and the Hon. Sec.

First blood to Smith, who, with Parsons, killed a lynx. After an hour's steady beating put up a boar, who broke

back. He was all for fighting, and should have cut several of us. But he was handicapped by his tusches, one of which was 12 inches long. He cut Fail in the end, and with two broken spears in him, died as a hog should. The right then beat out a heavy pig, much to his disgust, and slew him after a short run. After this, we ran a sow and then a boar, whom we killed after he had cut White's horse badly. Stewart's pony came to grief over a blind well after clearing it cleverly.

Sport after lunch was like the curate's egg. Heats scattered to the four winds, pursuing pig. Two boar were brought to book, and at least one more got off unhunted. Rain in evening. All well except that Poston would skin lynx in mess-tent just before dinner.

February 19.—A day of regrets and incidents, including those to five boar and one sow. A boar was put up almost at once, was speared by Kincaid-Smith, and then lost. White, Stewart, Poston, and the Hon. Sec. then ran a nice boar. The last named, when almost on terms, fell pleasantly enough, and being sent to camp on a charpoy, hunted no more for five weeks. White unselfishly stopped. The others went on and killed. After a little delay, when the line restarted, three boar were afoot. One got away, one was killed by Stewart and White, and one fell to Poston and others. Again did luck and a pig favour this heat, but grunting defiance he fled, and was seen no more. After this, four more boar were ridden and lost. The grass was high and difficult, and the hunting none too good.

After tiffin a pig was soon viewed away. The centre, with the hot blood of youth and a bottle of beer coursing in their veins, pursued. Suddenly Stewart's "J.P.," a good horse and true, pulled up dead lame. Shoulder dislocated and broken. Fail, as ever, did all he could, but to no avail, and the good horse had to be shot. After this a small boar was killed, and then a big one, but not until he had taken his hunters through Dhubarsi bagh and thorns galore. A few sows and a sad mistake (sow, sixteen rupees) closed the day. One of good sport mostly made a mess of.

February 20.—Hon. Sec. still sick in mind and body.

Kincaid-Smith and Fail had gone in. Smith, White, and Poston in centre soon got away after a pig. White led at a good pace and speared. The boar got into thick grass, cut Kincaid-Smith's horse, whom White was riding, broke a tush, and presently died. A little later these gentlemen again got away. White made the running and speared. The pig fought well, and was finally killed by a good spear which made him spurt blood like a whale. After riding a small pig and a sow the centre ran two good pig into thick grass by jheel. The right rode up to help, and Parsons and Thompson fell heavily.

A blank afternoon till near close of day, when a good boar got up on the right. Thompson's horse put his foot in a hole, and his master, falling on his already damaged shoulder, broke it. Nixon and Parsons then had a run on the friendly, unselfish principle, and eventually killed. Spear to Nixon.

February 21.—Smith, Poston, and Stewart put up a good pig. After a short run he took refuge in a bagh; turned out of this, he went well away with Smith in hot pursuit. M'Cullum rode over to lend a hand, and promptly had his horse cut to blazes. This was the only boar seen. The Hon. Sec., on return of hunters to camp, endeavoured to explain non-appearance of pig by story of poachers; obviously a subterfuge.

February 22.—Pouring rain. Ran a sow, then lost a boar. About 2 it cleared up, and we restarted. A big boar soon broke. Poston got the spear, and the hog died fighting hard, having ripped Nixon's horse severely. Further on two boar were afoot. One went to the front and was lost; the other went back and, after some two miles of high grass, was speared by Smith, and killed after a further hunt in high jhow. The party then went to camp, and bandaged wounded animals. A wet night, out-and-in.

February 23.—Killed one boar, and then back to Meerut in "D" R.H.A. Brake.

Results of meet :

- 19 boar.
- 1 lynx.
- 1 horse killed.

1 horse very severely injured.
5 horses badly cut
7 others cut.
2 riders knocked out.
No complaints.

Remarks by Editor.—Some pretty moderate spearing. The horse is said to be the cavalryman's best weapon, but he should not be used to kill pig without the aid of a spear.

And now for a day a year later :

January 28. Heats :

Right.—Browne, R.H.A. ; Fletcher, 17th Lancers ; Forsyth, R.F.A.

Right centre.—Hon. Sec., Nixon, R.H.A. ; Lang, 5th Cavalry ; Higgon, R.H.A.

Left centre.—Watkins, R.H.A. ; Short, R.H.A. ; Bryant, R.H.A. ; Muirhead, R.F.A.

Left.—Smith, R.H.A. ; Carden, 17th Lancers ; Parsons, R.H.A. ; Lynch-Staunton, R.H.A.

Beat towards jheel. Left centre got on to a pig, and killed after long run, Bryant getting the spear. Soon after a good panther got up among the ravines on the right. All of the two right heats who saw him rode him. Nixon getting up first gave him an excellent spear in good style, and Forsyth, Fletcher, and Higgon coming up, the panther was killed, objecting hard, but without damage to any one. The Hon. Sec. then killed a horrid little brute, and soon after Lang and Higgon, getting away, killed a nice boar. Nixon hurt his back. The left got away at a good pace after a fine boar. Parsons in the lead fell heavily in some holes. Lynch-Staunton followed suit. The other two went on, and after a real good run killed. So to tiffin. Parsons had damaged his shoulder considerably. Our amateur doctor having played with him for over an hour, finally succeeded in absolutely dislocating it. Having sent Nixon and Parsons in to Meerut on charpoys the remainder continued hunting. Started beating south from Adampur. After an hour a panther was put up out of a patch of grass near a low mound covered with thorny grass. The panther got safely to the mound, and then

turning squatted in the open. Short was on to him first. Man and beast charged simultaneously. As they closed, the panther struck the spear aside, and springing, bit Short in the right thigh ; he then dropped off, and went into the thickest part of the mound. Carden followed and speared, and several others following suit, the panther was soon killed. A coolie was badly clawed. The latter was properly dressed, but Short, thinking he was only scratched, did nothing to his own leg beyond dabbing some carbolic on the only claw mark visible, and continued hunting. Soon after killed two fine fighting boar, the first of whom gave a good run. The latter was chopped within two hundred yards.

Within four hundred yards of Dhubarsi, a pig was put up and ridden by practically every one. He escaped untouched into the thick clump of bushes within one hundred yards of the bagh, and finally charging "Sinkum," was well speared by him. He then retired into a patch of cover quite impracticable for a horse. While the bold spirits of the hunt were taking off their coats, rolling up their sleeves, and assuring each other that they really must finish him off on foot, a frantic row was heard in the clump. In dashed the bold spirits, and found that Lang, who had previously gone in on foot after the panther, and apparently not found it sufficiently exciting, had gone in on all fours without a spear while they were talking, and having seized the pig by the hind leg was trying to drag him out. The boar was much annoyed, but luckily distracted by the spear in him and a dog who was going for his nose. The bold spirits having pulled Lang off succeeded in spearing and finally killing the hog. This ended a ripping day.

Dressed Short, annoyed to find he had been severely bitten ; skinned panthers ; then to bed dead tired. Short suffered great pain during the night, went into Meerut on Monday, was taken to hospital on Tuesday, and operated on by Mackenzie, R.A.M.C. Gangrene had set in, and he was very dangerously ill. Thanks to Mackenzie's skill he recovered after over a month on his back.

Bag : 9 boar ; 2 panther.

I must give you an account of a run when Mr. Charrington, 15th Hussars, was hunting the country. I was not there then, but the run has always amused me.

March 11, 1903.—Van der Gucht, 3rd Skinner's Horse; Bramwell, Charrington, and Norton, 15th Hussars; and Brassey, R.H.G., slept at Gurmuktesar, and made a comfortable start next morning. A couple of miles walk on the other side of river resulted in some quail and partridges. *Khubar* then being received of boar in jhow, the cry was for horse and spear. A sounder broke with the old boar at the end. A hot pursuit was given, but the wily one made straight for the railway, and Charrington and Norton, striving to head him off, took tosses over the wire on to the embankment. So to tiffin. After this, about 3.30 P.M., abandoning Morpheus for Diana, line started. After half an hour a pig went away on the left. Bramwell pursued hotly at first, but bit the dust, and was knocked out. Norton took up the running till he too partook of the same savoury morsel on the far side of a blind well. The pig took refuge in a small patch of sugar-cane. Two sportsmen guarded this. The third went back to gather the fragments and bring up the line. At the third "hank" the crafty *soor* broke with Charrington and Brassey close behind. They both speared. The boar took to the *bourrh gunga*. Meanwhile, Norton again took the floor. The first branch of the *bourrh gunga* was negotiated safely. But the next and deeper bit accounted for two more sportsmen, Brassey and Van der Gucht, who both lost their horses. Charrington, however, managed to swim across, dragging his horse behind him. Both his stirrups were lost in the *bourrh gunga*. On went the pig, followed by Charrington, to a small bagh, where the two played a short game of hide-and-seek. Tiring of this the boar went back to the *bourrh gunga* and recrossed. There, however, he saw the two survivors who had remounted. So he came back again to Charrington, who followed him on a very tired horse, and eventually killed him.

This extraordinary pig must have run about five miles

before he was bagged, and accounted for no less than six falls among his five hunters.

Indeed a merry day. Eight falls and only two pig ridden.

A pleasant day I can recall was in May 1906. We started early and beat a beautiful grass country. A typical day of line hunting; with the steady silent line of coolies going quietly through the long yellow grass, and with the riders, all old hands, behind, every nerve of horse and man taut, ready to spring into instant action at sight of pig or sound of magic "Woh jata." It was a piece of country we wished to hunt lightly, so we only killed four boar, though there were many pig about. The last pig gave us an amusing run. B and I were so busy riding each other off, that for a brief moment M, who was mounted on a slow and inferior animal, got in and speared to his delight and our mutual disgust.

The weather was poisonous, a real hot day, with a scorching wind and a dust storm. The others had to go in, and I envied them when I thought of the iced drinks awaiting them. I hacked on to shoot a panther some twenty miles away. I passed my kit *en route*, took over my rifle, and went on again. As I got to my destination, a patch of dâk jungle half a mile long, at about 3 P.M., I could hear the panther "sawing" loudly. I went to a village close by, got a drink from the well, which was very brackish, met my shikari, and went off to sit up at once. My *machan* as usual was on the ground, hidden in a bush. My goat was tied eight feet away in front of me. My shikari had gone, and I had hardly loaded my rifle when the panther came out from my left

and walked up to the goat. The latter strained back at his rope, then jumped forward and butted the panther hard in the nose. The panther, much disconcerted, turned about and vanished before I had had any chance of getting my rifle up. When you sit up at these very close quarters the slightest sound or movement betrays you. You cannot possibly move till you are certain the animal's eyes are not on you.

I sat wondering and cursing. Within five minutes the panther appeared again, this time on my right. He had made a detour behind me and come up on the other side. I had my rifle laid, and was almost ready for him. He again walked quietly up to the goat, who had reined back to the limit of his tether, and stood looking towards me. The sun was behind me, and he seemed to think there might be something amiss. Every lash of his eyelids showed as he stood lazily blinking at me in the afternoon sun. A fly bit him, I suppose, for he turned his head aside as if to bite at his off quarter, and I killed him—a fine male 7 feet 6 inches. The whole thing was over in ten minutes, and I had skinned him before my camp arrived. I had no servant, but I remember I cooked a good dinner that night, and went to bed tired and happy.

I wished to pension that plucky goat for life, but the villagers would have eaten him just the same; his life would have been short, his pension long.

These natives are impossible. I had a little wild pig once whom I tied to the same peg as a timid horse I had. I hoped to make the horse accustomed to pig, and brave: a stupid hope. After some days the horse did not regard the pig.

His (the pig's, the horse never had one) mission in life was fulfilled. My syces came to me ; they said that one of their ambitions had been to own a little wild pig, it would make a charming pet. Would I give it them ? I did. A week later, not seeing the little pig, I asked where he was. They had eaten him.

I have not touched on the camp part of the life, nor will I do so now at any length.

Yet we, too, have our pleasant surroundings at times. It is not all a land of heat and thirst. The long motor drive or train journey, with anticipation best of all companions, is always good. Pleasant is it to ride the long hack alone through the Kadir to camp ; to look up some old village friend, and to recall past runs and incidents, how well Q went here, there X fell, and here again what a shocking mess one made of it. You get to the big trees and the white tents, enjoy a tumbler of boiling tea with a touch of whisky in it, and afterwards a quiet stroll round the horses, and a chat with the shikaries.

Next morning you wake at dawn. Perhaps you join in our old pastime of trying to see sun, moon, and star at once. You can hear the syces busy with the horses. Men move briskly, for there is a hoar frost on the ground, and the *chota hazri* tea is welcome. Outside camp you hear two black partridge cocks wrangling. You slip on a pair of boots and sally out in your pyjamas to join in the discussion. Then, after an excellent breakfast, away you go to hunt.

When the hunt is over and you have seen to your horses, perhaps your shikari takes you to

some favourite jheel of his where you spend a pleasant hour or so with fighting duck and snipe.

Then back to a tub, the cheery mess tent, and a warm fire, where with ginger wine and whisky, and the fragrant *mongpulli* nut, you fill the aching void till dinner. And so to bed.

And now, for one last day, my last in the Kadir.

This was in June last season, at Sherpur. The whole hot season had been a rainy one, and it was evident the monsoon was now on us. The sky was overcast with great black clouds, and it was more than doubtful if we would get a hunt before the rain came. However, four of us went out by train. Our fifth was N, the political, who was coming out along a country road by bicycle, and then by ferry across the Ganges, and so to camp. Having bicycled from England down the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf, no ordinary track had any terrors for him.

We reached camp just in time to get all snug before the rain fell very heavily for many hours, lasting in fact until about 9 A.M. next morning. N had not arrived in the evening, but to our joy he turned up wet, dirty, and hungry, in time for breakfast. He had bicycled out and reached the Ganges, which was in full flood, at night-fall. He took out the inner tubes of his bicycle, inflated them, and putting them round him as lifebelts started to swim the river. But he had hardly gone twenty yards when he was knocked half-unconscious by the bough of a floating tree, and carried back to the bank from which he had come. The bicycle tubes saved his life. He spent the night in a neighbouring village, and refreshed by

gram, goor, and milk, made a successful essay in the morning to swim the flood.

We had two days of somewhat indifferent sport with continued hours of soaking rain. Whenever it cleared up we used to beat the uplands or any ground that would allow a horse to stand up. Pig were about, and we killed a few.

While beating a small thorn bagh we put out quite a nice pig after several unsuccessful beats. He had three hundred yards to make his point. I was perfectly posted, and to my great shame the hog got away past me untouched. I had become bored, and was busy bullying a caterpillar when I suddenly grasped the fact that the pig had passed me: it was too late, and the boar got down a steep place two spears' length ahead of me.

This was on our last day but one, and we killed no pig. In the evening it cleared. I quote from an account I wrote. It is of no value, but may possibly show more or less what our feelings were at the time.

In spite of a blank day we enjoyed the night. The rain had cleared away, and was followed by a perfect evening. Away in the west the afterglow shone out red-gold in purple setting. The graceful silhouettes of the village buildings in the distance, and the dim aisles of tree trunks with their cobweb of tent ropes faded gradually from purple to grey, and from grey into blackness of the night. Overhead were the masses of foliage with their myriad fire-flies, and the wonderful glory of the Indian starlight.

We listened to N's gramophone. We enjoyed Russian melodies, and the old English songs. Forgotten were the many disappointments, the long blank days. We talked but of great hunters of the past, of good days that had been. We wondered whether any of us would ever see the Kadir again. We knew that in all our wanderings its



DAWN

10/10/2010

memories would ever cling to us, its voices never cease to call.

The next morning A, 1st Life Guards, and I went gooming (*i.e.* going quietly looking for game) to a favourite spot of mine. I loved to go gooming here, and wander in the dark before dawn in the long grass between the jheel where the boar fed, and the heavy jhow jungle where they lived in the day.

Come with me, reader, for an instant in spirit, and we will stand on some little rise as the night closes and look towards the dawn. Presently we see with straining eyes some dim black objects far away which only distinguish themselves by their movement from the surrounding patches of grass. A quiet walk on a course set to intercept their path will soon reveal what they are. If cattle they will go stolidly on, while there will be no mistaking the rush of a hog-deer or the bound of a startled buck. Pig we may always know, for when alarmed they will halt suspicious every few yards, with head aloft and ears cocked, peering for their unseen enemy.

The sounder have heard our horses' hoofs, and they are doing this now. Presently they go on again, and this is a signal for us to do the same. Again they halt, and again we copy them. So the moves continue, and each time we have gained a little ground. At last the strain is more than porcine nerves can stand; suspicion becomes certainty confounded, and the sounder break into a canter. All concealment is now at an end, and we single out the biggest pig in rear, who, refusing to be shouldered away any longer, makes a line straight

for the jhow. We now press for all we are worth, and have half a mile to catch him in, though there is as yet a sinking fear that he may turn out to be a sow after all. All we can see is a faint black mass on a lighter background. Our stride tells, and we are soon on the pig, when a sudden jink reveals a lean, long head and wicked gleaming tusches. All our doubts are now at an end, and there remains for us good hard galloping and a sharp fight before we kill while yet well away from the cover.

We have dismounted, and are standing with our panting horses over the fallen boar, drinking in the clear, fresh morning air, as the first rays of the sun top the distant mountains and the little fort on the bluff. Surely never was fairer start to fairer day.

And now, reader, I must leave you dismounted, and return to hard realities. I have often goomed here alone, and I never failed to have good sport, and one morning I killed two hog and speared and lost a third. This day I began to fear my luck had at last failed me, for the sun was almost up, and there was no sign of a pig. But on taking a final "goom" through the grass I saw to my delight the cocked head and ears of a pig about a hundred yards away. He had not seen me, and I quietly made a detour and got between him and the jhow. I then gave chase, and was astonished to find that the pig, instead of jinking back past me went straight out towards A, who was nearest to the jheel. I rode the pig quietly, chiefly because I did not want to press him and drive him back to the jhow, and also because I believed he was a sow.

A wisely stood still till the pig passed close to

him, when the vigour with which he took up the pursuit left little doubt as to the pig being a boar. We soon killed, A doing most of the work.

This was the only pig we saw, and we hacked back to camp in time to have a hasty breakfast, and join the line below camp in Busaoli grass. We had glorious sport, and killed four really handsome boar, all old stagers living alone. We saw no sows. I was lucky enough to be in every run, and my horses did more than I asked of them. What would you more, reader, for a last taste of pig-sticking?

In the last run N came down heavily, but his pony was not hurt. We rigged up a charpoy, and carried him into the nearest station. As the last pig was killed, the flood-gates of heaven were opened, the rain came down in torrents, and so—good-bye.

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CHAPTER VIII

HOG HUNTERS' HALL OR THE TENTH HUSSARS IN PURNEAH, 1909

By Colonel JOHN VAUGHAN, D.S.O.

THE 10th Hussars were not fortunate in their stations during their Indian tour, 1902-1912, being stationed at Mhow and Rawal Pindi. There was a little pig-sticking to be had at Mhow, but the civil administration of the Indore State permitted the natives to shoot pig, and consequently the sport deteriorated. However, most of us were agreed that it was by far the best sport in the East, and took every opportunity of going either to Muttra or to the Guzerat or Kadir meetings. It was my usual plan to take about a month's leave after the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament, and devote myself to pig-sticking. In 1908 I determined to organize a regimental camp in Bengal for the following spring. It took me about six months and much correspondence before we brought off our projected trip.

Curiously enough I eventually selected a locality recommended to me by a friend in England, Mr. Charles Miller of Rugby, who had formerly been a planter near Motihari. He and Mr. Keith Marsham, secretary of the Cairo Polo Club, wrote me accounts

of great numbers of pig in two places. One was an island in the Brahmaputra, and the other the Forbesganj district in Purneah. Between these, on further inquiries being made, there appeared little choice, but I was told that the island was sometimes flooded, and therefore might prove a failure, and this decided me to select Forbesganj as less of a gamble.

Mr. Irwin of Motihari kindly introduced me to Mr. Patrick Duff, a veteran planter and manager of the Forbes estate. This gentleman made excellent arrangements for us, and the only difficulty unsolved was how to get elephants to beat, as we were assured that coolies would be useless in that district. I therefore wrote to my friend Victor Brooke of the 9th Lancers, who was at that time Military Secretary to the Viceroy and in touch with all the native nobility in Bengal.

The Maharajah of Dharbanga came to our aid—may his shadow never grow less—and not only lent us thirty of his state elephants, but a large and complete camp equipment as well. These were later supplemented by six very experienced shikar elephants belonging to the Maharajah of Baneli, procured for us by Mr. Frank Lyall, I.C.S., who later joined our camp for a few days. Messrs. Kellner of Calcutta provided the mess, and did it cheaply and well.

The arrangements were now complete excepting that we were in the normal position of the young cavalry officer of not having enough horses.

As I was then commanding the regiment, and have always considered that pig-sticking is the finest war training for both horse and man, we made up our numbers with troop horses. These we bought

out of the ranks and insured ; after our camp was finished we re-sold the horses to the Government. There is a good regulation which enables one to re-sell within a year at cost price, the framer of which no doubt had the impecunious but sporting cavalry subaltern in his mind when the regulation was drafted. The horse's cost was, I think, 950 rupees for a stud-bred, and 1200 rupees for a Waler. The insurance was about 6 per cent, and Cox and Co. charged the same rate for borrowing the money, but as the horses were all re-sold in about a month our bill for hiring good horses was not excessive. We got a concession from the railway company for what the *babus* called "not less than four players of the pig-sticking only," double journey for single rates, and this worked out at roughly 100 rupees per horse from Pindi to Forbesganj and back. As the distance was sixteen hundred miles each way this works out at about thirty-two miles for a rupee, or, in English, a halfpenny a mile, which is cheap enough.

The whole trip, including our subsequent shoot in Nepaul, cost us £100 each. I have never had better value for the money. On these long journeys to save expense I am always ready to send horses or polo ponies by trucks instead of boxes, provided that arrangements are made to unload and groom and exercise the horses every twenty-four hours.

At the last moment two of our 10th Hussars were unable to come, and Messrs. Weinhold and Cheape of the K.D.G.'s volunteered as substitutes. We went first to the Kadir meeting, and then sent some of the horses on from there to Forbesganj, where they arrived about three days after the Pindi detachment.

There were no casualties *en route*, and this I attribute partly to the painstaking care of the Indian railways, whose officials I have always found most courteous and capable, provided that one does not try to hustle or browbeat them; and partly to the fact that the syces were all placed under the orders of Shoeing-Smith Norman of the 10th Hussars, who accompanied us throughout the trip.

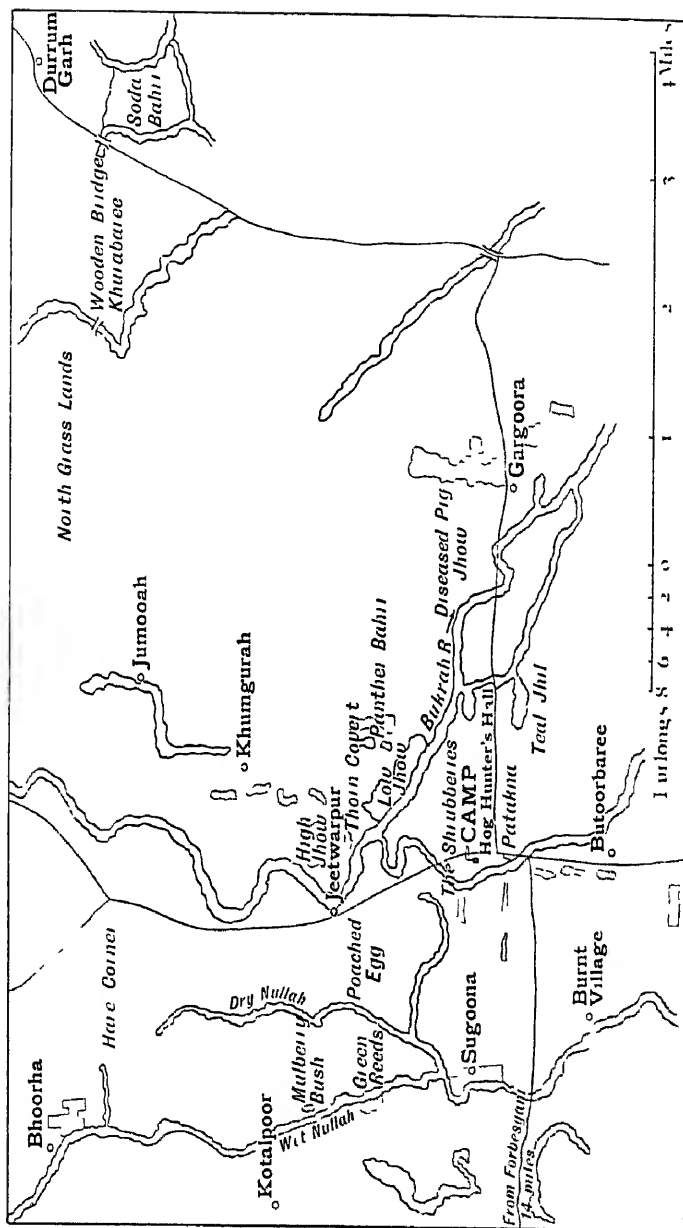
On Sunday, March 27, we arrived at Forbesganj, the terminus of a narrow-gauge railway, at 2 o'clock on a hot afternoon. Here we found elephants for our kit and hacks for ourselves. After a good meal in Mr. Duff's hospitable bungalow, where we were royally received, and heard many tales of the ferocity and size of the local boar, we hacked out to our camp, which we found just as it was getting dark.

The next day we spent in reconnaissance, and naming various places for future reference (see sketch opposite). Our hunting ground lay some twenty miles south of the Nepaulese foot-hills. Formerly it was under indigo, but it is now let to natives to cultivate; the chief crop seems to be rice, but in March, of course, there were nothing but the stubbles as an indication of what the crops had been.

Some years previous to our trip the Kosi River, which runs from north to south, some twenty miles east of the Bukrah River, had overflowed its banks. A great flood had forced its way into the Bukrah River, and covered the country with silt. Between Hare Corner and the south edge of Poached Egg Jhil a very thick growth of nurkul grass had sprung up, and this formed the main covert for the pig. There were also several nice jhow coverts as shown

on the sketch. There, were moreover, numerous *bahris*, or thickets of bamboo, and mango in which pig would lie. The villagers were a timid race, and gave us little assistance, though they were glad enough for us to kill the pig ; but not a man of them would go into or near the coverts excepting an occasional herd-boy mounted on a buffalo.

The country provided great sport and varied going. Poached Egg was a dried-up jhil, covered with elephant grass, and there was throughout its area a succession of circular mounds from 18 inches to 3 feet high, the whole representing innumerable poached eggs in a plate two miles square. When we first inspected it we thought that it would be quite unrideable, but after our elephants had traversed it for a week or so in every direction we could ride it, though it was always extremely difficult to kill a pig in. There was another very bad bit of going between "dry nullah" and Kotal-poor, with several blind nullahs about 5 feet deep. In fact we only managed to kill one pig in "dry nullah," and that was more by good luck than good management, and thanks to numerous holloas from the mahouts. "High Jhow" was unrideable, and the elephants could not keep a line in it; we had to resort to a good deal of gunpowder to get the pig to leave it. North of High Jhow, between the Bukrah River and Khumgeerah, the jhow gradually petered out, and this was the most deadly place for pig. They did not usually spend the day there, but there was sufficient cover there to induce them to lie up when hustled out of the thicker coverts. Their only chance of safety was to reach High Jhow or cross the river into Poached Egg, where there would soon be so many pig afoot, and the cover



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HOG-HUNTERS HALL

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was so thick that one was likely to lose or change pig.

We had an unusual amount of rain for the time of year, and this kept the going good. In many of the *bahris* the grass was smooth and close like an English lawn. To hunt a pig through a succession of these *bahris* was perhaps the pleasantest of all hunts. Most of them were only about a hundred yards wide and a couple of hundred yards long. The bamboo prevented one galloping straight through, but there was no under cover beneath the mangos. Then there would be a patch of cultivation to the next *bahri*, and the question was could you or could you not spear before the pig reached it. If you did not you had to nurse him through the next, and across a patch of open grass land, and through or round a village. The villages are ramshackle affairs with matting about 5 feet high used as fences round the gardens. The pig were not at all afraid of them, and would gallop through the matting like a clown jumping through paper hoops. On one occasion two of us were riding a pig up the main street of Durrumgarh. He was just ready for me to spear. I collected my horse, and drove him forward, thinking, "I've got you." But not a bit of it; the pig jinked sharp to the right through an open door of a house, and forced his way out through the wall. He then turned to bay among some woodstacks in a backyard. I broke my spear in him, and my pal did ditto; we had to stay and watch him whilst a native ran to the line for fresh spears. Even then we were lucky to kill him without getting a horse cut, as there was no "liberty of manœuvre" in the backyard and among the woodstacks. Meanwhile a native woman,

an aged man, and two or three couple of brown babies had come out of the house into the street and set up a terrific wailing. One of us examined them whilst the other watched the pig, and found rather a nasty cut from the pig on one of the children. However, Norman proved equal to the occasion when he arrived with his farrier's box, and a few coppers dried away all tears.

These Purneah pig were very independent customers when we first arrived, and several times when we met pig coming towards us at a walk or trot—not hunted pig—they cocked their ears and went straight for us. We found that the sows generally jinked in the last stride rather than charge straight home. However, after a few days they soon adopted other tactics and fled for cover.

There were such quantities of pig in Poached Egg and High Jhow that for the first week we beat one of these coverts every morning. We usually breakfasted about 4.30 A.M., and hunted from 5 A.M. to 11 or 12 noon. In the afternoon some of us would go out with a gun for the pot, whilst others would make an expedition to look up some outlying boar of whom the villagers brought us *khubber*.

These outliers were generally of the old and bold variety. They would take up their quarters in the outskirts, or even in the gardens of a village, and the natives could not, or dared not, turn them out. We generally used to take four or five elephants for the purpose, and the villagers used to allow them to walk over their gardens with pleasure as long as we were likely to kill their enemy. It was amusing to see the way the elephants helped themselves to green bananas as they passed through the gardens.

There was not much difficulty in killing the boar

once he was roused, as the villages were surrounded by stubble fields, but we had many an amusing scurry round the village, down the streets, and back again, with natives flying in every direction and clustering in the boughs of trees to see the hated pig killed. These natives take to trees like monkeys the moment they get a panic.

On March 30 and 31 we had bad luck, losing two horses. Meade and I were hunting a pig in some thick jhow, Meade was just in front of me, and I thought he was on the pig when I was charged from my left rear—a direction which I think the cavalry training book terms “disadvantageous to the man attacked,”—the first that I knew about it was getting a bang on the right foot, and my horse nearly falling and limping. The pig had cut him from hock to stifle on the inside of the off hock. I led him out into the open, the blood spurting from his artery, and blew my whistle, and put my hat on my spear. Presently Norman came up with his box and we put on a tourniquet. We got some elephant tackle from camp and improvised slings on a convenient mango-tree. This took us three or four hours. We left a syce, forage, and water with the horse, but he kicked himself out of the slings, and bleeding recommenced. We then threw him and shackled his legs, and again stopped the bleeding, but during the night he kicked about so that it broke out again, and he eventually died sixteen hours after he was cut. The following afternoon in a fast gallop from a village, Weinhold's pony fell over a small *bund* between the paddy-fields and broke his neck.

These were the only horses that we lost out of our thirty-six; only one remained sound through-

out the three weeks of our camp. Several were cut by pig, noticeably Weinholt's Hawke, which was cut in the shoulder. We had lost a pig in some jhow, and were looking about for him when a pig—the hunted one or another—literally jumped at Weinholt and cut his horse's shoulder (see photo). This was a big Waler, and I have never seen a horse cut so high. I also had the bad luck to get my plum Vedette cut on the gaskin the first day I rode him, and he was not able to take the field again. Stubs of burnt jhow, however, were the most frequent causes of injury, but these were only temporary.

The personnel of the expedition were also frequently on the sick list. I took rather a heavy toss the very first day, Weinholt was next, then Cheape hurt the point of his right shoulder and for the remainder of the time used his spear with his left hand. Palmer got the worst fall, hurting his back badly; he spent the rest of the time in camp, and distributed the remains of his stud amongst the survivors. De Tuyll, after a succession of tosses, had both his eyes bunged up. Gosling had the most amusing fall or rather lift. He had just arrived, and as he had only three or four days in which to show his dash he started off "hello bello" after a pig through some thorn jungle, and was speedily removed from his saddle by a mimosa-tree.

Though we had six officers in camp, and whilst Lyall was with us seven, on only one day could we put more than five spears in the field. The temporary convalescent used usually to sit on a pad elephant and direct the line, and, if his ailments permitted, used to shoot a few partridges, snipe, hares, quail, or green pigeon.



COLONEL J. VAUGHAN SMITH



PIG CUT

When we first assembled we devised a system of signals with our spears for working the mahouts, and had them out one afternoon for foot drill so that they soon got pretty handy. All that was necessary was "line," "column of elephants from the flank," "right or left shoulders," "advance," "halt," "come to my assistance." We also all had whistles for whistling pig away, or calling attention of the line. The elephants were further subdivided for "shikar," "charra," and "dâk" work. At first we tried to bring every pig into camp and weigh him, but we had to give this up. We then enlisted three *sansis*, or gipsies, who were all for blood, unlike the natives. They each had sacks, an axe, and knife, and were on the right, centre, and left of the line on elephants. Any one killing a pig tied a piece of "Turkey Red" to a bush or on a piece of elephant grass. Down from the elephant jumped the butcher, ran to the carcass, cut off the head, and put it into a sack. After measuring the boar the man who had got first spear put his mark on his nostril or ear so that we could recognize our own tushes on return to camp. The gipsies' friends and relatives were allowed the bristles and the carcasses in lieu of cash payment for their services. We sometimes had a long beat before we got a ride, and would then get into the middle of a lot of good boar when it was important not to waste time, hence our red flag and butcher arrangement.

On the whole sport was wonderfully even, we never killed less than eight pig in a day, and never more than sixteen. The total bag was 180 boar in 22 hunting days between 28th March and 21st April.

Hardly a day passed without interesting and exciting incidents. We usually divided into two heats, two spears in one and three in the other, sometimes we had two heats of two each and a rover. At first we took out three horses apiece, but later had to content ourselves with two. Sometimes each heat had as many as eight or nine hunts in the morning, and this was enough for three horses and also for one man.

Were I to let my memory run riot I could fill a volume with incidents of those happy hunting days. I have told of the death of the two horses and the suburban boar who took to the houses. We had some first-rate fighting pig and in places, especially in Poached Egg Jhil, they were very difficult to kill. Two incidents occur to my mind which may be worth relating.

Weinholt and I were riding a pig. Weinholt speared but lightly, and the pig took refuge in a wallow. The mud was up to the horses' hocks, and one could only have advanced at a walk. I therefore whistled up an elephant from the flank of the line to put the boar out of the mud. When the elephant approached the boar dashed at him and tried to cut his foot. Fortunately it was one of the Baneli shikar elephants, as many elephants turn tail if a pig charges. The elephant pressed the boar into the mud with his trunk, put his tusks under him and threw him a dozen yards or so. This operation was again repeated, the boar attacking again. The second throw landed this brave boar on hard ground where he was quickly despatched. This incident shows the courage of the boar, and the sagacity and training of the elephant.

The other incident is merely interesting as a queer coincidence. Meade and I after a long hunt brought a boar to bay in a *bahri*. A rare fighter too. He charged me first; using the overhand spear I struck him deep between the shoulders, but let go of my spear. He then attacked Meade and got the butt of my spear under his horse's breast-plate whilst Meade speared him (between the ribs I think), but could not get his spear out. They were absolutely fixed, like two fighting stags whose antlers are interlocked. I rode up on Meade's right, and he let me take his spear in my left hand so that I got a pull at a different angle and got it out. Meade then got hold of my spear with his right hand and got it free from his breast-plate, so when the boar died each man had the other's spear. As a young friend of mine once said, "I see now that I should not have let go of my spear," but this is not always as easily done as said.

Lyall was a great exponent of overhand spearing and we had many an argument and illustration of both methods. Eventually we came to the conclusion that in open or grass country the underhand spear was the quickest way of killing a pig, whilst in places where there was bamboo, jhow, or thorn to deflect your spear the overhand style was more certain and safe, especially with a charging pig. Our spears were 6 feet or 6 feet 6 inches, and leaded.

I fear that this chapter has been written in a somewhat chatty style, but for the benefit of others who may wish to try new ground outside an existing hunt I will summarise the chief points in military fashion.

1. *Reconnaissance*.—Must extend over a con-

siderable period. Information must be verified up to date. Personal reconnaissance of coverts and run of pig necessary before a single beat is made.

2. *Organization*.—A medical and veterinary officer or subordinates of those departments should be included in the party. Elephants and coolies must be subdivided for shikar, camp, and dâk work, each group under a responsible head man. Shikar mahouts and coolies require a little drill and a code of signals.

3. *Horses*.—Waler troop horses make excellent pig-stickers. Stud bred are handy but slow. Make a point of bringing back horses better than when they went out. Our horses hunted three or four days a week. In addition to 16 lbs. of grain and plenty of good dhub grass they had as much oat hay (railed from Calcutta) as they would eat. This is the best forage, and if grass is doubtful is worth having at any price.

4. *Men*.—Don't take any one with the least taint of jealousy, to spoil sport. Hunt every pig honestly no matter who gets the spear. Each man should have a whistle, a measuring tape, and spare red cloth.

5. *Natives*.—Work through local headmen, and get on good terms with the natives. The Purneah natives are a low type and no sportsmen. Yet they were useful in bringing khubber. Any kind of gipsy natives, *sansis*, *brinjaris*, or whatever their name may be, will generally assist to not only harbour but kill and eat pig.

FORBESGANJ DISTRICT, 1909

BOAR KILLED

Size.			Size		
36 inches .	.	1	29 inches .	.	25
35 " .	.	2	28 " .	.	12
34 " .	.	14	27 " .	.	10
33 " .	.	15	26 " .	.	1
32 " .	.	28	Not recorded (no time for		
31 " .	.	29	measurement) .	.	8
30 " .	.	35			
			Total .	.	180

FORBESGANJ DISTRICT, 1909

SPEARS

Colonel John Vaughan, 10th Hussars.

Captain Hon. E. B. Meade, 10th Hussars.

Mr. W. Ll. Palmer, 10th Hussars

Mr. M. A. De Tuyll (14 days only), 10th Hussars.

Mr. G. B. Gosling (4 days only), 10th Hussars.

Mr. E. A. Weinholt, K.D.Gs.

Mr. L. St. C. Cheape, K.D.Gs.

Mr. F. Lyall (6 days only), I.C.S.

CHAPTER IX

PIG-STICKING IN BENGAL

By MALCOLM M. CRAWFORD, Esq., of Shikarpore.

BEFORE pig-sticking started, sportsmen in Bengal used to hunt bear with a short, heavy javelin, which they threw from horseback. As bear grew scarcer they turned their attention to boar, but they soon found that a javelin thrown by hand was a poor defence against a charging boar.

The short spear, weighted with lead at one end, commonly used in Bengal, was evolved from the light throwing javelin. At first the spear measured about 7 feet in length, but it has now become gradually shortened to 5 feet 9 inches and 6 feet 3 inches. Most men have their own ideas as to spear heads, the Diamond and Simson patterns being the general favourites, though the Bayleaf and an occasional Bodraj are also used. A narrow head is to be avoided, as, unless the head is broader than the shaft, it is difficult to give a heavy wound. The inside shoulders of the head should be sharpened so as to enable the spear to cut its way out. The Bengal spear, as all pig-stickers know, is used over-hand, the hand grasping the shaft a few inches below the lead, and the head pointing downwards and outwards below the rider's stirrup. In the

heavy grass and jhow jungles of Bengal there is no doubt that this is the only practicable weapon, as the rider can use it against a charging boar, where it would be impossible to lower the point of the underhand spear.

The old records of the Calcutta Tent Club, to which I have had access, only date from 1862, though the Club originated long before that date. At that time C. B. Stewart, J. Gladstone, J. Thomas, J. Beckwith, and Major (afterwards Colonel) James were the leading spirits in the Club.

During the following thirty years of its existence the Club numbered among its members many well-known sportsmen, including Lord William Beresford, V.C., General Sir George Greaves, Sir Griffith Evans, General Wilkinson, "Black" Simson, W. L. Thomas, Roberts, the brothers Angelo, Prestage, Lawrie Johnstone, Nolan, John and Tom Anderson, Alston, Sir Allan Arthur, George Walker, E. V. Westmacott, Granny Mills, and C. C. MacLeod.

When the Club was first started they hunted the country south of Calcutta, their farthest meet being at Tumlook, where, I believe, the unclean beast has long since ceased to exist. Until the late 'eighties the Club had the use of the Government elephants at Barrackpore.

Compared with the record bags of the "Shikarpore Hunt," the Tent Club did not enjoy phenomenal sport, but boar were plentiful and fierce, and until the early 'nineties a blank day was practically unknown.

With the extension of the railway the Club moved farther afield and enjoyed good sport at Ranaghat, Belgatchie, Patkabari, Sara, Goalundo, and Furridpur. In later years they moved as far north as Rangpore.

If their bags were not enormous they were at any rate varied. Almost the last entry in the Hunt records relates how the Tent Club met at Jatrapore on the 13th, 14th, and 15th February 1891, and killed four boar on the first two days. On the 15th, George Walker and Allan Arthur crossed ten elephants over the Ganges to Katlabari and killed two tiger the same day, and one tiger the following day.

In October 1870, when hunting at Ranaghat, the Club rode and killed a black buck and doe.

At the Christmas Meet of the same year H.E. Lord Mayo was present, and eight boar were killed and a tiger was viewed, but not shot.

At Christmas 1874 at Rajbari seven boar were killed, and two buffalo were shot.

On 18th and 19th February 1882, four boar were killed on Goalundo chur and two buffalo were shot.

On 7th and 10th February 1886, on the same ground, four boar were killed and two buffalo were shot.

On 25th and 26th January 1890 at Mogal Hat seven boar and two leopard were speared and killed. McKie killed the first leopard on the 25th without much difficulty. Alston killed the second leopard on the following day. She turned to bay in a bush and charged out at every one who came near her, mauling a horse badly before she was finally killed.

I think in the early days the boar must have run larger than they do now, as I find it recorded that out of seven boar killed at Belgatchie on 22nd and 23rd February 1879 two measured $38\frac{1}{2}$ and $37\frac{1}{2}$ inches respectively.

One of the largest bags ever made by the Tent Club seems to have been at Patkabari on 20th and



MR CRESSWELL

MR CRAWFORD
ON "EVERMORE"



BLACK COTTON SOIL

21st March 1886, when twenty-one boar were killed. The late Archie Hills owned Patkabari, and was, I think, an Honorary Member of the Club, who were his guests at this meet.

Under the Rules of the Club any one who killed a sow, or who speared a boar on his near side, was liable to a fine of one dozen champagne, and the penalty seems to have been inflicted on more than one occasion, the principal offender being a sportsman who shall be nameless, and who also had an unpleasant habit of throwing his spear at a boar.

From what I have been told by old members of the Tent Club I think one of the chief reasons why pig failed them was because they killed small boar. This is an undoubted mistake, and nothing should be killed under 28 inches. If small boar are killed before they are of a really rideable size, the supply soon fails.

The "Shikarpore Hunt," which was originated by Malcolm Crawford about ten years ago, hunts, in the Nadia district, principally at Moiscoondie and on the neighbouring "churs" of the river Ganges. The hunt coat is blue with gilt buttons with a boar's head embossed on them, and the letters S.H. The button is given to no one who has not taken twenty contested first spears.

"Squire" Cresswell and Crum have now resuscitated the Tent Club, and with their young entry and the ground at their disposal I see no reason why the new Tent Club should not enjoy better sport than the old Club, provided they kill no small boar. Their bag last year, which was their first season, was fifty-six boar.

Simson's book on pig-sticking, published in 1886, still is, as it was then, the standard work and last

word on the subject, excepting only his objections to and remarks on Walers. Walers are now, for obvious reasons, as superior to the Arab as the Arab was superior to the then Waler, especially in the case of men riding 12 stone or over. At the same time a high-couraged Arab is still very hard to beat for a light weight.

We, who have hunted from Moiscoondie, know how accurately Simson describes the country bordering on the Ganges. Hurrysunkra, Ramchundrapore and Soonaikoondie churs were all hunted by him, and though they have long ago been washed away, they have since reformed, and now constitute Moiscoondie and the adjacent churs, which have been our best hunting-grounds during the last ten years.

Shikarpore, referred to by Simson, also still exists, in spite of earthquakes and the vicissitudes of more than a century.

The late Archie Hills of Patkabaree, a fine old sportsman, probably did more for pig-sticking in Bengal than any one else, and his well-known hospitality was often enjoyed by the late Lord William Beresford, V.C., Sir Griffiths Evans, E. V. Westmacott, I.C.S., W. L. Thomas, John and Tom Anderson, Stocks, Morey, J. Malcolm, R. Lyall, W. Sherreff, M. Ferguson, Lawrie Johnstone, and Billy Barker. Of these James Malcolm is still here, and only last year, at the three score and ten years of the Psalmist, celebrated the occasion by riding down and killing a nice boar single-handed.

Ferguson, who probably knows more of the wiles and ways of a pig than most of us, still occasionally revisits his old haunts. In fact, on his last visit to India he killed a 39½ inch boar near Berhampore,

a record for Bengal. Among sportsmen of a later date, C. B. Gregson, Granny Mills, G. Coxon, Elliot, and Chalmers Hills, and A. E. Staley, I.C.S., have all, for various reasons, had to give up the sport. "Judge" M'Donell, who has now crossed the "Big Divide," was easily the best horseman of the lot, and as good a spear as any. To see him take quite an unmade horse alongside a pig and give a good spear to boot was a liberal education in itself. Billy Barker, as his friends can testify, is still with us.

Pig-sticking in Lower Bengal commences as a rule with the inland villages in early November. Khor (thatching grass), patials, wild plum, mustard, and village jungle being sure finds for pig during that month and December. Perhaps the favourite cover at this time of the year is sugar-cane, where pig find food and harbourage at one and the same time.

From January to March, when the crops are cut, pig may be found lying out in barley, wheat, and oats, which all afford excellent cover and provender. Hunting a pig through oats, with nothing to guide one but the ripple, as he moves through the crop, is no easy matter even in company, far less alone; he has only to jink or squat to throw out his pursuers for the time being, perhaps to charge in from some unexpected quarter or from close under one's horse.

I have often seen a seasoned horse, brave as a lion in the open, show unmistakable signs of nerves when hunting in this cover, the swishing of the crops probably suggesting hidden foes. I have not included *Arhar*, or *Raha*, as it is called in Behar, under this category, as no sane man would consider it fair to risk his horse in such cover, where, owing

to the nature of the crop, the boar can follow every movement of his pursuer, while the horseman can see nothing of his quarry.

The churs are seldom ready for hunting before January, but this depends on the inundation ; the ground is often very trappy owing to cracks, pig-rootlings and holes, which are reopened by the action of heavy rain. The cover, as a rule, consists of high jungle grass, jhow, and crops, where the land has been cleared.

Of the two forms of hunting much may be said for both. Village hunting is often more interesting, though the inland pig is not as a rule as plucky as his neighbour of the churs. Still, he often gives even better sport and long hunting runs, relying more on his cunning than on his courage to evade pursuit. In fact, there is no doubt that village hunting requires a greater knowledge of venery, and the habits of the boar than chur hunting, where the boar is more or less in the open the whole time, and for this reason many good "spears" prefer the former.

When the chur hunting is finished, which it generally is with the first heavy rain in May, we have the bheels to turn to. These often prove a sure draw, as fine solitary "old gentlemen" may be found lying amongst the reeds and grasses, who when disturbed generally mean business, having established a prestige amongst the villagers, who usually bolt from them at sight.

The Moiscoondie chur, measuring, roughly speaking, some twelve miles long by three wide, was formerly an island, but it is now connected with the mainland for eight months of the year. This chur was ten years ago covered with heavy

grass jungle and jhow. It was first hunted by C. B. Gregson (my predecessor at Shikarpur and present chief), who had several good little meets there between the years 1899 and 1901, the bag varying from seventeen to twenty-five head. Since then we had good meets from 1902 to 1905 yielding in two days from twenty-five in 1902 to seventy-five in 1905, by which time the jungle had been considerably cleared.

During the first half-dozen years' hunting on the chur the pig were so accustomed to seeing no one but timid natives, who always ran away, that they did not realize their danger when they were being hunted. The result was that they charged frequently at sight. This, to a great extent, accounted for the heavy bags, as there were few long runs and the horses kept fresher.

Our record meet of 149 boar in two days, or 153 in two and a half days, took place on 28th, 29th, and 30th January 1906, and though we have since twice topped the century we have never exceeded that bag. I did not see so much of the sport at this meet as I should like to have done, having naturally a good deal to do in the way of bundobast, watching the beaters, etc. My assistant, D. Somerville, kindly gave up more than half his day's sport to help me, while Barker, Cresswell, and Ferguson very kindly helped with the line. I have often heard Barker say that he will never forget the sight on the second day, which is perhaps best described in an extract from a letter of his given below :

I was with the forward party on the second day in the afternoon. The beat, consisting of about one hundred and fifty acres of grass, had been cut to the height of 2 to 3 feet.

We were standing in the uncut grass ; several pig had gone by us into the cut jungle, but none had actually broken. As the line of 200 coolies came level with us (and I never saw a better line kept) on a sudden, as it seemed, the whole of the cut part of the jungle was alive with pig. As the sentinel said of Birnam wood, "you might see it coming, I say, a moving grove," and there drew out into the open a sounder of at least 300. There were among them quite 20 grand boar, and about the same number of average height. When they had gone about a furlong, one or two of the finest boar began to break back ; we promptly showed ourselves, trying to turn them. This was a mistake as directly we galloped the sounder stopped, the better boar came back past us instantly, the rest of the sounder went on across the open, and as it was hopeless to follow the large ones into the jungle we had to pick the best of the second raters ; and the way the sows and butchas crossed and recrossed us as we charged into the sounder was most exciting. There were enough boar for us each to take our own and leave for other parties, and we accounted for a good many, but they were small compared to the score of giants which broke back and whose loss we yet regret.

What might, I think, be called even better sport was a morning I enjoyed with Cresswell and Ferguson on the same chur in March 1906. Leaving Shikarpore at about 8.30 A.M., and arriving at Moiscoondie at 9.30, I got together some thirty to forty coolies and started to beat at once. We sat down to lunch at 1.30 P.M. with a bag of twenty-one boar, to which Cresswell had contributed no less than ten, Ferguson six, and myself five. We each had two horses and the boar were a level lot, quite up to the average in size and weight, and there were no accidents.

The spears at our meets are always divided into parties, which often do not keep together long owing to the number of pig on foot at one time, so

that each spear can often single out, ride down and kill his own boar.

From what our up-country guests tell us our pig, though braver and fiercer than their pig, are not nearly so fast. It is quite the exception for a pig to last more than five or six furlongs if in the open and well hustled from the start. Some pig hardly worry to run at all, but turn and charge after going a very short distance. This is probably because they are heavy and easily blown owing to the excellent feeding which is always available close at hand.

A typical day's hunting on the chur began at 8 o'clock in the morning, quite early enough on cold mornings. The "spears" would be formed into parties of from three to four and would move through the grass some way ahead of the line, who would be shepherded by factory servants riding hardy country-bred tats. As the line neared the end of the jungle a few sows and butchas would first break, then the smaller boar, followed by the lords of the harem. This is where the green hands often made a mistake and many a good boar would often be lost, for your real old warrior is full of guile and, unless he is well clear of the jungle, at the least hint of danger he slips back and nothing on earth will persuade him to break. As I say, the green hands might perhaps ride too soon, and so spoil their own sport, but with a party of three good spears this would not be likely to happen. After giving the boar plenty of law the party would begin to ride. At first the boar would check and look round, and then be off at the top of his speed, and for the first quarter of a mile more than hold his own. The horses would then begin to draw up to

him until the gradual drooping of his tail showed that his wind and temper were failing. It is the unwritten law that when a man is within two lengths of the boar no one must interfere with him, and it is now that good horsemanship tells. At the time I am writing of, the chur boar was a gallant beast and seldom jinked, and no sooner was his tail down than in he came like lightning, charging home, only to be met with the spear point behind the shoulder, the impetus of his own charge and the galloping horse driving the spear clean through him. On the other hand he might jink, which would probably throw the leader out and let another horse in, but in the end the chur boar always died game. I have known four boar killed in the first hour after the start.

Tiffin would follow between 1 and 2 o'clock, allowing a very full hour for coolies, syces, and horses. We would start again about 3 o'clock and go on hunting till dusk, and then ride home to tea, tea with whisky in it, a drink for the gods, and after a hot bath we would all be ready for dinner. After dinner, the usual toast of the boar being drunk, and the day's bag made up, Fuzzy Graham would then give us "Over the Valley, over the Level," followed by Barker with "The Place where the Old Horse Died," and Billy Tayler with "Long, Long Indian Day," accompanied by Captain Holden on the banjo, whose repertoire of songs, sentimental and otherwise, was always at our disposal. Perhaps the gem of the evening would be Captain Welde Forrester's "Again and again and again," and at 10.30 to bed after a well-spent day. The original and most regular attendants at Moiscoondie were "Billy" Barker, "Squire" Cresswell, Fuzzy

Graham, Kenneth Hamilton, Elliot Hills, Archie Pugh, David Somerville, Billy Tayler, Tom Westmacott, T. H. Wheeler, Colonel T. Grainger, I.M.S., my brother, Colonel Jim Crawford, I.M.S., Captains Hylo Holden, Vernon Keighley, and myself. Later on, as the older members of the hunt dropped out, through having to give up the game or through leaving the district, Roland Pugh, W. E. Crum, W. K. Dods, C. Westmacott, Lord Francis Scott, A. Somerville, W. Page, and D. Paterson joined us. A distinguished visitor, a fine spear himself, referring to the members of the hunt, remarked to me at a meet in 1905, "though there are varying degrees of excellence, these are all workmen. Not a man amongst them who cannot kill his boar fair and square single-handed, and this is as it should be with the practice available." We had occasional visitors, too, such as Captain Pritchard, thrice in the final heat for the Kadir Cup, Medicott, 3rd Horse, twice winner of the Guzerat Cup. A. Garratt, C. A. Radice, I.C.S., Jack Ferguson, Major Maxwell, V.C., and Jack Scott, all good spears who knew what they were about. Captains Long, Hodson, Norwood, V.C., Rivers Bulkeley, Harker, Nicholas, Welde Forrester, Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, the Duke of Peneranda, and Colonel Victor Brooke were novices who showed promise, particularly the first two. Writing of novices, Major J. McKie, D.S.O., of Ernespie (so well known as a first-class man to hounds and between the flags), was the most surprising I ever saw; he seemed to know intuitively how to handle his spear, and could hold his own anywhere, his natural eye for a country, nerve, and horsemanship standing him in good stead.

Horses.—As a rule we ride Walers only. I will

not go into the vexed question as to whether horses or ponies are best ; this each must decide for himself. It depends very much on the rider's weight and build. Riding 14 stone, or over, as some of us do, I prefer a short-backed active little horse, clean bred if possible, with the best of shoulders and knowing how to use them. A good rein and a bold eye, standing 14.3 to 15.2. His weight carries him better through heavy-going or grass jungle than a pony, and he often finds that spare leg and reserve of balance, which is so difficult to describe, and which so often saves a fall when a pony must come down. Personally I prefer a rich chestnut or bright bay, though I have seen good pig-stickers all colours down to skewbald, and sex is, I think, immaterial ; many of our best pig-stickers have been mares.

Among many good horses, the first that comes to my mind is "Diana," a little thorough-bred mare, standing about 14.3 up to 14 stone, belonging to Billy Barker. She could pull a bit, having started her career in a racing stable, though she had many a fine boar killed off her.

Elliot Hills's "Waitress," "Squire" Cresswell's "Blackie," Tom Westmacott's "Priestess," Crum's "Cluny," W. K. Dods's "Fame" (winner of the Ladies' Paperchase Cup), Jim Crawford's "Napier," and Ferguson's "Red Deer" and "Comrade" were all very good ; my own horse "Alba" would have been so too, but for the bump on his forehead, which in his case showed him the advisability, at times, of not going too near a fighting boar. "Priestess" was a staunch old mare, and took eighty-one first spears during ten years' hunting. The horses brought up by those fine horsemen,

Captains Hylo Holden and Vernon Keighley, were always of the best, fast and handy. Among them I remember "Marquis," "Charlton," "Boxer," and "Edward." "Marquis" won the Calcutta Paperchase Heavy Weight Cup. Amongst ponies I remember Captain Holden's "Eventide" and "Pathfinder," Kenneth Hamilton's "Goodchap" and "Galatea," my own "Evermore," Elliot Hills's "Pippin," and Billy Tayler's "Meg." All these ponies were absolutely first class, and, with the exception of "Pippin," all thoroughbred. "Pippin" alone was a country-bred, and he was, in his day, *par excellence*, the finest pig-sticker that ever looked through a bridle. He must have taken over 200 first spears at a time when pig were not so plentiful as now, during a career of over fifteen years. He also won two or three races. "Goodchap," besides being a pig-sticker, had two Paperchase Cups and several pony hurdle races to his credit. "Pathfinder" won the pony Paperchase Cup as well as many hurdle races, and was an old rival of "Goodchap." "Evermore" won in the Colonies, and took over seventy spears without giving me a fall during four years' hunting, and was quite the best I ever rode. All these are now dead except "Meg" who, in spite of her ten years' hunting, is still going strong, and must have taken 150 to 200 spears during that time. Fuzzy Graham has shown us the way well-trained polo ponies, Australian, English, or Arab, naturally take to pig-sticking. After seeing his Arab ponies "Gulmarg" and "Christmas," one can well understand Simson's admiration for the Arab as a pig-sticker.

I see that Baden-Powell states, when discussing the age of pig, that they remain very small, and

do not lose their stripes until the end of their third year. My experience, based on the fact of having kept young pig myself, and having seen others reared, enables me to state that the Bengal pig loses his stripes before he is a year old, and often at eight months, when he assumes a brown colour and reaches a height of from 21 inches to 22 inches at the wither. A young boar of eight months, which is in the compound as I write, stands 21 inches, and is without the vestige of a stripe. I have known two others about the same size at ten to twelve months. From my personal experience and that of friends, I think I am well on the safe side in saying that by the time a boar is between three and four years old he stands 28 inches to 30 inches, and possesses quite a useful pair of tushes, small but sharp, and very punishing. Between the fifth and eighth year he is fully grown and developed, standing anything from 32 inches to 36 inches (occasionally more). His colour, after passing the brown stage, has turned gradually to a dim gray, or slaty black, as the case may be. It is a peculiarity of pig killed in the neighbourhood of Nattore that they have a reddish growth of hair on the throat. Our chur pig are given to eating carrion when obtainable, and have also been known to break up and devour cattle which they have found "ponked" in the deposit of silt left by the inundation. This fact is so well known that Boonas, who are keen on pork, and who are our best beaters, refuse to touch the Moiscoondie pig.

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INCIDENTS

Pig, when bringing off a sudden jink, often run their snouts into the ground while at full speed, using this as a fulcrum to turn on.

Chur pig have a peculiarity when hunted in grass of squatting behind a bush, allowing the rider to pass, and then charging in from behind, sometimes jumping as high as the horse's croup.

That fine spear, the late Archie Hills, used to say that a strong-smelling boar was always a good "fighter," and I and others have noticed the same thing.

It is, of course, well known that a pig, hunted or unhunted, even before he breaks, will turn out another from his basha to take his place. In this connection Archie Hills related a story of the biter bit. One day he put up a fine boar in wheat. The boar went straight to a basha and roused the occupant. This proved to be a gigantic specimen, who turned on the intruder, got him well underneath with his snout, and ran him off the field. The spears took on the big boar, and he paid dearly for his inhospitality.

Elliot Hills and his brother Chalmers, when following a hunted pig which had given them a tremendous run, saw the pig suddenly drop down dead. Being a fat gross beast, it was probably heart. I have seen a pig break his neck, when jumping a nullah, falling with his snout against the opposite bank.

The under-mentioned incident is worth recording here. While a ryot was cutting his Kolye on the chur, not far from Moiscoondie, he was suddenly and without any provocation attacked by a heavy

boar, which cut him so deeply in his side that the boar's upper tush, which was much curled, got entangled in the man's ribs. The boar, being frightened, began shaking him about, trying to get free. The man's shouts attracted some fellow-cultivators to the spot. They pluckily attacked the boar with sickles and lathes, and killed the boar on the top of the man. They then found that the tush was so firmly hooked under the unfortunate man's rib that they could not get the brute off until they had decapitated him. Needless to say, the man died shortly after.

Accidents will happen, and beaters are often slightly cut, though seldom seriously. In 1912, however, one of our beaters met his death. A boar turning on the line of coolies knocked a man down and ripped his back so badly as to expose his lungs. Although we had two doctors out with us who got at the poor fellow almost at once, he died in a couple of hours. A subscription was got up on the spot for the widow, who expressed herself satisfied, and I hope it was sufficient compensation for the loss of her husband.

One of the most startling accidents which I can remember happened to Cresswell a few years ago. He had just swum an Arab pony across a river, and the pony stopped to drink in the shallow water, when a mugger caught it by the head and dragged it under, and it was never seen again.

I have only once come across deer when pig-sticking. It happened in, I think, 1900 at Bilmaria, which lies on the opposite side of the river to Moiscoondie. We were beating jhow jungle, and suddenly three hog deer, a buck, and two does jumped up in front of my party, which consisted of

Willy Bell Irving, myself, and two others. The country had not recovered from the great earthquake of 1897, and the ground was split in every direction. We all came down at least once, but eventually Bell Irving killed the buck. The run was an adventurous one, as I got concussion and Bell Irving lost two of his front teeth.

We do not often come across leopards, but Billy Barker and Abraham Garratt have both ridden and killed a leopard with a hog spear. Tom Westmacott tells me that when hunting in thatching grass some years ago near Chandpara a leopard drove the beaters out of the grass. At the same moment a boar broke, and when the "spears" came back after killing him, it was getting dark and the leopard could not be found. In Barker's case the leopard was a female which had just lost her cubs. She took up her quarters in a patch of paddy with a fence round it, and attacked any one who came near. Barker jumped his horse into the paddy and found the leopard on its back snarling, and killed her with one spear before she could get up.

The following hints may be of use to the novice, and I give them for what they are worth.

If you are hunting a boar in country where cattle are grazing, and you lose him, watch the cattle, and if you suddenly see them galloping you may be quite sure that the boar has just passed them.

It is a mistake to take a green horse up to a wounded boar, particularly if he has a spear in him and is standing in long grass. If possible give a green horse a long steady gallop after a boar in the open and he will very soon tumble to the game. Many a good horse has been ruined at the outset of his hunting career by being charged and cut by a

wounded boar before he has understood what is happening.

Change horses as often as possible, and avoid riding a tired horse after a pig, as nothing is more likely to sicken a horse of pig-sticking than being forced up to a boar when he has had enough.

Always ride a horse at a boar at his top speed, as he is far less likely to get cut. Never allow a horse to stand over a pig as the pig is certain to get home on him. Always wear a pair of spurs and learn how to use them. Tom Westmacott tells me that he once saw a horse hamstrung by a boar, simply because the rider was not wearing spurs and could not get his horse out of the way quick enough.

A polo whip may, if necessary, be carried with advantage, as it is sometimes useful in straightening a horse if he is inclined to shy off a boar, or if he shows temper and jibs when touched with the spur.

Opinions differ as to the advisability of pulling a spear out of a boar. In the case of a heavy spear our experience is that it is an undoubted mistake. On one occasion when I had speared a boar heavily I tried to pull the spear out, with the result that I dragged the boar on to me, and he cut the horse so badly that the horse had to be shot. The boar then staggered a few yards and rolled over dead. In support of what I say I cannot do better than quote from Simson's book. He says :

If you hold on to a spear deep in the body of a fierce heavy hog, all the advantages of pace, a wound well in front, and of a sharp deeply-piercing spear will be sacrificed. The hog will recover from the first shock of the wound and will use his tusks with most deadly effect. Get away from the hog the instant you have speared him ; take your spear

with you if you can, but, if you cannot, leave it sticking in, and at all hazards get your horse clear from the hog.

When hunting in grass jungle it is far easier to follow a wounded boar if he has a spear standing up in him. Of course there is much to be said on the other side. It may be that by leaving the spear in a boar the rider is left at a disadvantage, but if he is riding in company this does not matter. When riding alone a good man invariably picks his opportunity, and should be able to give such a heavy spear that a second spear is not required.

It is a mistake to try to kill a pig in "ponk" or boggy country, because he can get through it quicker than a horse, and the odds are in favour of the pig. If, on the other hand, a pig is swimming, he is at a disadvantage and cannot hurt you.

A novice should remember that his object should be, not so much to prick the pig and to claim first spear, as to kill him as cleanly as possible. He must avoid all jealous and foul riding, and he must be ready to take the pig whenever the pig charges. If a pig is just reaching cover a very deadly spear can be given in the small triangular patch behind the short ribs, where the skin is stretched tight over the kidneys. The boar may reach the cover, but he will drop dead just inside it.

Remember you must never job at a pig. If you do so you are sure to miss him. Keep your right hand steady, and when the boar has taken the point put your weight on the spear and drive it home.

Should a boar saunter out of the jungle at a stilted trot, instead of at a gallop, he generally means business, and will very likely charge at sight.

Neither Simson nor Baden-Powell make mention of the carriage of the tail of the hunted pig. He

always starts with his tail up, but as he gets tired his flag gradually drops. He will then no longer jink, but will charge. As he turns to charge, his tail invariably goes up again and, with ears cocked and an angry "woof, woof," he comes in like a whirlwind.

It has more than once happened that having ridden a boar alone and speared him well, the rider, having nothing in his hand, has been suddenly charged by another pig. Should there be no time to get out of the way, it is I think wisest to go hell for leather at the charging pig. Being fresh there is more than a chance that he may not charge home, and the pace you are going will probably see you through.

The number of pig killed on the chur and in its neighbourhood during the last ten to eleven years totals over 1700, and, though pig are not as plentiful as they were, there are still quite enough to ensure the best of hunting for many a year to come.

The following are the records of some of the principal meets of the Shikarpore Hunt on the Moiscoondie chur between 1903 and 1913.

With the exception of the record meet of January 1906, details of which are given at length, I have only given the total bags, and the spears who headed the list in each case.

1904

13th and 14th February.

12 spears.

59 boar.

A. Garrett, 11 ; E. C. H. Cresswell, 8 ; Jim Crawford, 7.

1905

9th, 10th, and 11th February.

13 spears.

70 boar.

T. H. Westmacott, 13; E. C. H. Cresswell, 11; K. M. Hamilton, 7; Keighley, 7; M. M. Crawford, 7; P. W. Barker, 6.

1906

28th, 29th, and 30th January.

Name of Spears.	Riding Weight		Horses used	Horses cut	Falls.	Three Hours January 28 ³	January 29.	January 30.	Total 28th and 30th	Grand Total
	st	lb								
W. E. Tayler . . .	11	0	4	1	2	1	10	12	22	23
A. J. Pugh . . .	13	0	4	1 ¹	..	2	10	8	18	20
T. H. Westmacott . .	10	8	4	1	10	5	15	15
P. W. Barker . . .	14	2	4	Not out	7	7	14	14
Capt H. Holden . . .	10	8	5	2	..	1	6	6	12	13
Capt T. R. Bulkley . .	12	6	3	7	6	13	13
M. M. Crawford . . .	14	13	2	..	2	Not out	6	5	11	11
Capt W. Rennie . . .	12	9	5	2	4	7	11	11
E. C. H. Cresswell . .	13	7	3	..	2	..	4	7	11	11
M. Ferguson . . .	14	7	2	Not out	6	3	9	9
C. W. Graham . . .	11	12	7	3	3	3	6	6
Capt. J. Norwood, V.C. .	15	13	8	3	2	5	5
D. Somerville . . .	11	12	2	Not out	..	2	2	2
G. B. Paris . . .	11	3	5	..	1 ²	Not out
E. W. Collin, I.C.S. . .	15	2	1	Not out	0	..
R. S. Greenshields, I.C.S.	13	7	2	1	0	..
G. H. James . . .	11	7	2	Not out	0	..
17 spears		63	11	7	4	76	73	149	153

¹ Mr. Pugh's was the only horse very seriously cut and he afterwards recovered² Mr. Paris was kicked in the face. This was the only fall of any consequence. He was unable to continue hunting.³ On 28th January some of the spears went out for three hours on their way up from the station and killed four boar.

1906

16th and 17th December.

11 spears.

50 boar

T. H. Westmacott, 16 ; W. E. Tayler, 10.

1907

18th and 19th January.

9 spears.

89 boar.

R. A. C. Pugh, 18 ; E. B. Hills, 16 ; T. H. Westmacott, 16.

1909

25th, 26th, and 27th January.

8 spears.

36 boar.

M. M. Crawford, 7 ; Hylo Holden, 6 ; R. A. C. Pugh, 5.

1910

21st, 22nd, and 23rd January.

11 spears.

74 boar.

Keighley, 12 ; Medlicott, 9 ; Long, 10 ; Cresswell, 8.

13th, 14th, and 15th February.

16 spears.

71 boar.

Keighley, 10 ; Crawford, 9 ; Medlicott, 8 ; Francis Scott, 7 ;
Cresswell, 6.

1911

3rd, 4th, and 5th February.

13 spears.

102 boar.

M. M. Crawford, 13 ; K. M. Hamilton, 13 ; W. E. Crum, 13 ;
D. Somerville, 10 ; C. Westmacott, 9.

1911

11th and 12th March.

12 spears.

54 boar.

List of individual spear getters unobtainable for reason
given below.

On my arrival from home I found Major Wardrop's letter asking me to write this chapter.

My records, photos, etc., being left behind, with no chance of getting them in time, I find it difficult to verify all my facts.

My thanks are due to Messrs. " Billy " Barker, " Squire " Cresswell, and Tom Westmacott for their help in writing these reminiscences, to the latter especially for the paragraphs regarding the Calcutta Tent Clubs, old and new, and origin of Shikarpore Hunt contributed by him.

Note by Major Wardrop.—Mr. Crawford's fascinating account in one or two details touches on points mentioned elsewhere in this book. But Mr. Crawford's experiences, although gained in a country separated by the width of a continent from where I have mostly hunted, bear out my own views so closely and interestingly that I have made no attempt to condense either his remarks or mine on these subjects which we have both mentioned.

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CHAPTER X

THE NAGPUR HUNT

By Lieut.-Colonel F. W. CATON JONES, R.A.M.C.

WE all love our hunt, and are not ashamed of wishing to see it take its proper place in print among the old Tent Clubs of India.

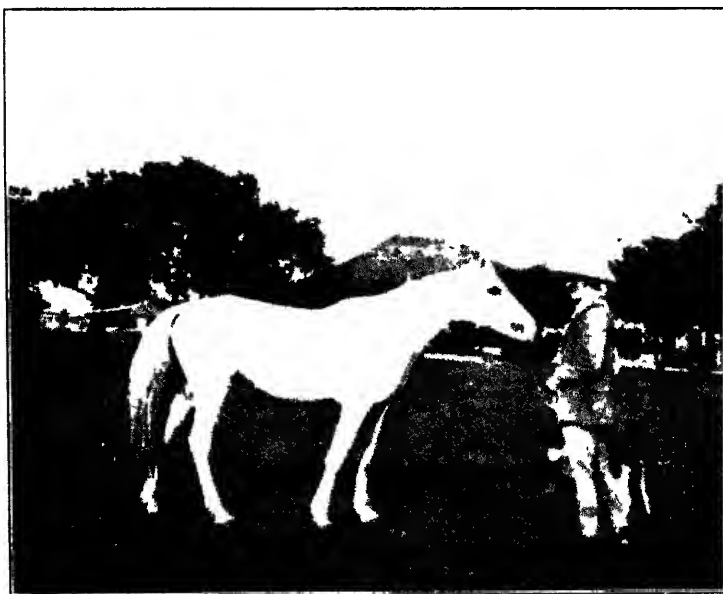
Baden-Powell does not mention the Nagpur Hunt in his book on pig-sticking, but we have another famous sportsman as our scribe and poet in Moray Brown. His fascinating book, *Stray Sport*, is at my side, and his description of a bout with a good old boar makes one long to be in the saddle again.

There is no competition in our hunt like the Kadir or Guzerat Cups, but the member who takes the greatest number of first spears in the season keeps a very handsome challenge cup until the following year. On this cup are engraved the names of the winners from the year 1868, although it was not presented until 1898. It was designed by F. D. Fowler, J. Moray Brown, and G. D. Giles, the soldier artist.

Another very beautiful cup is in the permanent possession of the Royal Artillery Mess at Kamptee. It was presented to the Royal Artillery Mess by Colonel MacMaster, Madras Staff Corps, in 1869.



LI-COL CATON JONES'S "DOG FOX" WITH A SHOT TIGER
"THE RIGHT SORT"



MR BRANFORD'S ARAB, "RUSTOM"

The names of the winners since 1863 are also engraved on this cup, but it does not leave the Mess.

Although the element of rivalry is thus introduced into our midst, I do not think it would be possible to find a more sporting hunt. The pig-sticking novice is carefully taken in hand, taught his trade, and educated up to his first spear. We hold by the old pig-sticking rule that the killing of the pig is the first thing, the taking of the first spear being quite secondary to it; and that all should have good sport. To this end horses and ponies are grouped together, and the veterans and novices evenly distributed.

When I was at Kamptee (1906-1907-1908) our best country was in the Wardha district, and our big meets were arranged for ten days each during the Christmas, Mohurram, and Easter holidays. The Christmas gathering was, of course, the largest and merriest, but for sport I would select the Mohurram Meet which was held some time in February. There were then not too many spears and the weather was still fairly cool. At the Easter meet the sport was excellent, but it was distinctly hot.

Some years ago regular meets were held much nearer to Nagpur and Kamptee, but these have been practically given up for the longer ones I have mentioned. The closer country was as rocky and difficult as any old pig-sticker could wish, and had the advantage of letting in the one-horse man. Four ponies or horses would see you through the longer meets with luck, but I have had two out of four knocked out the first day by wounds. The Wardha country is black cotton soil—a great cotton-growing district. There are a few grass birs (rumnahs), some rough thorny jungle, and many

long groves of date palms (sendhi bans) at the edges of the nullahs with which the country is intersected. The date palms are cultivated by the natives for the extraction of "Toddy," and the jungle formed by them is often very thick and impossible to ride through. It forms an ideal home for pig. Water in the nullahs, shade, solitude, and safety in the thick jungle, and rich fields close by to feed upon. No wonder our pig run heavy and our "grim grey ones" are hard to stir.

Come with me now for the "Mohurrun Meet" to Sonagaon railway station on the Wardha-Chanda line. Bring with you four good horses or ponies, and at least eight of the stoutest spears you can wield. I can see Prescott Decie's spear now like that of Goliath of Gath, and his mighty thrust as the boar came in. But think not that any spear shaft that can be wielded by man will always stand the strain. Wait till you come almost level with a 34 or 35 incher, see him turn his eye up at you, and wounded or not charge in with a bound. Keep your spear well down, take him just behind the shoulder, lean well towards him and thrust, no jobbing. Through and through goes the spear, and he strikes you hard on the boot, and lucky for you if he does not put his tush through it or miss you and wound your horse. Now comes the strain, Hold on you must, as your horse rushes forward; but it needs a mighty man and a mighty spear-shaft to turn over or round that tremendous mass of energy and hate. I confess I am no Sandow, I used what our Captain ("Pat" Gibson of the Durham Light Infantry) called fishing-rods. But I came prepared with a sufficient number. We used the underhand spear, and usually about seven

feet long. In thick grass or "jhow" one can use this overhand. Any spear was allowed, and I have seen the short overhand spear used by an expert. He failed to keep two heavy pig off, and had two ponies badly cut on the same day. After this slight digression on spears, this preparatory lecture in the train, we arrive at Sonegaon station to find a hearty welcome from our captain. The mess tent is pitched and ready; our servants, ponies, and tents have arrived before us. Just a word to ask if the ponies are all right, and in we go to tea, and talk over the Khubber. It is said to be good, but the Malguzar or Patel of such and such a village has been netting pig. However, we have heard the same story before, and still hope that all the pig have not been netted. Then round the horses, a tub, and dinner. Early to bed as our orders are to be up at daybreak. We will suppose we have a dozen spears out. Our captain sorts them into four parties of three each, according to mounts and knowledge of the game. The oldest pig-sticker of each party is its captain. His vocabulary in English and Hindustani should be an ample one. The rocky and thorn-covered hills of Esumba are beaten towards Airundgaon sendhi ban, and with luck a boar is ridden and slain. More probably he escapes into the sendhi ban untouched. We then beat the sendhi ban down-stream. The cover in places stretches a hundred and fifty yards across; in places it thins down to nothing at all but a few solitary date palms before the next thick piece is entered. Our object is to induce the pig to break cover, and make across the fields or broken thorny country for the next sendhi ban three-quarters of a mile or so away.

The Hunt Club shikari has a shot gun and a few cartridges to make the wily old boar move. Nothing less than a dose of No. 5 or 6 shot behind will make some of the old fellows get up, much less break cover. They know the game too well. The local beater when he sees one of our old friends in a thick bush, or even in the more open ground, has a habit of looking the other way, and redoubling his yells and screams when he has safely passed beyond him. But to return to our beat. A line is formed across the ban stiffened here and there with assistant shikaries and those well known to be stout-hearted. One party of spears is on either flank of the beat, and moves with it; the other two are forward on opposite sides of the nullah, perhaps half a mile or so on, and about a hundred and fifty yards or so from the cover, concealed by bushes or trees. These parties can dismount, but keep moving on from vantage point to vantage point as the beat advances. All along the edge of the jungle as far as the beat is to go flagmen are placed in trees to flag the parties on to a rideable boar which has broken to a flank. One's sport depends largely on these men, and how often do they disappoint one! When pig would not break we tried two lines of beaters following each other with an interval of a hundred yards or so. This was fairly successful. But I am sure that many of the oldest and biggest boars were never driven out of cover. Stories of their gigantic size and exceeding fierceness were many. Sometimes we got them as "outliers," and even then they required a charge of shot to make them leave the cover they were in. Abuse, clods of earth, stones, and sticks were useless.

Suppose now, reader, you and I are with one

of the forward parties. We are dismounted and resting our horses, but keeping a sharp look-out. We see a flagman gently waving in the direction of a pig which has passed him, but which as yet we cannot see. Now mount quietly and wait, keeping under cover. "Ah, there he is, a 32 incher, I think." He stops and looks forward, sees no enemy, and, reassured, lobs on. Your pony pricks his ears, and his heart goes hammering against your legs. "No, youngster, back; will you keep back!" Now at a word from the captain of our party we move gently out, any excess of zeal on the part of the rank and file being sternly repressed. We get between the boar and cover, and break into a slow trot to nurse him away. Now comes the question of judgment. How far can one let him go? We must not start riding too soon or he will double back to cover; nor too late or he will be into the sendhi ban he has his eye on before we can lay him out. But our captain is an old hand, and knows the jungle well; he breaks into a canter and we spread out into a line on each side of him, but kept well in hand from fear of that terrible vocabulary. The pig has not yet realized we are after him, and goes quietly lobbing along. We increase our pace a bit, and now he realizes we mean business, and off he goes at speed. Faster we go, but not pressing him too much. He is not yet safely away from the jungle he has left, but we know that our time is very near, and we watch our captain out of the corner of our eye. As the hoarse, fierce "Ride" comes from his lips our ponies bound forward, and it is a wild race for first spear. For a time we do not gain at all. Then our youngster on a fast tearing pony

gets there first, and the old boar, tucking his tail in, redoubles his efforts and shoots ahead. A quick jink round a bush, and he has shaken off his pursuer. Our captain, on his steady old Arab going hard, but with just that little bit to spare, gets on. The boar tries a jink or two, but the old Arab, his ears laid well back, twists with him. Now just that little extra bit. In go the heels (don't have your spurs too sharp) and he is level with the pig. A Central Province boar cannot stand that. A quick, wicked, upward look, and in he comes. The spear goes true, and with luck is wrenched free without breaking. Up comes number three, and of course is charged, but gets in a good spear. Our old boar has still some energy left, and in a final charge receives his death-wound from the youngster, and rolls over with a grunt, game to the last. But perhaps that eager novice could not be restrained, and breaking free from discipline rides his pig too soon, and in spite of the words, "keep inside, keep inside," from the captain. The mischief is done, and we must try and kill the pig before he gets back to the cover he has left. But only one spear can be given before he gets inside that safe retreat followed by two village pi-dogs. We stand looking angrily at the "cause" of all this. The vocabulary flows, and our novice takes it well, but at last he says, "Old chap, I know I am a —, but I have had all I can stand; I thought you said 'Ride.'" We leave it at that. We dismount and enter the sendhi ban spear in hand, and make towards where we heard the pi-dogs giving tongue. Abreast with spears well advanced and held low we walk up the main nullah. It is very hot. As we round a corner we come on our old boar lying

down in a puddle panting with two dogs lying on the bank three or four yards away with their tongues out, but every now and then giving a four pi-dog power yell. The boar seems quite done, but as we approach he looks at us, then gets up and walks slowly towards us, then raises a trot, then in with a rush straight on the middle spear. Our centre man is driven back by the force of impact, but we on the right and left drive our spears home into the chest. Still trying to urge his way up the spears the boar falls on one side and dies without a groan. It is as well to carry a shikar knife, either in the belt or boot as the Rajputs do. General Kinloch, after being disarmed and nearly killed by a boar, always carried a knife. I have seen Sir Pertab Singh of Jodhpur dismount, go up behind a wounded boar standing at bay, catch it by the hind leg, throw it over and stab it through the heart with his short curved knife. Colonel Baldock's spear-head knife is rather heavy, but I remember longing for one when trying alone to keep a wounded boar from cover with a broken spear. So back to the beat which has been halted for us and another party. The hunt goes on with varying success over the same sort of country until about midday, when we begin to look anxiously for the hunt club lunch flag: a red ground with a yellow bottle, and spear head on it. This was always hoisted on the very top of the highest available tree. Water and feed horses and men. How well one remembers that black buck stew. But not "Toujours black buck stew," please. Then smoke and sleep if one can till 3 P.M., when it is boot and saddle and off again. Probably news has been brought in of an outlying boar, and the party that has had the least sport is

detailed by the captain to attack. Then perhaps a grass bir is beaten, and so to camp tired and happy. The pig were usually brought into camp in carts, so there was no chance of that useful stretching for a doubtful measurement. Our lowest limit was $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches. After dinner it is the duty of the sportsman who has taken most first spears or slain the biggest boar to write up the log in the hunt records. Occasionally the writer soars high.

The monster came down like a wolf on the old,
His tushes were gleaming like silver and gold,
The glints from his eyes were like stars in the East,
He charged, was speared, and now is deceased.

An honourable record of falls was always kept. What shame is there in a pig-sticking fall? The man who never has a fall never tries for one. "Here's luck to all who fear no fall, and the next grey boar we see." Occasionally we were lucky enough to bag a panther. Our party had just finished off a good fighting boar on foot, and we felt rather pleased with ourselves when we were attracted by loud yells from another party. At first we could not make out what they were after, then saw it was a panther, so hastened to join in the fight. She was dead before we got up. Poor Hughie Reid of the Royal Scots (he died of cholera) had got in two spears, and Pratt of the same corps one. A full-grown female in good condition.

As stated before, we seldom got the very big boars to break from the sendhi bans, but occasionally we found them lying out. They did not run far, and nearly always charged in before they were speared, but their charge, though sometimes impossible to stop, was clumsy. A fast 32 incher gave us the best sport. He ran and fought with great

agility. At one place (Alipur) we always found outlying pig. Here one day during the Mohurram Meet our bag was seven boar. The average height of these was 33 inches and weight 261 lbs. The largest measured $35\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and weighed 319 lbs. This is the largest boar I have seen killed, but not the heaviest. We got one weighing 325 lbs. I cannot discover what the record tushes of the hunt are, but I got one boar whose height was $33\frac{1}{2}$ inches, weight 285 lbs., with thick tushes measuring $9\frac{1}{4}$ and $12\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The longer one was due to a broken upper tush. This defect probably saved a pony from being disembowelled, as the pig got right under and kept lifting him up and down.

I also got a $33\frac{1}{2}$ incher weighing 325 lbs. with very thick perfect tushes measuring $9\frac{1}{2}$ and $9\frac{7}{8}$ inches. This was an "outlier." He would not get up until he received a charge of No. 5 shot behind.

Our record year was the season 1906-1907, when "Pat" Gibson of the Durham Light Infantry was our "Captain."

Total number of boar killed that season	107
Hunting days	37
Average height of boar killed	28 6 in.
Average weight of boar killed	191.4 lbs.
Largest boar killed	$35\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Heaviest boar killed	302 lbs.

The biggest boar ever killed by the hunt measured 38 inches and weighed 358 lbs.; first spear, Captain R. D. Burlton, 2nd Madras Lancers, 1896.

Brethren of the Nagpur Hunt, I have done my best to tell "the tale of our lives." It has been feebly done, yet as one wrote one seemed again to feel the grip of the spear and saddle, the straining

to reach the boar before he could gain the jungle, the rush and the sidelong charge met true. Alas, that one cannot paint in words what one sees and feels.

Postscript.—We of the Mhow, Nasirabad and Hyderabad (Scinde) Hunts are little people compared with our big brethren, but we are as keen as even they can wish. Is there any one who really *rode* a pig over the rocky ground of Mhow who is not proud of having gained a first spear in such a country. To get a spear there one had to ride. The man who looked never got one.

Companions of the Nasirabad Tent Club, does not the thought of Sendolia hill and bir (Bagri) even now make you thrill?

That horrible horn at 4 A.M. The wait for the returning pig, the grass bir in line, the upheaval of a haycock, and the outrush of a fine old boar, the sounder scrambling over the rocky steeps of Sendolia hill. All kinds of pig-sticking in one day. Eight pig in one and a half days our best effort. Pig small, but game. They could not grow big, poor things, on famine food. It was a large boar that measured 28 inches.

Hats off to the old boar of Bithur, our "Alphonse." May he still be going strong. Many a good run did he give us in his rocky jungle home.

We called our sport hog-hunting at Hyderabad (Scinde), because we so seldom stuck the pig.

A hurried circular chit from the secretary about 11 A.M. to the three or four stalwarts who never failed. A boar marked down near Meanee monument. Meet there at 1.30 P.M. Off went one pony at once with a spear or two, and an hour or

so later we cantered out the five miles along the sandy track we call a road in Scinde. At the monument erected to those who fell in Sir Charles Napier's great fight we find the ponies and grinning shikaries. A good pig marked down a quarter of a mile away in a tangle of Li (jhow) and babul bushes only ten yards or so square. No big bando-bust. A few clods and out he rushes. With whistles in our mouths off we go at once at speed. X is on him. The rest spread out right and left, blowing their whistles when on the pig. It is only so we can hope to catch him in this jungle. The boar gallops past Meanee monument, we going all we know to catch him before he reaches the impenetrable babul fence round Meanee forest reserve—his home. Once through this fence he can lie down in safety and look at us. He reaches his goal. But we live in hope of better luck next time. Tracking is easy in the sands of Scinde, and the shikaries never played us false. We had to guard our horses' legs against the babul thorns by leather boots with a flap over the fetlock and knee. Even with these the thorns often laid the horses up for a few days, though we stood their legs in hot water on our return home.

Note.—My friend is, as a poet, shy. But I must insert this ballad which is as remarkable for its accuracy as it is for its literary excellence.—A. E. W.

A BALLAD OF THE NAGPUR HUNT

MOHURRUM MEET, 1908

A band of pig-stickers set out
From Kamptee and Nagpur,
All bound for the Mohurrum Meet,
To hunt the Mighty Boar.

The Captain bold was Gibson, he
Called Pat, and Mrs. G.
And Hoskyns and young Jones they made
An eager company.

At Tooljapur young Coventry
Appeared upon the scene,
And walked us off to dinner all,
A merry crowd I ween.

Next morning Pratt arrived agog
To slay, and heartily
We welcomed him a brother bold
For any devilry.

And now wake up my Pegasus,
Come put your best leg forth,
Record in your most fluent verse,
And go for all your worth.

The best day in the annals of
Our famous hunt must now
Be handed down by you to all,
"A sorry steed I trow."

With spavins, ringbone, splints and strains
And windgalls not a few ;
You know you simply have to go,
You miserable screw.

Before we started from the camp
A panting beater came,
Reporting that a mighty boar
Was lying near ; one game

To kill his man ; so mounting quick
We rode to lay him low.
Roused from his lair in rage he rushed
Upon his nearest foe.

Mahomed Ali just in time
To save his pony speared
The head ; then all with wild hooroosh
Joined in the fray and cheered.

After a jink or two young Jones,
Mounted on "Foccus Dog"
(That hardy, game old veteran),
Got on. It seemed the hog

Was surely his without a doubt,
When slipped his saddle round,
And J was clean out of the hunt,
And nearly kissed the ground.

Then Gibson with unerring spear
Transfixed the boar's thick hide,
In less time than it takes to write
That old manslayer died.

We gazed on his great bulk with awe.
By jove! he was a snorter,
The measure tape proved him to be
Five-thirty and a quarter.

No time was there to mourn for him,
The work was yet to do,
The soor-log were many still,
The spears were very few.

Then Blenkie, Jones, and Coventry,
With Hirst (a new recruit),
Pursued a swiftly running hog,
Caught up and killed the brute.

But not before his mark he left
On Hirst's game little Tat.
He cut it badly in the hock,
'Twas of the genus "rat,"

But very game. The Gibson crew
Found and rode another
Stout member of the porcine breed,
To No. 2 a brother.

Brave Mrs. G on trappy ground
Got on him first, and G
Followed in dread, being sure that now
A widower he'd be.

She gave a real good spear, and then
That gallant pig he fought
At all and sundry charging in,
And set his foes at naught.

But finally he, too, was slain.
Young Hoskyns' turn came next
After a weighty gentleman
Who ran until perplexed,

And out of breath with running hard
Sought refuge in the river,
After the Hoskyns' spear had pierced
The region of his liver.

Now up and down on foot they fought
Close by the river flood,
Until this gallant boar at last
Fell lifeless in the mud.

"To horse! To horse!" the Captain cried,
"No place for sluggards here,"
And out we went to beat the Ban,
Or did we beat a Bir?

I quite forget, but anyhow,
A goodly boar soon broke,
And off we rode to lay him out,
Each larruping his moke.

Save Gibson none had ere a chance,
And his was second one.
So died a likely pig before
The fight had well begun.

Another boar reported was,
Hopes of the bag enhancing
Were great. We went to turn him out
When lo on us advancing

We saw him come, formed line, and met
The foe, but turning tail
This coward pig fled swiftly off.
Flight was of no avail.

J took the first ignoble spear,
Soon died the coward boar ;
His weight was near 300 lbs.,
His height was 34.

Six boars were slain ; another one
Claimed our attention still ;
And Mrs. G, on Cigarette,
Rode on his tail until

He charged, and charging met the spear,
A good one. In each hand
Grasping a lance, G got him down
And quickly made an end.

So seven boars by seven spears
Were slain : can one do better ?
This day should be recorded in
Our annals as " red letter."

Divided up the inches of
Those seven pig when done
Gave 33 to each ; their weight
Panned out 261.

All honour to our Captain bold,
All honour to his crew,
For showing us such ripping sport,
Jowahir Singh, Paikoo ;

Abdullah with his faithful oont,
The Buddoo, don't forget.
And now to dodge the eggs and cats
I'll not remain, you bet.

F. W. C. J.

CHAPTER XI

THE GUZERAT CUP

By Captain H. E. MEDLICOTT, 3rd Skinner's Horse.

THE Guzerat Cup was instituted in 1885. Previous to this there were annual gatherings of sportsmen from Guzerat and Bombay, but there was no competitive event before this year. The Cup was subscribed for by "The sportsmen of Guzerat." A competitor could enter as many horses as he wished, and had a separate chance for each horse; in fact the horse won and not the man. This rule was so palpably favourable to the rich man that it was altered, and from 1886 onwards the rule that "the man wins and not the horse" has been adhered to. This is the fundamental difference between the conditions of the Guzerat and Kadir Cups. When there has been a sufficient quantity of pig, competitors have been allowed two chances, otherwise only one. In each of the two chances a competitor may ride anything he likes, the same horse, or different ones. This rule, as I have said, was made to put a poor man on equal terms with a rich one; but to ensure this the horse of the one-horse man must keep going throughout the meet. This, however, was not sufficient to allow the poor man to compete with any degree of success against the

Maharana of Dholpur and Maharaja of Patiala in 1892, when they brought down forty-five hunters between them !

In 1889, Dr. Tully, one of the original supporters of the meet, died in Burma. He was devoted to Guzerat and its sport. When news of his death was received a subscription was set on foot among his many friends in the Bombay Presidency to perpetuate his memory, first by monuments to be erected in the Rajkot Church, and in his parish church in Ireland, and secondly if possible in some way connected with sport. For this purpose about 1000 rupees was forthcoming, which was added to by unexpended balance of other funds, and it was decided to apply the interest of this as a perpetual subscription to the Guzerat Cup, thus forming the nucleus of an Endowment Fund, which may be added to by other sportsmen afterwards, and perpetuate Dr. Tully's memory in a way which would undoubtedly have been most pleasing to himself. In the year 1891 a point-to-point race for horses and ponies which had competed in either the Guzerat or Salmon Cups was inaugurated and christened the Tully Hog-Hunters' Cup, value 250 rupees, part of which was raised from the above-mentioned fund.

In the year 1910 further subscriptions were raised by Lieut.-Colonel Forbes to the extent of nearly 7000 rupees, which were added to the Tully Endowment Fund, which in 1910 had risen to about 5000 rupees, thus making in all 12,000 rupees, the interest on which is sufficient to provide a sealed pattern Cup annually to the winner. The Cup bears an inscription to the effect that it is provided out of the Tully Endowment Fund and a fund collected

by Lieut.-Colonel Forbes. At the same time the Tully Hog-Hunters' Cup and other races were abolished.

The Prospectus of 1914 announces that the winner of the Guzerat Cup will also hold for a year "The Pertab Singh Gold Challenge Cup." This has been presented by H.H. the Maharajah of Idar, who is a great supporter of the meet.

Lieut.-Colonel Forbes has put the whole concern on a thorough business footing, and the thanks of all sportsmen are due to him.

It was decided in 1911 that there should be no second chances in the Guzerat Cup if there were more than twelve competitors, and that the Guzerat Cup should not be run for unless there are at least twelve separate *bona fide* entries and ten actual competitors. The most important rules in this year's (1914) Prospectus are :

(a) Each heat will be in charge of an umpire, against whose decision there is no appeal. But the umpire may, if he wishes, refer to the committee.

(b) All spears must be shown clean to the umpire before starting, and no spear will count unless the umpire can see blood or fat on the spear or blood on the pig.

(c) Spears to be delivered mounted and on the off-side only. Left-handed men must declare, and may spear on the near side only. Spears must not exceed a total length of 8 feet, and must be serviceable hog-hunting spears.

(d) All entries are of men, not of horses, which need not be the property of competitors.

(e) If the pig gets away unspeared, all the riders in the heat shall be considered to have lost their chance, provided the umpire considers a fair opportunity for spearing has been given.

(f) Foul riding is not allowed, and any competitor

offending is liable to disqualification. Intentional collision is foul riding.

THE SALMON CUP

When the Guzerat Cup was started in 1885 Captain Salmon generously stated that he would present a Pony Pig-sticking Cup annually as long as he remained in Guzerat. He himself won the Guzerat Cup in 1886, leaving Guzerat shortly afterwards. In 1887 the Cup was provided by Bombay sportsmen. About this time Captain Salmon died, and in 1888 a Cup, to be competed for by Arabs 13.2, and C.B.'s 13.3, and under, was provided by subscriptions to commemorate his memory. In 1889 the Guzerat Cup won by Captain Salmon in 1886 was purchased by the Guzerat Cup Committee, and made into a Pig-sticking Challenge Cup for ponies, called the "Salmon Cup," which can never be won outright, to perpetuate the memory of Captain Salmon and of his services to sport in Guzerat.

In 1890 the sportsmen outside Guzerat supplemented the "Salmon Cup" with a Cup, value 250 rupees, to become the property of the winner of the Challenge Cup. In 1891 ponies 13.3 and under were allowed to compete, and as years went on the height was gradually raised to 14.1. In 1893 the Cup was recast to the present fine model of a silver boar on an ebony stand.

At the present time (1913) the supplementary Cup is a replica of the Challenge Cup, and ponies ridden in the Cup must hold I.P.A., C.T.C., or W.I.T.C. certificates of 14.1 or under, or be measured 14.2 at the meeting. Other rules are the same as for Guzerat Cup.

A few quotations from the records may be of interest. The opening paragraph of the description of the Guzerat meeting of 1888 reads :

There is no sporting event in the Bombay Presidency that excites more interest than the above competition, especially amongst those whose kingdom is the jungle-side and whose sceptre is their spear. Racing, pure and simple, is no doubt an excellent thing, as without it people would be deprived of much amusement, and, what is more important, the breed and speed of horses would never be kept in their present state of perfection. Steeplechasing, again, is most popular, as it not only tests speed, but the nerve of the rider as well. Pig-sticking combines everything of these two, with the additional charm of riding over new and unknown and unmade country with the pluckiest of Nature's animals as a leader. There is a little desultory pig-sticking carried on during the year at various places in these parts, and at Easter it is now the custom to invite all who love the sport, to meet and fight out who is best man at it. And there is more than honour and glory to be won. The good men of Guzerat dip their hands deep in their pockets every year, and give a handsome Cup, weighing many shekels of silver, to the winner, to become his property for all time, and to be handed down to his children's children as a standing testimony to the skill of those who have gone before them, as an incentive to them to go and do likewise, and as a permanent memorial of Guzerat liberality. No one out of Guzerat is allowed to subscribe, yet all are free to ride for the Cup. One sporting doctor, Doctor Tully, who has so frequently competed before, and is now in Burma, circumvented this above rule by entering when he had not the remotest chance of being present, and so helped the funds. May this spirit prosper and spread, and each succeeding year see more competitors to the fore.

Probably the most exciting contest ever seen in the Guzerat Cup was the final in 1885, the first year. The two competitors left in were Mr.

“ Littleton ” (Jack Symons) and his brother “ Nick ” Symons, mounted respectively on Skylark and Wood Pigeon. The place was Deo Dholera.

“ Are you ready ? Ride ! ” shouts the umpire, and off went Wood Pigeon, stealing the start, but closely followed by Skylark. The pig dashed into a thick hedge like the one he had been beaten out of, and both riders crashed through it, but where was the animal ? He had stopped in the hedge and sneaked out at the end of it. Both riders caught view, almost without checking, and then a tremendous set-to took place after a fast jinking pig among bushes, but in a fairly open country. After several turns at top speed, now one having the advantage slightly on the turn, and now the other, the boar was in front jinking from left to right, Skylark on the left after the boar, Wood Pigeon on the right riding to cut off the boar as he was crossing. As the boar passed under Wood Pigeon’s nose Mr. Littleton speared him in the quarter, and Mr. Symons simultaneously in the shoulder. The pig went on to the right and both riders stopped. Both spears were covered with blood. Mr. Littleton called spear, not having seen the other spear. Mr. Symons called dead heat. It was not disputed, and was counted as a dead heat.

The dead heat was run off later and won by Mr. N. Symons.

The first Guzerat Cup won by a Waler was that of 1888, won by Mr. Littleton (Jack Symons) on Albatross. He had previously (1884) won the Bhima Cup on another Waler (Kestrel). The general opinion at the time was, a big Waler would have to be very handy to be able to compete with the Arab and country-bred, but given this, “ that a good big was better than a good little ’un.”

A most amusing incident is recorded in 1891 :

The last morning in camp was productive of what was a dangerous, if somewhat amusing, incident. Just as an

old sportsman was beginning his toilet, a mad native woman appeared at the door of his tent, brandishing one of his Bengal spears round her head and going for him. Discretion being the better part of valour, he made excellent time round the field, with the demented lady in hot pursuit. Eventually she speared and drew blood, but the wound was not serious, and the sportsman's servants and others coming to the rescue, the lady was secured and walked off by the police.

No doubt her instincts were sporting—especially as we think her quarry is sometimes known as “Grey Boar”—and so we hope her incarceration or punishment may not be very long or heavy, as the case may be.

The good old sportsman was, it need hardly be said, much chaffed over the matter, and we fear the subject is too good to miss being immortalised by the pencil of our inimitable Bombay artist, who was present. The chaff, however, was as good-humouredly taken as our congratulations were sincere on his lucky escape from a serious wound and a “bad business,” as his faithful servant described it.

The Records of the Guzerat Cup contain many illustrations, beautifully done, mostly by Mr. F. C. Macrae.

I will conclude by making a few remarks which may be of interest to any one coming from outside to take part in the meeting for the first time. My remarks elsewhere on the Ahmedabad Tent Club as regards the country, *charkwalas*, knee-caps for men and horses, and gaiters (except as regards the use of knee-caps for horses, which I do not recommend should be worn for the first time in a competition, as a horse needs to get accustomed to them, and is liable to get rubbed when first wearing them), all apply equally to the usual run of country in Guzerat, of which Ahmedabad is a part, but there are a few matters which apply only to the competition.

The expenses of the meet are not heavy. The rate of messing is not high, and the coolie bundobust is run economically. The railway authorities grant liberal concessions for man and beast. The present entrance fees for the Guzerat Cup are: 1st entry, 15 rupees; 2nd, 25 rupees; 3rd, 50 rupees; and for the Salmon Cup, 10 rupees, 15 rupees, and 30 rupees.

Great assistance is given by the Indian civilians of the district, many of whom are keen shikaries themselves, and without whose assistance nothing can be done. A noticeable feature of the meeting is the presence of a number of Indian gentlemen from that part of India; and an inspection of the records show that they have competed with much success.

Spears must not exceed 8 feet in total length. Some people prefer to use them a little shorter.

It is difficult to give advice as regards how to ride in a heat. I am quite sure that the most fatal thing to do is to override the pig at the beginning. Occasionally one can get a good chance in a lane, bounded by thick cactus hedges, if they are unpenetrable as well to the boar as yourself, but in the open a dash too early in the proceeding is sure to make the pig jink, and will probably let up a rival. He should be nursed quietly without hustling him, and the chance of getting a spear will present itself ere long.

RECORDS OF THE AHMEDABAD TENT CLUB

The actual records start from December 1857, though it is recorded that a Major Thatcher's membership dated from 1853. Unfortunately the

records of the totals, 1876-82, are very incomplete, and a few other years' records are not forthcoming. On January 10, 1859, among members present at the meet were "General Roberts" and "Lieutenant Roberts," and the latter continued to hunt there till 1861.

In those days the height and weight of boars were disregarded, and only the age recorded; from 1867, however, an attempt was made to record the height at the shoulder and the length of tushes. In this same year the name of Gerard (afterwards General Sir Montague Gerard) appears and continues on and off till 1870. There is a drawing by him in the Tent Club Log (which is well illustrated throughout) of "The Mighty Boar," killed at Nagpur, February 23, 1867, whose description is thus recorded:

Age unknown.
Height, 37 inches.
Tushes, $9\frac{3}{4}$,,
Girth, 54 ,,
Length, 76 ,,

Whether this monster was killed by him or not is not related. Charkuwalas, described in another part of this chapter, were first mentioned in 1861. A reward of 4 rupees was given to a shikari for each boar killed; this was subsequently raised to 5 rupees.

On December 30, 1882, a special meet was arranged for His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, but the result was not worthy of the occasion.

In 1888, a boar who was being hotly pursued jumped a fence, and went straight down into a fifty-foot well. He was hauled up, with great difficulty, with ropes and released. In the year 1892

a famous pig, called the Phantom Boar (christened thus on account of the number of occasions on which he disappeared when apparently his pursuers had him "stone cold"), was killed by Captain Darley, who was again at Ahmedabad in 1904-1906, when his excellent bundobusts for outwitting the wily boar, and the true hunting spirit which he drilled into his field, produced one of the biggest yearly totals on record.

The best years recorded were 1860-61 (49 boar), 1882-83 (44 boar), 1883-84 (47 boar), 1905-1906 (42 boar). The bad rainfall in 1900-1901, 1911, and 1912 was the cause of very poor sport in the seasons following those years, but it is hoped that the good rains of 1913 may have revived the stock of pig in the country.

The following letter is worthy of reproduction. The writer, Mr. Hancock, was one of the original promoters of the Guzerat Cup some eighteen years after the events here recorded.

For the annals of the "Ahmedabad Hunt," from an old member.

To the Secretary, Ahmedabad Hunt.

DISTRICT near JAMBOOSIR,
28th February 1867.

DEAR SIR—After many a blank day, having been long pursued by bad luck, I yesterday resolved to pursue my bad luck till I broke it. When out beating the day before I had dismounted to shoot a black buck, and was stalking him round the corner of a hedge when, with a grunt that made my heart thump, a big boar jumped out of a bush on my right and rushed across me with a wicked look in his eye which made me instinctively cover him with my rifle till he passed. "Blood and thunder," I shouted (my horse's name, by the way), and, a trusty wagree running up

with him, I mounted in a jiffy, and after clearing three or four fields I spied the pig hesitating at the edge of a cotton-field as to which way he would turn. "He that hesitates is lost"—*I lost him.*

I went home and dreamt about him, and the next morning beat the neighbouring covers. I had hardly entered them, when a boar, twice the size of my friend of the previous day, jumped up, and away we went. After smashing through a couple of cactus hedges, we jumped another into a lane, where, not expecting a drop, I broke my right stirrup leather in landing, and turning sharp to the right—the lane was winding and the boar a knowing one—he slipped through the hedges directly I pressed him, and generally managed to sell me at the corners of the fields by going through the side hedge instead of the one ahead, thus giving me two jumps to his one. He led me across two lanes, double jumps, that no horse could clear, and I had to jump through them. At last I was closing on him in a thick cotton-field, when the horse's legs caught in the cotton and castor-oil stalks, and down he came. I flew over his head, taking the saddle with me, for the girths gave. I was up again in time to see the boar turn down a lane to the left: I jumped on my bewildered horse and rode him barebacked down the lane as hard as he could pelt. The lane luckily led into the open, where I saw the old boar making the most of his time for the next cover. Settling myself well down to my horse's backbone I urged him across the open, and just as the boar plunged into another thick cotton-field I collared him. He turned on me so sharp and unexpectedly that, as you, reader, would have done nine times out of ten in such circumstances, I missed him, and oh, misery! driving my spear into the ground, split the shaft half-way up. Grasping it together as a drowning man may grasp a straw, I rushed at him again, this time prepared for anything. As I came up, he, as I expected, charged desperately; down went my spear between his shoulder-blades where neck and body join—first spear and last spear, for it rolled him over dead, and thus I broke my luck.

I had hurt my left shoulder badly, and consequently in a second run could not well manage my horse; however, I managed to leave a deadly spear in the loins of another boar before noon, and expect he will be brought in "found dead" by a "jury" of wagers in a day or two.

G. E. HANCOCK.

Hunting the Boar.—In no part of India is a day's pig-sticking such a match between the brains of the hunter and those of the hunted as in Guzerat. Owing to the small size of the jungles and the open country between them the "cunning" of the boar is extremely highly developed in Guzerat. When going to the meet great care should be taken not to go near that side of the jungle towards which it is proposed to beat, and syces with spears and horses should be sent by circuitous routes, and leather covers should be provided for spear-heads to prevent them glistening in the sun. Each sportsman should have a good whistle, tied by a leather strap to a button of his coat or shirt, and a suit of some dull colour. During the beat no horse who whinnies or champs his bit should be put anywhere except with the line. On arrival at the meet the heats are told off, and an experienced "spear" put in charge of each heat. The remainder must obey him implicitly. The heats that go forward should go quietly, by a circuitous route, all together, and unaccompanied by syces or beaters. On arrival they should take cover if possible, and not talk or move until the captain decides that a rideable boar has broken. Even then there should be no wild rush, as the boar is very liable to break back if pressed too close.

As soon as the heats have taken their places

the line starts. The line should at first go slowly and quietly, as, if they start quickly with too much noise, an old boar is more likely to lie still and refuse to move himself, and send out the sows and bachas ; and while the heats are searching amongst those for a boar the wily old man breaks away back and probably escapes. When a boar breaks, the charkuwala signals him away, and the heat use their whistles, which is a signal for the line to halt.

As regards the riding of the boar, the first thing to remember is that "first spear" is nothing, killing the boar is everything, and every move must be subordinated to this end. The heat should not ride one behind the other, but spread out. Thus if the boar gets into difficult country or jungle, the man on the boar continues to ride him as far as he can (whistling as long as he is on him), whilst the others go ahead and mark out on the other side, whistling with all their might if they see the boar going away. Once a boar has been speared he is an ugly customer, and should be treated with all respect. I do not recommend a novice to go up to a wounded boar at a slow pace. I advise him to get behind him slightly to the left and gallop past him, when the boar will probably turn in on him and give him a chance of delivering a real good spear ; the boar should not be allowed to get in too close to the horse before spearing, but should be taken well away from the horse, and well in advance of him, and should be speared just behind the shoulder. This will save the horse. The spear should never be thrust at the pig, but the pig should be made to run on to the point of the spear. There should be no delay in trying to finish off a wounded boar when once speared ; humanity

demands that he should be killed as quickly as possible.

As regards spears, I prefer a spear about 7 feet in length, a good male bamboo shaft with a bay-leaf head. A file should always be carried by one of the syces, as the spears must always be kept very sharp. I do not recommend the use of the overhand spear in Guzerat. Undoubtedly with the Bengal hogs the overhand spear is the best and gives far better results ; but in Guzerat it is not suitable to either the country or the pig.

The most suitable Animal.—I consider that the 15.1 Waler is the most suitable, though a good country-bred is a useful addition to one's stud, especially in May and June, when the heat is really appalling, and the Waler is likely to get fever. The horses take very quickly to jumping the cactus fences, as they get considerably punished if they charge through them and soon give up the game. I do not believe in "any horse being good enough for pig-sticking." It only leads to accidents and disgust at being left in the rear. Many people who give 2000 rupees for a polo pony, which practically never goes off a beautifully rolled and smooth ground, expect to get their pig-sticking off an animal costing 200 rupees, and are naturally disappointed at the result. As far as my purse has allowed me, I have always kept good sound horses for pig-sticking, and the resulting sport I have had has amply repaid me. I do not think a Waler should ever be taken out until he has been at least a year in the country.

In Guzerat I always put gaiters on all four legs of my horses, and generally thin leather knee-caps,

tied above as well as below the knees. I used to exercise my horses like this before the pig-sticking season started, so as to get them accustomed to them. I do not believe in the combined gaiter and knee-cap, which is not secured about the knee, as when jumping the horse's knee is left bare owing to his forelegs being bent, and if a thorn gets in, the knee-cap only rubs it and makes it worse. Many sportsmen wear stiff knee-guards on their own knees to keep the thorns out.

I strongly advise taking out with the tiffin a packet of permanganate of potash, a pair of scissors, and a pair of tweezers to deal with the thorns. The legs should be washed over, as the thorns can then be more easily located and pulled out with tweezers. In the case of an obstinate thorn, or one difficult to find the exact position of, the hair all round should be cut away and a poultice applied, if necessary. The legs should then be washed thoroughly over with a strong solution of permanganate of potash. If these precautions are taken, the risk of trouble from thorns is not great.

Inhabitants.—These are mostly Guzeratis; their language is difficult to understand. They make good beaters and are brave. There are many quite good shikaries, though, like others, they fail lamentably at times. They are excellent trackers (puggies), and there is great scope for this science in the sandy soil of Guzerat; and many a long crawl, following the trackers as they make a circle round each pug-mark with their sticks, has been rewarded by stirring up an old boar who had crept away from the noise of the beaters, and thought himself secure in a quiet hedgerow.

The Guzerat Boar.—A good Guzerat boar will measure about 31 inches in height, and is remarkably fast. When hunted, he is certain to try and make a “point,” which he will strive to reach until it is absolutely denied to him. When thus cornered he fights, and fights well, but he is not likely to charge before then. This is quite different to the Bengal boar, who seems to me to think of nothing but fighting, and comes at one at any period of the run. In fact I once saw a boar in Bengal, when driven out of a jheel, reach his jungle stronghold in safety and then deliberately turn round and charge his pursuers.

A good average boar would weigh about 200 lbs. in winter, 180 lbs. at the end of March. He is nothing like so heavy as the boar at Nagpur, where we killed one over 300 lbs. a few years ago, and this is not uncommon.

Pig are not very plentiful in Guzerat, but there are quite sufficient for sport, and very rarely did we have an absolutely blank day from Ahmedabad during the two years I was there.

The Guzerat Country.—The Guzerat country is quite different to any other country I know. The best of the country is dotted over with small jungles, and between them there is the most perfect going on sandy soil, the ground being cut up into fields by cactus hedges of various heights.

Various obstacles present themselves to the riders, such as a lane with hedges on both sides, a huge cactus fence, a babul thicket, or strip of jhow, which may or may not be as equally formidable to the boar as to his pursuer.

The distance between these small jungles varies

considerably. Some of the bigger hedges contain large prickly bushes which the pig delight to lie up in, and, if well away from a jungle, once they have been located there is very little bundobust required to drive them out. The charkuwala is an indispensable feature of the Guzerat country. The country is well wooded, and charkuwalas, *i.e.* men with flags (though I can find no derivation of this), are placed very early in the morning round the vicinity of the jungle it is proposed to beat. These men watch the pig going back into the jungle from their nocturnal wanderings, and report if there are any good boar there; and also when the heat commences and a boar is on the move, they signal his whereabouts to the heats. Other men go out in pairs to the likely spots for pig to lie up, and if they find a *tola* or "sunder" of pig moving, they follow them up quietly until they stop. One man then ascends a tree and the other goes back to the line to give the *khabar*. The raised flag of the man in the tree can be seen from some distance off, so it is often unnecessary to wait for the beaters if the lying-up place is a bush in the open. The charkuwalas occasionally lose their heads, drop their flags, and wave their turbans round and round their heads, and refuse to answer any questions from an excited heat; but on the whole they are most useful. I have never seen them used elsewhere than in Guzerat and Nagpur.

Except for occasional meets lasting several days, the Ahmedabad Hunt Club very seldom have to make arrangements to stay out overnight. The meet is seldom more than fourteen miles, and very often only four or five; and nearly every season a boar is located in the small grass jungle within half

a mile of cantonments. During the hot weather many a monotonous day is cut short by the arrival of *khabar* of a boar lying up in some field or hedge-row.

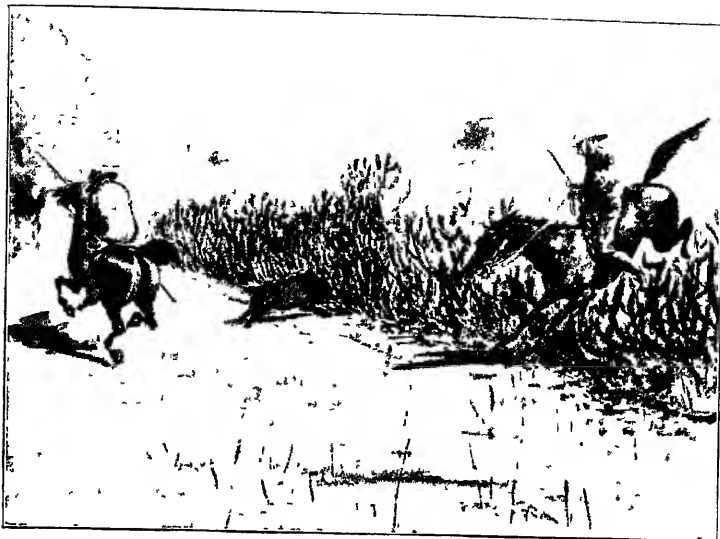
Pig-sticking generally starts towards the end of November and continues up till July. There is generally a break in the rains after the first fall in this district, and if this has not been too heavy, excellent sport is obtained, as the pig can be tracked without difficulty.

One of the best hunts I ever had was in the final of the Guzerat Cup of 1909. Captain Vernon (of Kadir Cup fame) was the umpire, and Colonel "Jim" Forbes and myself the competitors. I wrote down a description of the run almost directly afterwards, and though apologizing for the composition, I think it best to set it forth without cooking it up.

A good boar followed the *tola* out of the castor-oil field where they had been lying up, and Vernon got us off to a splendid start. Forbes soon went to the front, with me on his right. I then crossed behind Forbes to the left and he rode the boar hard. The boar turned left-handed, and I followed him through a dried-up jheel and then through a gap. Here Forbes had very bad luck, as he could easily have gone through the gap first, and there was nothing to show what was beyond. It happened that there was a lane, and I quickly turned down after the boar and speared him shortly after in the lane.

The spectators had all kept well clear, and when the boar was speared they all went off in the wrong direction; so Forbes and I had to try and finish the boar off ourselves. This took us over half an

hour ; he was a very cunning hog and kept running down a lane in front of Forbes on his near side, making it impossible to get at him. He charged me twice and cut Result rather severely below the hock ; then he got into a small jheel surrounded by a thick belt of waitabit thorn bushes. Ejected from here, he ran back amongst the beaters, who were now coming up, and cut one of them. Then he ran up a long narrow lane where one could not get at him, and eventually out into the open, where I stupidly headed him, thinking he was going into bad country. Thence he went back to the jheel, where I spied him, with but his snout sticking out of the water. I tried to spear him in the deep mud and nearly fell on top of him. He came out, ran round the belt of bushes, and then back to the water, charging Vernon—who had a bad hand and could not hold a spear, and consequently had to get out of the way—and Forbes, who speared him. He then lay down and rolled about in great wrath ; over and over he went, foaming at the mouth and snorting and grunting with rage. Up again and out for another charge ; I speared him, but left my spear in him, and he lay up again. Forbes then galloped past him and gallantly pulled my spear out of him, and gave it back to me ; then he speared him and broke his spear about 6 inches above the head, which luckily came out, hanging by a thread of bamboo. The boar was now in a position, with a bank covered with thick bushes at his back and the jheel in front, where I could not get at him on horseback, so I dismounted, and stalked down the bank and drove my spear in behind his shoulder, and broke the spear and had to beat a retreat. Forbes then dismounted, and, taking the head of



A GUZFRAT FENCE AND A JINKING BOAR



CAPTAIN MEDLICOIT'S "RESULT"

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his spear, with only about 6 inches of shaft left, went straight for the boar and drove it into him like a stiletto, and finished him off. The boar never uttered a sound except when charging and rolling over in the water; and, when mortally wounded,

Game to the last—with defiant eye,
In silent courage he lay down to die.

A true Guzerat boar, a little above 31 inches in height, very heavy and fine tushes, exceedingly cunning, and a great fighter when collared.

I have often been asked, “What do you consider the best pig-sticking country?” “Which pig do you consider the best?” My wanderings in search of the boar have taken me over the cactus fences of Guzerat, through the sindhi-bunds of Nagpur, the jhow and grass of Bengal, Meerut, Delhi, and Muttra, and over the sandy plains and rocks of Rajputana, and I have loved every hunt I have had; but if I had to answer the above question, I should say unhesitatingly, “Give me a Bengal hog in Guzerat country.”

CHAPTER XII

THE KADIR CUP

I ONCE put on a board on the main road from the Kadir camp to the hunting ground the old Persian couplet :

Agar firdos bah rue zameen ast,
Hameen ast, wa hameen ast, wa hameen ast.

If there is a paradise on earth,
It is this, it is this, it is this,

that all who ran, or fell, might read. And I looked for a kindly smile from the finer minds. Alas, such as glanced at it took it apparently for but yet another edict to annoy a long-suffering public.

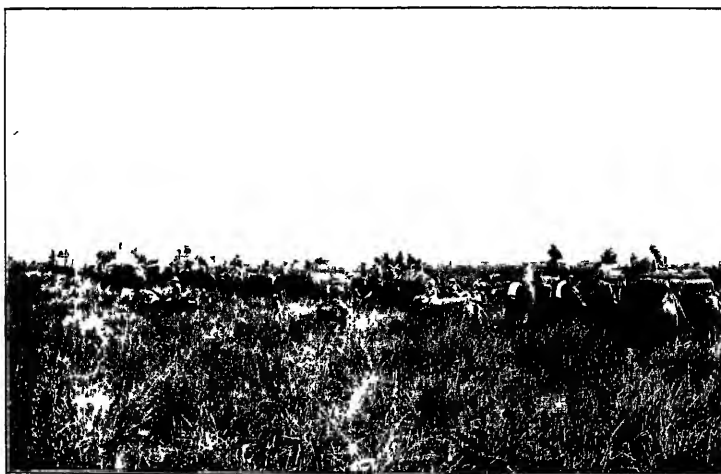
Yet surely it is a paradise, this land at which you look as you stand in the noble bagh with the water at your feet, and the yellow grass stretching far as the eye can see; full of pig, the heart of the Meerut Kadir.

The Kadir Cup has often been described. But I must try and write a little about it and give you a few notes. For I hunted the country seven seasons, and have ridden in it fourteen years.

"The blue ribbon of pig-sticking," the meeting lasts three days, and is always held in the end of March. It begins on Monday. The heats are drawn on Sunday evening. It is good to get out



THE LINE OF THE KADIR CUP



HUNTING GRASS KADIR CUP

early, to go round the 120 to 150 horses that are running, and to meet old friends. The line next morning is a fine sight, with 50 elephants crowded with competitors, spectators, and a fair sprinkling of ladies. In front is the line of 150 coolies, with the flag elephant, signallers, and the shikaries on their camels. Ahead are the three heats with their umpires.

I quote from a description of my mother's :

Well worth a study are many of the competitors, men from all parts of India, of all branches and professions. Here is clearly distinguishable a veteran, his good horse marked with scars perhaps, honourable mementos of the chase, nursing the umpire, riding in his pocket as it were, to get the best of the start. There is a youngster fidgeting and prancing, showing the strain on horse and rider ; here, again, a well-known cross-country rider on a blood steeple-chaser ; and so on with endless variety.

All stand still till a wave of the master's hand causes the line to advance, in a silence broken only by the swish of the beater's sticks and the passage of the elephants through the golden, waving grass and thick green bushes.

A sudden shout proclaims that a boar has broken, and that the heat nearest can be seen following their umpire in pursuit. When satisfied that all see the pig, and that it is rideable, down goes the flag, and faint on the breeze comes the thrilling word " Ride."

Meantime the halted line follows, with deep interest and raised glasses, the fortune of the chase. The leader's quick start and gallant ride, the desperate efforts of those behind, the sudden jink, the neck-and-neck race with the second man, another jink, a horse down perhaps, and then—the spear ; one man pulling up and showing his spear for blood to the umpire, the others riding on to kill.

And last, and by no means least, comes the suspense while the umpire signals to the flag elephant, visible everywhere, the number of the winner ; the flag elephant then

hoists the winner's number according to the printed programme, and the line goes on at once.

Thus it continues through heat after heat until a rest is called for luncheon. We had started at 7 A.M., and I think no one is sorry to find some refreshment ready for us under a big tree by a stream in a picturesque spot; and I am sure we all enjoy our lunch and rest. Very soon, however, we are remounting our elephants, and have a long and exciting afternoon, which does not end till 7.30.

We are not a bit tired, the excitement of watching the heats prevented that, yet we were not sorry to hear that the meet next day would not be till 9.30. How we enjoyed the tea our kind hostess sent us while we dressed. I need not say we all enjoyed our dinner, nor that, although we had all much to say of the day's proceedings, we did not long delay in seeking the sleep that almost overcame us before we had dined.

A long day's work. I always admire the keen ladies who one and all stick it out. They are most welcome at this meeting.

The second day is a repetition of the first, but with less heats to run off, and shorter hours.

On the Wednesday are run off the semi-finals and final, when we congratulate the winner on an envied and deserved success. In the afternoon are the Horse and the Pony Hog Hunters' Cups, point-to-point races over several miles of pig-sticking country. Grief is common, but our doctor and vet. ride behind, and all is well. So with speeches, dinner, and songs another Kadir Cup is over.

The point-to-point races always mean some grief. Generally the race is run at a sensible pace. I remember one year the Hog Hunters' Cup was over four and a half miles of very rough ground, and the pony course over similar ground, but shorter. They



THE STAFF OF A KADIR CUP

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made the pace a cracker from the start. Horses could not do it. Out of twenty-two starters ten fell; one man fractured his skull, and four were carried in. While the doctors were busy with the bad cases we looked after the others. One, who had only shaken his head up a bit and seemed weak but otherwise well, we dosed shrewdly with brandy. His wife, who was at the meeting, was very peevish, poor lady, when she found her husband not only with a face like a pudding, but distinctly merry and bright.

The ordinary heats at the Cup are, as a rule, extraordinarily free from grief. The ground is honest, and people ride good horses. I remember a run in 1899, when four started after a boar. Two horses broke their necks in a nullah. The boar was lost. The remaining two ran another boar next day, when one of them ran into a tree in a field, the only tree in the place, and was knocked senseless. The fourth man won. Such is luck.

Only a few years ago John Vaughan's beautiful horse Vedette, who had won the Cup before, and Lambert's Battle were killed in a small patch of jungle in quick succession.

But events such as these are the exception.

I give no account of the organization or running of the meet. As the Cup is now run it is in practically every detail my own design. I cannot well criticise. I was lucky in handing over to Mr. Norton, R.H.A., a better man than myself.

I was always scrupulous to carry on the vital conditions of the Cup, and to resist any attempts to bring in any innovations. I only regarded myself as the trustee of a great hunt. The conditions that Forbes made when he gave his original Kadir Cup

in hunting form in 1873, the being allowed to enter two horses, the genuine property of the rider, horse to win and not the man, still hold good. After winning a heat, a man, should he be sick, may be changed, but not the horse.

Up to 1881 the umpiring used to be done from elephants. And in 1883, when Baden-Powell won, the Kadir Cup meeting frequently closed the season. The fine hunting months of April, May, and June passed idle. In 1888 and 1889, each year from start to finish there were only nine heats ; now there are at least fifty.

Umpires have been one of our greatest anxieties. It is certain there will not be more than half a dozen good umpires at the meeting. The Hon. Secretary has to use these solid. He should not ask Dick, Tom, and Harry out of compliment to them. A good show for the heat comes first. An umpire must have decision, strength of character, quickness of mind and eye, an intimate acquaintance with the rules, and a thorough knowledge of pig-craft. A bad umpire may mean hours on the line, a bad start, and a feeble decision at the end. I remember one umpire, a subaltern in charge of an unruly and very senior heat, who was second to none as a disciplinarian. I quote the *Pioneer's* account of the meeting :

Heat on line for many hours, many runs, many falls, and much *gali* (abuse) for the umpire. Umpire, however, equal to the occasion and, loosing unsuspecting heat on brink of huge and muddy nullah, pulled up himself and placidly waved "No heat," while his charges recovered consciousness and sorted themselves below. After this display of umpire's mettle awestruck heat much quieter.

A good umpire should pride himself on never

galloping his heat. If the boar gets up in view, as he appears there is a flick of the wrist, down goes the flag—"Ride," and away they go. The quick man of the heat has perhaps gained a couple of lengths. If the pig is put up out of sight, the umpire may have to canter his heat till he can see. If the heat close behind him cannot see, that is their fault. To gallop a heat is a crime. A heat should never be slipped towards the elephants.

We have tried to make the Cup less of a race and more of a hunt, to help the man with a quick eye and brain, and hunting knowledge.

An umpire now has power to disqualify a competitor for a dangerous foul. There is no appeal from his decision. The spirit of the meeting is the spirit of hunting. Bumps and fouls occasionally occur, but the riding is scrupulously fair.

B. P., who won, waited in an important heat for his solitary opponent, who had fallen. M., 2nd Lancers, would not take a spear because he thought he might have interfered with another. F., 17th Lancers, shouted to me, "Right, right," when I happened to be on the pig and did not see how he had jinked. Other instances recall themselves, but I have said enough to show the unselfish spirit of it all. There is a good deal of chivalry about.

I think the reason a novice often shows up well is that, from his lack of experience and knowledge of the sport, he takes chances that the older hands do not. I have never known an old hand ride foul, it is always the youngsters. Still, they make us gallop, and they train on. More power to them.

A drawback to the Kadir Cup is the luck of it all—the inadequate test that has to be made to find the winner. It is impossible to work on other

than the knock-out system. Heats have to be run in parties of three, and, in the first round, often four; neither time nor the supply of pig admit of running the Cup in heats of two. To win four heats on the same horse will land a man winner of the Cup.

Consider now the luck of it all: a turn of the wrist, a jink favouring one more than another, an unrideable jink, a hog that squats at full speed in a bush, heavy patches of cover, a fall, a dropped spear, failure to show blood; remember that any one of these things may happen to you or your opponents, multiply by four for the four heats, and, if you win, thank the gods in whose lap you have lain.

Still, all honour to the man who wins. No luck alone will take him right through unless he is a real good man, and unless he takes his opportunities. Luck never forgives missed opportunities, she does not always offer them.

You must gallop; I do not say show up in every hunt. You can only do that if your horse is fast enough. I have only once known a man win who did not gallop "all out" consistently. It is good that this is so, for one is sometimes tempted to imitate a man who rides cunning.

I have purposely avoided names in this chapter. One or two wins stand out conspicuously as owing less to luck than others, where the winner has indeed experienced but little more good fortune than such as may befall a brilliant performer in a successful hunt.

As in all pig-sticking, the horse counts enormously. A good horse is rarer and dearer than a good wife. But for the pig-sticking and the racing there would

not be a good horse in India. All the money is on the polo. Since hired chargers came in the class of horse has gone down. I cast no slur on the depôts from whom I have had some of my best horses.

Your bill for the meet will come to about 120 rupees for the four days. This includes 32 rupees for your two nominations. If you are inclined to grumble at the bill, remember that a big camp in the jungle, fifty elephants, and all the preservation and lease of 5000 acres cost money.

I cannot close without a word about the elephants. We always spent a week with them beforehand beating in pig. They were a constant joy; their drill an anxiety. We envied, but never equalled, Mr. Clutterbuck's skill, as with outstretched arms he worked his stately crashing line through the jungles of the Terai.

Once when Mr. Norton was hunting the country, an elephant, when fetching forage, became "must," got rid of his mahout, and took up his abode in a village some ten miles away. He was a tusker too big to tackle without risk to borrowed animals. Norton wired for professional elephant-catchers. They came, and we were again at the village. The old brute was in the main street, his pad-ropes trailing as he rocked to and fro. He recalled the picture of the "Fighting Temeraire." The inhabitants of the village were perched in trees and on the walls like the monkeys in the "Hunting of Kaa."

C of the I.C.S. was with us. We had difficulty in preventing him from assaulting the elephant with his spear on his horse; he was sure the brute was a cur.

We enticed the elephant out, one rider halting till he came up, and then galloping off with the elephant in pursuit.

There were three elephant-catchers—two with white cloths, the third with a huge pair of pincers (*chimta*), circular, studded with spikes on the inside, actuated by a strong spring and kept open by a clip. The elephant was now in a grove of trees. The flagmen enticed him to charge them, but they always dodged him as he came screaming at them. The pincer-man ran in rear of the elephant, seized his opportunity, put the pincers round a hind leg and released the clip. The pincers closed like a rat-trap, and the elephant pulled up at once, dead lame and beaten. The men handled the brute for ten minutes with sharp bamboos, and then they climbed up his tail. Norton and C also got up at once. We rode him home. I forget the name of the lady he carried at that meeting. He killed the mahout this year.

At the Kadir Cup, and at various times when shooting with Sir John Hewett, I used to meet an old mahout called Hiddan Khan. This man, when out with Mr. Wild, I.C.S., was the hero of a remarkable adventure with an elephant. I asked my friend for details.

Mr. Wild writes :

It was the Christmas of 1902, up at Rampur Chata in Bijnor, and the only people out were Swann, my "joint," my wife, and myself.

The elephant was a big tusker, the only tusker we had out. He went "must" after we had finished shooting and dismissed the line to cut "chara." We heard nothing about it till shortly before dinner, when the servants reported that the elephant had gone "must," and could not be got

into camp. As a matter of fact he had got his fodder-cutter treed about half a mile from camp, and would not leave the place. He had a grudge against the man and meant to get him. Hiddan Khan, who was on the elephant, could do nothing with him, but he stuck to him, and never left him. We had all the other elephants and horses taken away to a river-bed a mile or so off, where they spent the night. There was no stone temple or any building, and the camp was just a clearing in the middle of thick forest and high tiger-grass. The night was pitch dark and very cold. After some time the elephant left the "chara" cutter and came to the place where the elephants had been tied up. There he ate up the whole of the rations prepared for eleven elephants. Then he went back to the tree where the "chara" cutter was. He had been too paralysed to come down and make a bolt of it. Next time the elephant left the tree we got the man out of it, stiff and cold with fright, and got him into camp by a roundabout way, a ticklish business. When the elephant went again and found the man had gone he was furious, and came down to the camp. First he came on the carts, killed two or three bullocks, and smashed up two carts. He tried to get at his mahout, who had been unable to get off, and had had to take refuge at the back of the pad like a mugriwala. Then the elephant came to the Tahsildar's tents, where he picked up a howdah and threw it about ten yards on to a tent. All the Tahsildar's people had bolted to a few big trees where our tents were. Then the elephant came on to our tents. We could only make out where he was from the mahout's calling out. "The elephant is coming." Swann and I were ready, and as soon as we could make him out, about fifteen or twenty yards off, we each gave him two barrels. This turned him, and we each got in two more. Of course we had to chance hitting the mahout as we could not see anything but a black mass. The elephant went off a little way, trumpeting and knocking down trees. This was about 11 o'clock. About 2 he made another determined attack which we kept off in the same way. Then he went off a little way to think it over.

When dawn came he was standing some distance off, and I hoped we would be able to get ropes on him. However he was still murderous, and went for any one he could see, so I decided to shoot him. By an extraordinary accident I found among my cartridges one loaded with a solid bullet. Where I got it I can't imagine, as I had never brought any. However, a lucky shot with this rolled him over, the mahout taking a heavy fall. He (the mahout) at once got up and limped into the jungle, and had to be brought back, thawed, and fed. His name was Hiddan Khan. He is still living, I had him out with me last December. He was really to blame for taking out the elephant which had shown signs of becoming "must," but he more than made up for his fault by the splendid pluck with which he stuck to the elephant.

I must tell you one more elephant episode, though not connected with any Kadir elephant.

Three years ago, when enjoying the regal hospitality of that greatest of all sportsmen, Sir John Hewett, then Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, we were beating for a tiger who was in the same place where he had defeated us once before.

The tiger was in a thick patch on the edge of a shallow sandy nullah which ran through a gorge of trees and jungle with high cliffs on either side. Below the patch where the tiger lay the nullah turned sharp across the gorge to the cliffs and back, and then on; making a >-shaped promontory, across the base of which any animal would make a short-cut instead of following the winding nullah. The promontory had a thin belt of small trees and saplings on the edge opposite the tiger's cover. At the tip of the > a little cleft ran up the cliff. By this the tiger had escaped before.

Sir John being anxious to give me the shot, and wanting to guard the cleft put me in a tree in the

belt I have described, and posted the other guns on their elephants across the gorge lower down. He himself, with his usual unselfishness, took the elephant line and beat down towards us. He warned me there was probably a wild elephant in the beat.

I climbed by a ladder into my post, a straight stemmed tree about as thick as the calf of my leg with a forked branch some ten feet up. It was the best tree available, but so slender that I could neither put up a machan, nor take my second rifle and camera.

Soon after the beat began the elephant came out of the cover and stood splashing himself in a pool in the stream, a big tusker with one large white tusk. He presently came on; but instead of taking the short-cut at the base, came down the fringe of trees towards me. He came very slowly, and looked magnificent. He was "must," for the glands on his face were streaming. There was a curious fascination to me in his slow and solemn movements.

He came up to my tree and stood there under it. I had to draw up my legs not to touch him. I held the .400 like a revolver with my right hand fingers on both triggers a foot off the back of his head.

Unless I killed him stone dead one touch of his body would flip me out of the tree like a stone from a catapult. If I did kill him Sir John would probably hang me.

The elephant stayed quiet for a couple of minutes and played with the ladder which was still against the tree. He put his trunk on some leather where a break had been bound. He sniffed this and threw it down. A little later he walked quietly down the beat. We never saw the tiger.

CHAPTER XIII

TENT CLUBS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT

A TENT CLUB in India corresponds to a Hunt in England. The country belonging to each Tent Club is generally recognized, and the boundaries so far as other Tent Clubs are concerned, are clearly defined. To hunt without permission in the country belonging to a Tent Club would be a crime of the first order. This is no check to private enterprize, for, in so vast a continent as India, there are hundred of miles of country hunted by no one. In such places all that is needed is the readily obtained consent of the Collector of the district.

The hunting and management of a Tent Club are carried on by an "Honorary Secretary." I have always objected to the title, but it is an old name. Be under no mistake: the very last thing an Hon. Sec. ought to be is a secretary of any sort or kind whatsoever. He ought to be a king of his country: every bit as much master as an M.F.H. is at home.

In addition to the preservation and hunting of his country, an Hon. Sec. has also the minor, but important, duty of providing for the comfort and messing of the members of his Tent Club at each meet.

Having hunted a Tent Club for many years, I



"THE MEET AT DAWN"

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give you my ideas as to what sort of man a good Hon. Sec. should be. And I do so the more readily knowing how lacking I was in most of the qualities I recommend.

First and foremost our good Hon. Sec. must be a man of enthusiasm. He must be determined to make his hunt a success : a dilettante, bored man will never succeed. With energy and drive he must have plenty of tact ; yet he should be capable on occasion, which should never arise, of shrewdly biting any one, big or small. If he is weak he will fail. He should have a gift for the hunting of pig and an intimate knowledge of their ways. If he is a good performer himself his word will carry the more weight. He must know the language well enough to talk with the villagers and the coolies on the line, and to take no shame when he meets a native gentleman on equal terms.

I assume now that you, reader, have taken over a country, and I venture to offer you a few words of advice. I have no wish to be didactic. I cannot in every other line say " my advice is " do this or that. Please assume this phrase as written.

I will divide what I have to say under the different headings of :

- (1) Committees and members of the hunt.
- (2) Preservation of ground and pig.
- (3) Hunting the country.
- (4) Interior economy.

COMMITTEES AND MEMBERS OF THE HUNT

Tent Clubs vary : some have a committee, others do not.

To my mind committees are an invention of the

devil. They are the resource of the lazy, the prop of the weak, the servant of the strong man. I have never seen a committee that was worth a rap in any affair of this life. In one Tent Club I knew the rule was that the committee would fix where the meets would be. Now the best Hon. Sec. I ever knew, N, used to get on his camel with a blanket behind him, and ride for trips of three days at a time, reconnoitring his country, and living on such fare as the various villages could provide. Is it likely, I ask you, that such a man will meekly report to a committee, probably at the bar of their club, and accept their decision as to where the meets will be ?

This is only one point in an argument which I will not carry further. My strong advice to you is, that if you are going to be Hon. Sec. make it clear that you will not work under any one. Have a committee by all means, *honoris causa*, but leave it at that.

But instead, every three months or less, hold meetings of your Tent Club. Produce your accounts and the sport you have shown, and invite criticism. Having heard, amend your ways or resign. Remember although you are master you are Hon. Sec. solely and simply to show sport, to carry out the wishes of the club, and to ensure the utmost comfort and smoothness of running to all. If you fail in any of these things you must go. There is a great temptation, when you feel you are firm in the saddle, to regard yourself as the main factor, the members as a bad second. Disguise this view with whatever charm of manner you may, it will never be acceptable; any inclination to self-assertion or laying down the law is impossible.

Meetings at intervals are a necessity. An engine must have its safety valve. At competition meetings if you take a man's money he is entitled to representation in the fullest sense of the word. He must have a voice as to the principles and rules of the competition.

As for the members of the hunt, remember that, somewhere in your country, there is a Collector who is the civil ruler of your district. Always a hard-worked man with few holidays, he is nearly invariably a fine sportsman. Try to fix meets to suit his off days. Get his powerful help to keep off poachers, to stop the infringement of common rights and render amenable recalcitrant villagers. So shall your sport thrive, and you make a friend to value for life.

Treat even the most influential members of your station with kindness. Tell your general of your plans, hopes, and fears; remember he is as keen on your sport as you are.

Bear with all subalterns and youngsters; they shall teach you every detail of your art.

You cannot get out a programme of your meets too early. Try and meet the convenience of all.

Personally, I have always experienced extraordinary consideration and kindness at the hands of members. I can only wish you as good fortune.

PRESERVATION OF GROUND AND FIG

You must know every inch of your ground: go round it often, and at all times of the year. Whether you go on the hardy scale, like N, whom I have mentioned, or more comfortably, is immaterial.

The more you shoot with your shikaries the better : never let them be idle.

Most grounds are capable of much extension : do not be content with only hunting what your predecessors did. Shikaries love " the daily round, the common task," and many of their masters are curiously apathetic in this respect.

If you want to preserve a ground, hunt it. If the villagers think you are not coming they will assuredly kill pig. I reserved a large tract of country once for two years, and did not hunt it at all. There were less pig at the end than at the beginning. In the Meerut country in 1878-79 and in 1879-80 there were no pig killed owing to the Afghan War, yet in 1881 when hunting reopened the year's bag was six pig.

You will never do any good with preservation unless you are a friend of the native gentlemen of the country and are well in touch with the villagers. Before all, however, in this matter, comes the Collector of your district. Without his help you can do little good : work hand in hand with him.

The social amenities of life, small invitations made and received on both sides, will soon win the hearts of your bigger natives, and capital fellows you will find them. The only man likely to give you trouble is the bunniah who has usurped some better man's place.

Take every opportunity of dealing personally with the villagers ; they are a willing, kindly folk. Know any headmen you can. Of the lower ranks, pay the coolies on the line and in camp invariably yourself. The rate varies, four annas is a maximum. Working with people they know, if they get all the pig (the syces protesting), and a free midday meal

of *chenna chebenna* (gram and sugar), they will come for considerably less. If you want to win your coolies' hearts the surest way is through their children. Have little races and scrambles. A few annas go a long way, and the children never forget.

Do what you can to help them with medicines. In the Meerut Tent Club we generally have a lot of sick up every evening, and we are often so lucky as to have a doctor out. I have never met a doctor who would not give up a couple of hours of his leisure to doing good. We have very complete medicine chests, of a large size, partly for this very reason.

The number of sick about is a sad sight. Traveling dispensaries as yet hardly touch the fringe of the work. The natives of the countryside will not trust the native assistant surgeons; they will go any distance to see a white man. Disease of the eyes is terribly prevalent. We try and get the cases that have a chance of recovery to go into Meerut, where are the best of eye surgeons; but when we have a doctor out with us there are few afternoons in the Tent Club that you will not hear the bitter sentence of blindness pronounced on some poor fellow.

If you are to have the villagers and zamindars on your side you must treat their crops with almost as much respect as you would a farmer's wheat in England. You will often in India see a man ride through a field because he is too lazy to go round. Natives, however, are the worst offenders. One of them will always wilfully do as much damage as any three white men. A line of coolies each breaking off several succulent sticks of sugar-cane will hardly convert the owner into an enthusiastic supporter of pig-sticking.

Your best ranges of covers will need chowkidars on them. Local men are useless for this: they take bribes, and are not strong enough to resist pressure. Pensioned sowars or native drivers are also certain to take bribes, but they will be more satisfactory. Men actually serving, if they can be relieved sufficiently often to be obtainable, probably produce the best results.

If the villagers' crops are being damaged by pig you must protect them, killing sows if absolutely necessary. I am no believer in the "riding barren sows always" theory. Having taken these steps you may approach your Collector with a light heart and ask him to reduce the number of gun licenses; unless he does this you will never succeed in preserving.

India is now becoming so cultivated that both Collector and Local Government are likely to lend a favourable ear to any representations you may make, on the grounds of preservation of grazing land, against the ploughing up of new areas of jungle grass. In good seasons cattle live with difficulty. In bad seasons, without the grass lands which these short-sighted people want to plough, the cattle die.

In the chapter on "Pig" I have written on the subject of natural or artificial sanctuaries, and the necessity for them.

If you have no such natural preserves you must acquire land and make them. This is not so expensive an undertaking as it seems. If you have cultivated the right spirit among your native land-owners they will, to a large extent, give you free and generous help. If they know that the authorities look with a favourable eye on the sport they will help even the more readily. Sir John Hewett,

by coming to the Kadir Cup as he used to when he was ruler of the United Provinces gave an enormous impetus to the movement among our native friends for helping the sport.

Apart from any such free grants for the preservation of land, a well-thought-out system of lease of ground by the Tent Club, and sub-lease by it of the grass cutting, thatching, and grazing rights, will enable preservation to be carried out on an astonishingly cheap scale. A little thought will show that this is reasonable. The ground certainly is not cultivated, but otherwise all its products are used ; only the cycle of the various operations is so arranged as not to interfere with sport. The grass is cut on sub-lease for eating and thatching, and the cattle similarly graze there, but only after the country has been hunted.

These remarks on artificial preservation apply to light soil alone. It is impossible to insist on rich soil lying fallow. The financial aspect then becomes too big.

In the Kadir country we found it necessary to rent an island some 5000 acres in extent ; this was partly to preserve pig, and partly to put an effective barrier to petty cultivators from the south who were working up north. It has been a complete success, and the cost has been comparatively small.

Unless dealing with Rajahs, Raikes, or really big Zamindars, the trouble lies in the multiplicity of owners of any given piece of ground. Government really owns the land and leases it out ; but owing to a system of sub-leases, and death succession arrangements too complicated to describe, the land becomes subdivided among a host of small people,

and it is with these you may often have to deal. In all these negotiations the help of the Collector and his tehsildars is once again necessary.

I have not mentioned tehsildars before, and I take the opportunity now of offering them my tribute of praise. They are native officials in charge of sub-districts under the Collector, and give all the practical assistance needed in hunting. Only big matters go to the Collector. I look back with gratitude to the courteous, willing help I have always had from them whether Mahommedan or Hindu.

Do not disturb your covers more than you can help in the breeding season. Never hunt a country more than twice a year. Some countries are hunted more often, but I always think they suffer in the size of their pig.

Your stock of pig depends on your success in dealing with poachers and vermin, *i.e.* panther.

Now for the poachers ; they are the devil. Nuts, kagis, sansis, aherias, ruffians all, call them what you will, for their generic names are as many as the countries which they infest. Luckily these foul depredators generally poach in retired spots. You must burn their nets, destroy their snares, take away their spears and kit, and convince them of the entire unhealthiness of their surroundings. Your arguments should be both personal and direct, and should leave if possible an indelible impression. You must exterminate these people by hook or by crook. Use the utmost rigour of the law against them. If your Collector is one of a new class unfortunately now occasionally met with, a spectacled youth, the pick of his university, and "heir of all the ages," full of sympathy with the native, but with little working knowledge of him, you may not

get the help you could wish. In such case you must redouble your own efforts.

In dealing with poachers your zamindars or native proprietors will help you.

I have been told that a study of the nomadic races of India is interesting and instructive. This may be so : for myself the solitary fact that I know to their advantage is that they are a disappearing class.

Curiously enough panther, which used to be numerous, are fast disappearing from our Meerut Kadir. For this I can offer no explanation.

HUNTING THE COUNTRY

You cannot take too much trouble with your shikaries : be they good, bad, or indifferent, the quality of their work will vary exactly in proportion as you are keen or otherwise. A slack Hon. Sec. means slack shikaries.

I can give you little advice as to the caste of men you are to employ, you must cut your coat according to your cloth. They must be local men, and they must have hunting knowledge. Certain castes are hereditary shikaries and poachers : your shikaries will probably have to be of one of such castes. But the higher their caste the less liable will they be to social pressure on the part of those simple but engaging villagers, Ram Narain, Mahomed Bux and Co., when they urge them to do something that is not in the interests of sport. Of course you must be sensible and not put caste first. It is no use to try and turn a hereditary billiard marker, for instance, into a keen and determined hunter of big game. But any one who has

shot with the Central India Horse will recognize the great influence possessed by their shikaries, sowars, and non-commissioned officers of a high class.

Never let any one give a single order to your shikaries except yourself. They must look up to you as their best friend, but they must also be afraid of you. Pay by results. If a man gets the same pay whether he produces sport or not, what can you expect ? If you find them wrong, through want of experience or by ill-fortune, make every allowance, say not a word. If you find them wrong through carelessness or neglect, say still less at the time : afterwards, in private, make your views quite clear and cut their rewards heavily. If a man fails you twice get rid of him.

In many hunts you will see an old shikari kept, often past his work but with the glamour of years of sport behind him. I am convinced such men are a mistake ; they certainly know the ground, but they are quite unable to get over it.

Your good shikari must be ubiquitous and tireless, always over the ground. He should have, like Cassius, "a lean and hungry look," and not be "sleek-headed such as sleeps o' night." If he is fat get rid of him at once : he must be unjust, rich, and lazy. A knowledge of tracking is essential.

Impress on your shikaries that their reports must be accurate, and that they must always, if anything, under-estimate the prospects of sport. Teach them what cover is rideable and what is not. If you cannot do this you must go out before each meet and ride through the covers yourself. You have no right to drag the members out many miles



J. K. Galt

THE LINE

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to put them in stuff big enough to hide an elephant, and then sigh over the inability of your shikaries to judge, and acquiesce blandly in the will of Providence.

Never tolerate blank days. One occasionally is unavoidable. A succession of them means bad work on the part of yourself and your shikaries. Your members are spending money, they expect sport. You must not take them out on reconnaissances in force, trekking wearily over miles of unreconnoitred country which may, or may not, hold pig. Your last reports before hunting should not be more than two or three days old.

Make your shikaries tell you what they have done, and what they propose to do. Make up your mind, give your orders, and have them carried out to the letter. Natives like to change their mind, and a shikari, mounted, and with the prospect of a possible rupee or two for first spear before his eyes, will think nothing of taking a tired line a couple of miles out of its way on the chance of an outlying pig. Never allow this.

Mount your men on camels or ponies, the former for choice. Men cannot run a line properly on foot, nor can they see as well as when mounted. Unless mounted it takes them a month to get from one place to another, and to bring in reports.

However good your shikaries, remember yours must be the brain power behind them. Shikaries who can plan out a whole campaign are very rare; they work by rule of thumb. It is for you to consider the influence of weather, crops, and want of water in each place. A patch of cover may be full of pig one week and not hold a single one the next; past records and your own pig-craft must tell you.

The secret of all successful shikar is to go to the right place at the right time.

I cannot quit this subject without a word of tribute to the shikaries of the Meerut Tent Club with whom I have had the good fortune to work. Old Lutchman, Napoleon of scoundrels, master of men, long pensioned, and now hunting in the lands of "le grand peut-être"; Purun, patient, silent, and wise; Baboo, an Indian D'Artagnan; Aherias all, they will ever hold a warm corner in my heart.

Pay much attention to your line, train it to be absolutely silent. More pig are lost by talk than this world wots of. Sahibs and syces are bad offenders.

Try for short, brisk days. A successful hunt should be like a good parade, quick, sharp, and to the point. If you start a line at 6 A.M. and go on till 2 midday, you cannot expect to get coolies. Many of them have, in addition to the beating, probably another hour's walk each way to their homes.

I have never found afternoon hunting of any value. Better is a longer morning, and then a good rest to horse and man. You yourself can usually fish or shoot.

Start your line punctually to a second of the advertised time. In one hunt I know they pride themselves on their unpunctuality. Within an hour or so is good enough. "We are out to enjoy ourselves, not for a soldier's parade." And they may get in at any time till night. People's ideas of enjoyment differ. I prefer to know my time, to save my horses every minute I can, and to arrange for my own movements in comfort.

Make the spears see that all bushes are thoroughly

beaten out. You cannot do this with a line going fast. Go slow and be thorough. After years of experience I believe that for every pig put up another is gone over and left by the line. An old boar sits very tight. Even when you have put half a dozen pig out of a patch, go on beating it, the cunning old gentleman is probably still there.

In grass jungles in the cold weather pig's nests thatched over with grass are often met. When you beat these the usual volcano of pig occurs. Sometimes an extra prod or two into the nest will unearth the old boar, who has refused to budge, and hoped to escape detection. It is sound when beating a nest not to stand in front of the mouth of it.

To persuade gentlemen to hide when beating out a cover will not be one of your easiest tasks.

Ladies are quite out of place at ordinary meets of a Tent Club.

Place your heats by lot by all means, but never consent to drawing for the formation of each heat. You must make them up yourself; it is not fair on the Tent Club, the pig, or yourself to do otherwise. How often has one not seen a heat of novices or bad performers lose pig after pig, or let them get away wounded? The first thing is to kill the hog, and after that to give every one, especially the weaker spears, as fair a show as possible. Work within these limits. For instance you might well put three good men on slow horses together, or a good man on a slow horse with novices or inferior men on better horses. But, I repeat, as a rule it is not fair to crowd all your good men together in order to make an easy show for the others.

And when all is said and done, why should not the good man, who has learnt the game and mounted

himself well reap the benefit ? I have not much sympathy with the novice. I hunted with singular unsuccess myself as a beginner ; more so even than now. A youngster does not expect to play in first-class polo tournaments within a few months of starting. The pig-sticking novice is apt to be less diffident.

Avoid weak performers in your own heat. Make it up always as hot as you can. Thus shall you avoid any breath of calumny.

INTERIOR ECONOMY

You must run your camp well, and make it comfortable. Insist on absolute cleanliness. The table service may be as cheap as you like, but should be changed for every meal, and spotlessly clean. Examine all the kitchen arrangements daily, and if anything is untidy make yourself really unpleasant. Pay much attention to your cooking. Have simple meals by all means : soup, joint, and puddings are enough for dinner, but each course should be really nourishing and good. The great heat and long days take it out of a man, and he requires well-cooked food. If you know nothing of cooking, learn. Any lady friend of yours who prides herself on her establishment, will teach you gladly. How often do you get a good joint with good gravy in a mess as compared with a private house ? Yet your cook can do it if he knows that you know, and that you are determined to have it. In the cold weather you have ample game at your disposal too.

I have never seen why because I hunt pig I should live like a pig.

The scale of your luxuries in tentage, fires, ice, beer, wine, and cooking must depend on the wishes of the members and the state of their pockets.

Alone, I often used to go out with a couple of blankets, and a saucepan, and do my own cooking. In company I think you want greater comfort. And the more of you there are the more comfort you want. It is not unpleasant in a big meet to sit over a fire with a good glass of port and talk over the day with some man of another heat. Half the joy of a Tent Club is the friendships you form with men in other services than your own.

A good roomy tent is of great value.

On the question of expense I can tell you little. This must depend so much on local circumstances. One naturally wants to reduce expenditure. In Meerut, where all the country is thirty miles or so away, and where meets last for three and a half days, you will be lucky if you can keep your expenses down to ten or twelve rupees a day. This includes messing, drink (a little), all hunting expenses, *batta* or extra pay to syces and servants, charges for your numerous first spears, and your own transport expenses.

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CHAPTER XIV

SPEARING VARIOUS ANIMALS

ALTHOUGH our legitimate quarry in this book is the boar, still many other animals are ridden and speared, and I propose to give you a few notes on those more commonly met. You will notice that I particularly avoid classifying some animals as rideable and others as not. I am convinced that there is no animal living, excepting elephant and rhino, with which, given fair riding country, a determined man with a good spear on a bold horse cannot compete successfully.

Having expressed this heroic statement, let me have my usual clear understanding with you, Reader. I have never met buffalo or tiger in riding country. I can tell you nothing about them ; and I am sure that should I so meet them, my attitude would be that of the Army of Lars Porsena in its historic encounter with that friend of our youth, Horatius Cocles.

There is no record, that I know, of either tiger or buffalo having been speared in recent years. This you must not ascribe entirely to the degeneracy of modern sportsmen. With the increased facilities for shooting, and the extension of cultivation, it is very rare for these animals to be found in country open enough to permit of riding.



J. H. Catton

THE BOAR BREAKS

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Buffalo, we know, were speared in the old days with the throwing spear. Baker, in his *Sport in Bengal*, in 1886 mentions that he heard of a man spearing two buffalo in one day, but his horse was killed and he had a narrow escape for his life. This looks as if he had been using the thrusting spear. There is no doubt that the encounter would lead to a very "pleasant bickering," as Sir Nigel says. A long and heavy spear would be needed.

Skinner, of Skinner's Horse, at the beginning of last century speared more than one tiger, I believe, by circling round him and throwing his spear. Outram speared a tiger, but I think I am correct in saying that he did it standing on foot on a rock as the tiger passed him. All the more honour to him. Nightingale, I believe, also speared a tiger, though I can find no record of it.

In all these instances, however, I cannot find any clearly authenticated record of a man having ridden and speared a tiger using the thrusting spear of the present day. It remains to be done. Simson mentions a tiger being put up, but "none were so stupid as to ride it."

In 1899 I hunted a certain country near Aligurh. A fortnight later several spears, when hunting the same country, put up a tiger in an open field, and watched him for half a mile before he disappeared into cover. It is so easy to talk, but I always like to think I would have had a try for him. I do not believe a tiger would be much harder to spear than a panther. I am sure he would squat in the same way; he would not be as active as a panther, and he would be a much better mark. You would have to ride wide, give a good spear, and be off. One really good spear in the chest would be enough.

If you only inflicted a flesh wound with a poor spear you would have to look for bad trouble. I make no doubt whatever that a bold pig-sticker would take you right up to a tiger. I have shot a considerable number and I fully realize their power, but I am convinced the thing can be done. The prize would be well worth the considerable risk.

If you pig-stick much you are certain to meet these pests, panther, sooner or later. Big game shot though I am I use the term advisedly, for there is no limit to the damage which these brutes do to pig; not to the big boar, but to the sows and squeakers, which is far worse. In order to exterminate them from a pig preserve there are no measures from which I would shrink, excepting poison, which I look on as fair for neither fish, flesh, nor fowl.

My experience with panther has not been as large as I could have wished. This is partly due to a certain contract I was unwise enough to make with my mother. I have, however, speared three. Of one, who to a certain extent defeated me, I have written elsewhere. The first I ever speared gave me no trouble at all. He ran along bounding as usual. The feature with all big cats is the way they seem to arch their backs when in a hurry, especially over rough ground, and carry their long tails straight perpendicular in the air. The chief thing I could see of my friend was his tail above the grass. I remember I was using my spear overhand that day. Down went the panther's tail, and I knew he had squatted. We were on him within a fraction of a second; my horse, Jansen, went well into him, and I got him exactly right and underneath me. The spear broke his back and he never moved again.

With number two I cannot recall doing any deed of valour. In fact, I think my part was that of the little dog who yaps on the fringe of a scrap. Why I cannot tell; either my horse or I were suffering from nerves, or else we got up to the hunt late. All I do remember is a group of Mackenzie (R.F.A.), Bourne (2nd Lancers), and some one else all standing above a very peevish panther who was clawing and biting at their horses' hind legs. All the horses, or most of them seemed to have lost their heads, and to be quite unable to move. Two horses died from that fight, and Mackenzie's New Zealand bore many marks of it to his grave.

He was a gallant horse, New Zealand, and wonderfully fast over a country. I bought him from Mackenzie. He eventually died from a heavy fall we took. But while he was in his prime, especially with Mackenzie up, there were few horses his equal. He was cast for a gummy leg (which never failed again) from H Battery. He had a marvellous shoulder, great chest and limbs, and the temper of the devil. It was temper and power got him through the thick country. On the flat I reckon a man on foot would have given him a race.

With panther even more than pig you must gallop. They always squat at the end, crouching for a spring, and one has to either disable them, or get away quick enough to avoid their jumping on the horse behind one as one passes. Mr. (now Major) Gillman, R.H.A., had some trouble in this way. He speared a panther and was holding him. Others came up and proceeded to spear. But Gillman was so insistent on their spearing through the same hole that his spear was in, lest the skin should be injured, that the time went on and no

further wound was inflicted. The panther got bored, broke away and sprang on Gillman's horse.

BEARS

I have never had a chance of sticking a bear. We had one in glorious hunting country this May, but a silly youngster got there six hours before us, beat for him, and fired at him at thirty yards, missing him handsomely.

I took Crispin within touch of a performing bear a few weeks ago. The bear stood up sparring. Crispin stood with ears cocked, great eyes staring, and every muscle beneath me taut, but he never moved.

If I am ever again quartered in Secunderabad I hope to spear many bear, revisiting all Nightingale's old haunts, which I know.

I wrote to my friend Mr. H. Branford, the well-known pig-sticker and tiger-shot of Mirzapur, about bear. I give you his interesting letter in full.

About 1903 I was out at the Barkatcha camp trying to find pig for Major Geddes of the 77th Battery, and here I feel I must pay a tribute to a good sportsman, as I sometimes wonder if without his help I should ever have been able to make people believe that our hill boar could be ridden and killed. No day was too long for him, and blank days he took as they came; no country was too rough, and though I was then only a youngster who knew very little of the ways of hill pig, still he always did what I asked cheerfully, and did not grouse when we failed.

Five of us were beating a rocky gorge, in which bear had never been heard of, for pig, and as there were two lines a pig might take I sent a heat of three to the East with instructions not to join us but wait for a second pig, and Geddes and I took the nullah. Early in the beat,

which was a very long one, a shikari came running up with a gun saying, "A bear is coming, shoot it." Of course Geddes and I decided to ride it, and sent off word to the others to join us when we went away.

It is customary here often to follow a pig for a mile or two, or drive him for a mile or two before the word "ride" is given, as he has to be humoured into a bit of country where he can be killed.

Geddes was mounted on a flea-bitten grey called Speckles, a good and staunch pig-sticker of many seasons, and I on a young one in his first season; he looked a good 'un, but he had no heart, and refused pig after once being cut. The bear shuffled past us unpleasantly close (we were dismounted), but took no notice, and we started after him at a trot. The line was a good one, the first mile a nullah running through black cotton soil.

I told Geddes that the next mile was like a billiard-table, and that I did not intend to give "ride" until the bear was in the middle of this, as it was obvious we could do what we liked with him in regard to pace. Geddes laughed and replied, "All right, but we toss for the skin, as the man who says 'ride' gets the spear." I agreed and afterwards we felt rather fools in being so sure of "Bhaloo's" skin. On the word "ride," Speckles flashed past me and passed the bear, but not within ten spears' length, and he went two hundred yards before Geddes stopped him. I felt "this is all right," and took it slowly, but my pony was having nothing to say to it either. Slowly the bear made his way to the hill. We getting madder and madder, the horses worse and worse, and the bear got angry too and made a good deal of noise. He went into the hill which was very small, and I knew he would go on to the next across a rocky ridge. I told Geddes, and we rode round and I pointed out the bear's line. Geddes scrambled up on the ridge saying, "This is A1, no horse can bolt from here." So there we waited, I praying hard that Geddes looked better eating than I. My prayers were answered, and the bear chose Geddes, who just managed to hold Speckles long enough to allow

the bear to reach his hocks when he speared the bear overhand in the face, and then away went Speckles down the rocky slope, and I after him. We then collected the beaters and other heat, and drove the bear out again; he got a long start and took a very bad line, but we hurried him for two miles though none of the five horses were for it. Robinson, R.F.A., however, got in one good spear by a clever ruse. The bear was travelling along a track with high bushes on both sides, so that often the horses could not see the bear; taking advantage of this Robinson jumped over a bush where he hoped the bear was, guessed right, and got in a spear. We then lost all trace for the day. That night at the Headquarters Mess any one who had had a horse guaranteed staunch to bear could have had his own price for it. A dozen or more bloodthirsty men turned out next day on all sorts of horses. Two owners were very confident, Geddes on a very big T.B. English pony mare, and Roach, R.A.M.C. (a very keen man), on a very high-caste Arab which was the general favourite. The shikaries reported the bear as marked down, and we found him at once, but he was very stuffy, and though most of us had some sort of chances at him during the day no one had a good chance but Roach, who nearly wept because his Arab funked it. About midday a beater got a nasty punctured wound on the temple from a blow from the bear's paw. We then stopped beating and decided to try and finish the job on foot. I was chosen as tracker, and so had to lead the way; and it is the only time in my life that I have felt pleased at being unable to follow a blood trail as it was mostly crawling under bushes or rock, and though I knew every man behind me was all for it, still it seemed to me the best place was behind. Neither, sad to relate, could I make anything of the tracking and it got dark. Next day the gunners all had to work, and my men could not find the bear as he was dead and was found many days afterwards quite rotten. The mauled beater spent ten days under Roach's care, and had a splendid time.

The conclusion I drew from this hunt was that the chances of getting a horse staunch to bear were almost

nil once the bear had been roused and was angry and noisy ; but most of them were only a little afraid at first, and it was the quaint waving hair that frightened them first. I saw that a horse was very much faster than a bear even on very rocky and broken country, also that a bear is a very clumsy beast, and could be killed on foot if two or three spears could dismount together in the open. This is what Geddes and I ought to have done on the first day and during the first run, and what we probably should have done had the other heat joined us ; after that one chance we were always separated in ones and twos in thick, bushy and rocky country. The other heat told us that they understood that the shikari said, "A very large pig is coming," and that is all ; which shows how important a knowledge of the language and ways of the people of India is to the would-be hunter of bears or anything else.

My second attempt at bear happened about March 1903 thus : I was out shooting with two friends who had not shot bear, and who were very keen to do so when news came in of a bear lying out on an old bund miles from any hills or ravines. The country was cultivated and cut up with little irrigation channels and very blind. So far as my position as host allowed I tried to persuade my guests to ride the bear, but they decided to use guns, so I mounted an old caster from the 77th Battery and hoped that they would both miss. The mare was old and very bold, and, so far as I knew, afraid of nothing but slow and clumsy. One of my friends walked up to the bear asleep in a thick bush and missed him like a man ; the bear then scuffled past the other who did likewise from the cover of a poplar tree. The old fellow then came to me ; I nursed him very carefully, till nicely in the middle of a field and then clapped in my spurs, and before bear or mare knew what was happening I got home a good spear. The bear roared, and the way that the old mare reared up and then bolted was extraordinary, I did not know she could. Well then I had a rare old time ; the country was thick with natives harvesting, and the bear was out for blood, but not very active. The mare would not go near him, and all I could

do was to ride her in between the man or woman who was being chased, and draw him after me, and this I did ever so many times. The old mare would canter with the bear just out of reach, but when I tried to stop her and spear overhand the bear always roared just before he seized, and off the old mare would go again. I am not a very strong horseman, a bigger and stronger man might have held her. This went on, it seemed to me, for ages, and once we passed down the main street of a hill village. In the end a gun was brought up, and I had to shoot the bear who by then was very slow and groggy, but I cannot claim to have speared him. He was a big male bear in fair coat, but nothing like the first one. In this case I feel sure that a better horse would have enabled me to give a fatal spear. As it is I don't understand why I did not. I speared exactly where I meant to, and the spear went well home it seemed to me. I sometimes think the old mare really stopped before I got there, and perhaps the spear did not go in as far as I thought; also I know bears are very hard to kill. Anyhow the result at first was nothing but noise, and the bear did not seem to me to be any the worse for it until shortly before the gun came, and by then he was decidedly sick. This bear looked awfully funny scrambling along behind me with great curved forearms ready to grab the mare.

My third effort was in about April 1909. Four or five of us were out after pig, and whilst beating a rocky gorge word came up, "A bear is coming." I could hardly believe it as the gorge is the home of bears, and full of caves and holes; however the shikaries had seen the bear and put stops over the holes, and she came out.

I had out that day my old Arab, Rustom, who was even then a little shy of pig, though still the best I had ever seen, a little cobby grey waler mare about 18.3, another pony, a wild silly little fool, very staunch to pig, but I did not fancy her straight shoulders over rocks, and a beautiful little country-bred pony about 18.3 called Colonel. This pony was bought by my brother in the Himalayas from a missionary, chiefly, I think, out of pity, as he had

nursed the pony back to health after he had carried a heavy parson about forty miles a day till he gave in. Where Colonel came from before that I do not know, except that rumour said he had been raced and I know he had by his ways. I was only keeping Colonel whilst my brother was away in Burmah, and only took him out as a hack for the good of his health as he pulled like sin though he was as safe as a church.

I girthed up these last two ponies and decided to make up my mind which to ride at the last moment. When the bear appeared the mare took no notice at all; all the others looked frightened except Colonel who seemed very interested only, so that decided it and I mounted him. The bear took the rocky nullah for half a mile or so, when it opened out into bushy and difficult country.

I waited till the bear was in the middle of the best bit of country, and then dropped in the nullah. Out she went, and I after her, certain that I was at last on a horse that knew no fear. The gallant little beast went straight as a die though the bear turned and waited, and I speared through the shoulder, and as I passed I marvelled at the slight resistance to the spear. I turned the Colonel with great difficulty and brought him back, but now things were altered. The bear was making an awful row, and the pony was mad with excitement, and a terrible handful. The bear had just crossed a deep but narrow nullah, and as I cleared this I realized how it was she had survived my spear. She was carrying a good-sized cub on her back which I had not noticed, and I had speared too high. Up went the pony again, and just as I thought I had done it, the little beast swerved in and jumped at the bear like a cat entirely upsetting my aim. I speared far too much over, though through again; this time it was harder still to pull up and turn, and by the time I did so the bear was back in the nullah, where I could not get at her so well. However I got in a crossing spear through the loins and on turning found her nearing the gorge with W. T. M. Wright on her heels in the rocks. Bear going about three miles an hour and his cur of a pony (who had heart for nothing not even

pig or polo) about 2 spears lengths behind, Wright spurring and driving with all his might over the most awful rocks.

My shikari, Issery Singh, seeing the bear coming, grabbed a spear from a syce, and shouting to the syces to follow got to the edge of the gorge, backed up by Colonel's syce alone (a Pahari), armed with a stick only. I knew Issery Singh would meet her and I knew she must knock him over the cliff if he did, and was very relieved when he obeyed my shouted order to let her pass. I thought she would die every minute, but she got into a cave and I had to leave her. Wright sat on the cave that evening and a fine leopard came out early which he shot.

Next morning my shikaries reported that the bear had not stopped in the cave but gone right through and left no blood trail, and that I could not have speared as well as I thought. But the day after the cub was found near the cave very hungry and a smell attracted the men to a bush a few yards from the cave where they found the poor old bear dead, and there she no doubt was dead all the time we were trying to get her out of the cave.

This bear I can claim to have fairly killed with the spear but I did not bag it, and have nothing but the claws as a trophy.

These are the only three times I have speared bears or seen them speared, but when alone I have had several other attempts without any luck, though I have found and hunted them; but always the country was either too bad to ride at all or the bear got too much start or he refused to leave his cover. From what I have seen I am quite sure that given a staunch horse and a bear on even very bad country he is an easy quarry to hunt and kill with the spear; but evidently horses staunch to bear are so rare as to be practically unobtainable, and so this, as a sport, is hardly worth bothering about. But I think great sport might be had by three keen men on clever hull ponies armed with short strong spears with a stop on the shaft about 2 feet from the point, if the men dismounted and tackled the bear on foot as soon as they had got him angry. The only trouble is to find the bear when you want him and your best chance

to do this is in May, the very best month in the year for pig-sticking in these parts. At this time it is hard to get men keen enough to spend ten days in the great heat for the chance of spearing a bear, when they know they are missing good pig-sticking; and what can man want better than that?

BLACK-BUCK

To spear a full-grown, fit, unwounded black-buck is an exceedingly rare feat. I look on it as the highest test to which a horse can be put. I have never even tried it. I give you an account by Mr. Clibborn of my battery who speared one.

In October 1909 Watson, R.F.A., and I went for a ten days' trip to Mukdumpur in the Ganges Kadir. We took horses and spears hoping, if possible, to get a ride after a wounded buck.

One morning we saw a nice buck some three or four hundred yards away; Watson was to have the shot and I remained behind to ride him down if necessary. He failed to get near him, and eventually as the animal trotted off he took a long shot. I at once, as arranged, gave chase, but soon realized that the buck was not wounded. I would have pulled up only that I hoped Watson would join me later with a fresh horse and by this means we might secure the buck. At first I gained on him and got to within fifty yards or so; however, just as I began to fancy I would get him, he simply streaked away until one hundred or more yards clear. After this, by taking various short cuts, I got fairly close; then the buck, now apparently really frightened, made every endeavour to throw me off; he dodged round trees and scrub, he galloped to the bank of the *bourrh gunga*, dropped to the water's edge and then came up again the same side. The mare I was riding was extraordinarily game. She simply followed that buck like a dog after a hare. Eventually, after a hunt lasting at least thirty minutes, I managed to give him a light spear far back. From that

moment I knew that he was spent, and a few minutes afterwards I ran into him in the river-bed.

Both Watson and I examined him most carefully for any signs of a bullet wound, but both then and when skinning him later found no signs of anything except the spear wounds. I think there is no doubt that he was unwounded and healthy.

The country was all in favour of a horse as against a black-buck—grass about 3 feet 6 inches high and fairly thick, good hard-going. The buck was by no means gorged, but was in very good fat condition. His horns measured $19\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The mare was distinctly distressed for some hours afterwards, but she ate her feed at night and was quite all right next day. She unfortunately died some two years afterwards of tetanus.

I never want to spear another buck ; I can remember its pathetic eyes to-day.

HYÆNA

Hyæna are often met with on the line, and still more often heard at night, though I do not think many people know their call. I have heard every sort of noise from a screech-owl to a bull-frog ascribed to them. They are generally ridden when put up, and as a rule give a good run. They are the most jinking brutes in creation and the hardest to spear. As they run and as they jink they sway from side to side like a sheaf driven in the wind. Their long upright mane enhances the effect and causes one often to over-estimate the size of their bodies and miss them. In spite of their powerful jaws they are wretched fighters. I have had a spear-shaft nearly bitten through by one, but that was only when the poor beast was *in extremis*. I saw one speared this year who, when he was collared, abandoned flight, and went straight for his hunters, biting hard right and left. I have never seen another case of this.



“‘CRISPIN’ FLEW THE BULL”

Lionel Edwards

NILGHAI

I would not ask you to make a habit of riding nilghai, but to spear one or two of these fine beasts will give you a useful experience in handling large animals, a confidence in yourself, and a true line as to the pace and stamina of your horse. Apart from this, they are fine-looking beasts and they do no harm. "Live, and let live."

You must either run into your bull at once, or be prepared for a hunt of five or six miles. Their wind is tremendous and their pace most deceptive. Looking at a big bull lumbering along, few would think that he was capable of extending a fast horse.

I will give you a short account of two runs after nilghai to exemplify what I have said.

The first bull got up about thirty yards from me, in front of the line which was beating a cover of light jhow and long grass. He had evidently been asleep and was slow in getting away. Crispin and I had reduced the distance to half before he knew what he was doing, and we caught him within a hundred yards. Both nilghai and Crispin were then travelling about as fast as anything I have known. When we closed, the bull turned sharp in to his left across me. Crispin flew the bull and staggered badly, but did not come down. I suppose his hind legs must have hit the bull. My spear went clean through the nilghai behind the wither and of course broke; the momentum must have been great. The nilghai was knocked over by the spear and Crispin's legs, and never moved again. He was miles away from anywhere, and we had to cut him up as he lay. He was the biggest bull I have ever seen.

Two years ago in the Kadir Cup country we had a herd of nilghai about us all day. They were cantering all over the place, and, having got their second wind, were in fine galloping condition. Towards the end of the morning, which had turned out dull, I got on Morning Star, who is a very fast thoroughbred, and, picking out the biggest bull, gave chase. He was all on the *qui-vive*, and was a hundred and fifty yards away when I started. He took me some five miles before I speared. I ought to have speared him considerably sooner, but Morning Star was just off a race-course and not as handy then as I could have wished, and I lost ground at every jink. I speared the bull twice, but never got a good spear. Finally I lost him in a patch thick enough to hold an elephant. It was a hot May day. There had been a fire; parts of the ground were like iron, and we were nearly choked with the fine ashes. Morning Star was very done. I had to off-saddle him and walk, saddle on head, three-quarters of a mile to the river, where I poured water on him. The horse was lame for months after, and had enlarged fetlocks for life. So much for the nilghai as a beast of the chase.

PARAH

Parah, or hog-deer, are very common in the Meerut Kadir, and are fairly often met in all the Northern Indian countries. They give a longer run than a pig, but, like all the deer tribe, put up no fight. They often yell badly when speared, and I find this so unpleasant that I have long ago given up hunting them. I have not speared more than half a dozen parah in all.

By curious fortune I have been in at the death of the two record heads for India, though I speared neither myself. The first fell to Captain Winwood, 5th Dragoon Guards. As far as I can remember, he gave a stupid jinking run over easy country.

The other and the bigger head fell to Mr. Pollok, 15th Hussars. We were hunting a grass country when this fine stag got up. He ran a quarter of a mile and then went head first into a water buffalo. He fell back half stunned, and was speared by Pollok at once. I was dismounted, changing a saddle, and only got up at the end.

WOLF

I have never had a chance of riding a wolf. I remember Messrs. Bryant, R.H.A., Barry and Pollok, 15th Hussars, and Captain Greathed, R.H.A., riding and spearing one in our southern country. Light *bourrh* land with grass jungles. Bryant got the spear; I believe he and Greathed on the faster horses did the work : both were very well mounted. Bryant was riding a charming horse, Mark II., whom he sold later at a longish price. They hustled the wolf at once from a flying start and got him jinking within two miles, when his fate was soon sealed. I examined him carefully. A full-grown dog-wolf, not gorged, in good condition, and with no signs of mange or sickness on him.

This is a rare feat and only possible for really good horses under favourable conditions. By this I mean a good start and galloping ground; I do not mean a sick or gorged wolf. As far as I know, the heat were entitled to all credit; their wolf, as I have said, was in the pink of condition.

CHITAL

There is a strict law against riding chital in India. It has been found that after a severe run these beautiful stags always die from a broken heart. On one of the two hunting trips I made near the Terai I was on the edge of a very good chital jungle. On off-days I stalked chital and I missed three good stags with the most disgraceful shooting you can imagine. I got disgusted with this, and laid myself out to ride one, for I then knew neither the law against riding chital nor its reason. I daily watched a certain patch of jungle about six hundred yards from the main forest. One day I heard it harboured a good stag. I beat the stag out and rode him over a line of beautiful turf. I was riding New Zealand, and he was not quite fast enough. I rode the stag into the thick jungle just out of reach of my spear; in another fifty yards I would have killed him. He ran straight and never jinked. His spotted skin and fine spreading horns, just out of my reach, looked splendid. I was much vexed.

SWAMP DEER

I have never seen swamp deer in riding country. One was speared a few years ago in the Fyzabad Tent Club. Shooting them from an elephant you feel you are firing at a huge cobweb of horns.

CHAPTER XV

INCIDENTS AND REMEDIES

IN pig-sticking, as in hunting, a certain amount of grief is to be expected. I know of nothing so amusing as a real crumpling fall to another, nor of anything so good for a man's own nerve as a similar fall to himself without damage—a regular galloping fall for choice, horse and man, six legs in the air, and then a puff of dust rising from where they have hit the ground as if a shell had burst. It is the slow falls that cause the grief, not the galloping ones.

If a man is to keep young and active he must fall. And I suggest, with all due deference to the authorities, that there should be an entry in each senior officer's report as to how many falls he has taken in the past twelve months.

Not that in pig-sticking I regard falls as a sign of either bravery or horsemanship. Some of the best men I know seldom fall, and I can only ascribe this to their good hands and leaving their horses alone. There is undoubtedly an art in falling. One friend of mine never hurts himself. He stands 6 feet 4 inches, and only hits the ground in sections at a time. I find I get damaged more often than I used to. I always fall on my left shoulder and tuck my head in, leave go of the reins and roll. To

tuck your head in is essential if you do not want to break your neck. Some people always hurt themselves, while others generally avoid injury. Mr. Garrard in the 5th Dragoon Guards had spent some leave in a riding stable, and it was most instructive to see him jumping chairs or a sofa in the billiard-room, landing on his shoulder on the hard floor without using either hands or arms to save himself.

In England it seems to me that people send for professional aid on the first symptom of anything wrong with their horses or themselves. In India, out after pig, there is often neither veterinary surgeon nor doctor within many miles. A man has to fend for himself. I therefore give you some notes on the more common mishaps that may occur, with a few of my own experiences.

I have had a certain amount of practice myself, having been "laid out" one way or another twelve times. This includes, however, being twice mauled (panther only). It is by no means a heavy average for fifteen years, and it compares favourably with that of many men. A friend of mine, for instance, has had two bullets through him, has twice been hit by poisoned arrows, has been well mauled by a tiger, and in a single season's hunting at home has had ninety falls. He claims, however, that he is now a wiser, if not a better, horseman.

I have no intention of writing a scientific treatise. I assume that you know your *Hayes' Veterinary Notes* by heart, and that you have some slight knowledge of the amateur treatment of simple human ailments. Such technical advice as I do give is not my own, but is due to my old friends Captain D. Macdonald, A.V.C., and Captain G.



J K Gatacre

A JINK



J K Gatacre

A CHARGE

Petit, R.A.M.C., and I offer them your thanks and my own.

I will deal with the nobler animal first.

HORSES

Wounds, sprains, fever, and occasionally colic, are the chief ailments for which you will have to treat your horses when out pig-sticking.

I must have treated a very large number of wounds myself, but I cannot describe any one case that would give you any particular information. If you hunt much, you must expect pig-cuts of every sort, from a mere snick to a gash that may have ripped a horse's abdomen half open. In a bad case never move your horse; camp alongside of him, and wait there, doing whatever you can until professional aid can come.

I used to be very keen on strong carbolic and iodoform for man and beast, but would never dream of using them now. I much prefer perchloride of mercury and iodine. I treated a pet dog of a lady friend of mine with strong carbolic: it died out of hand.

The recoveries that are made are marvellous. I have only once seen a horse bleed to death. This was a horse of Colonel Lang's, 5th Cavalry, who had the big artery inside the thigh severely cut by a spear when after a hyæna. If you have learnt to stop bleeding quickly you have mastered a valuable accomplishment. I have very seldom seen a horse die from his wounds, except with panther. I remember we had three horses mauled by one panther; of these Mackenzie's alone recovered.

He was dressed with carbolic ; the others, no worse, were not.

Spear wounds are very different, and I have seen many fatal accidents from them. The most extraordinary recovery I have ever seen was that of a horse, Hunt Cup, belonging to Mr. Yorke, R.H.A. Yorke speared a pig. What happened has never been found out, but it is quite certain that the shaft broke on a crossing pig ; the spear point entered Hunt Cup at the base of the neck on the off side, went through his body, and just failed to come out behind the saddle on the near side. A lump could be felt where the point was ; the broken shaft protruded at the neck. Yorke first, and afterwards Macdonald, attended to this horse, and got the spear out. The horse always fed well, never looked like dying, and two months later was in perfect health.

Stubs in the sole of the foot are fairly common, and a great nuisance. I have known one or two horses killed by them. The Arhar and the Dal crops grow with stems nearly an inch in diameter. The villagers cut these stems with one strong sloping cut a few inches from the ground. The same thing on a larger scale happens with jhow, too ; the stakes dry in the sun, they are quite sharp, and are soon as hard as iron. In country where there is much of this (Muttra has a great deal), one rides with leather soles, but I do not think they are much good. They keep out nothing and spoil a horse's frog ; they may be of use to show when a small stake has gone in ; there is no mistaking a big one. I have thought of steel shoes, and I believe they have been tried at Agra. I remember a horse of Captain (now Colonel) Pitman, 11th Hussars, got badly staked. The stub went in under-

neath, and came out in the coronet. We found it hard to withdraw, so Pitman told his syce to clean the foot well while he was busy elsewhere. We then got the pincers to withdraw the stub, but the syce had cut it off level with the coronet. There was nothing sticking out ; the foot looked admirable.

Horses in Northern India are liable to unsightly spots all over them after a few days' hunting. "Kadir spots" they are called. They are due to nothing but bad grooming. If you examine a spot carefully, you will find a tiny tick in it.

Fever and colic are always anxieties ; the latter may generally be ascribed to bad horsemastership. Fever is, in my experience, usually due to chill, or overwork in the sun with probably unfit animals.

Mr. Kiddle, Australian Field Artillery, brought over last season two very nice horses which he had bred himself in New South Wales. But he did not realize the power of the Indian sun. He hunted them hard within a couple of months of landing, and they both nearly died of biliary fever.

An accursed thing this biliary fever is ; I have lost one brilliant and one very good horse by it. However, its treatment hardly comes within the scope of jungle remedies.

Captain Macdonald is so clear as to sprains that in this subject, as in all else, he has left me little to say.

I am a great advocate for never despairing as to fetlocks. No matter how bad they look, work and massage generally bring them right. I had a horse, At Last, that I bought as a youngster in Bombay on dear old Charlie Gough's recommendation. I have seen few better. He was at first

troublesome in the near fore-fetlock, and I was told that I had better shoot him, he must have sesamoiditis. By good luck I met my old friend Captain Mellard, A.V.C., in Delhi. He knew the horse well, and after a careful examination ordered me to work him hard. I did so and tried to break him down. He was never lame again, and few horses' legs have stood my work and weight like his. I sold him for 2000 rupees, and he has just died in his prime of an unfortunate accident. I do not believe much (I speak as a fool) in blistering or firing; I am sure massage and steady work are better. They have paid me well with several horses of my own and of "R."

I kept one valuable horse, that I got cheap, for eighteen months curing one leg, which he had hurt hunting with the Peshawar Vale. We cured the bad knee, but he had stood so long on the other leg that his fetlock went to pieces, and I had to shoot him.

As regards destroying a horse, one ought never to go pig-sticking without a firearm. Staff-Sergeant Farrier Bradford, R.F.A., who had been Lord Robert's farrier at Candahar, taught me, when I was a youngster in the 49th Battery, R.F.A., his way of shooting a horse. I have always followed, his teaching and have never known a failure. You rest the muzzle of your weapon in the hollow above the eye and aim for the base of the opposite ear. You can meanwhile fondle the muzzle of the horse with the other hand. There is little blood, and the horse generally stands for half a second and then falls forward dead. The system is mechanical, even the unsteadyest amateur can scarcely miss.

When I was in the 49th, H and E were the other subalterns. H went off after tiger for three months,

leaving E in charge of his animals. Among them was an old pony that H loved dearly. She was to be cherished and, if her present ailment should prove incurable, she was to be shot with all refinements known to humanity. The poor old lady could not be cured, and E determined to shoot her himself, so anxious was he to carry out H's behest. He sallied to the task with a 12-bore and No. 4 shot cartridges. The mare moved, and E made a mess of her. The poor beast fled at a high rate of speed, pursued by E, who had lost his head, firing volleys of No. 4 at her as she passed.

H, if he reads this book, will hear of this episode for the first time now.

Now I quote the expert, Captain Macdonald :

Wounds Generally.—The main object should be to keep wounds as clean as possible and covered from flies and other insects.

Thin muslin tied lightly above and below the wound is the best material to use. Wounds should not be bandaged except in exceptional cases when the tissues are badly lacerated and require support.

The best and handiest application for an ordinary wound in the jungle is tincture of iodine. Hair should be clipped round the wound for a couple of inches and the iodine painted round that area and on the wound itself.

The wound should not be washed, and the iodine can be applied daily for a few days. This ought to be sufficient treatment for all ordinary wounds.

It is, however, sometimes difficult to treat large lacerated wounds with iodine ; the next best dressing to be applied is perchloride of mercury, 1 in 1000.

It is convenient to have a bottle of perchloride pellets, one of which in a pint of water makes a solution of 1 in 1000. The wound should be washed thoroughly clean with this, and a pad of cotton-wool soaked in the same solution applied to the wound and lightly bandaged. In a few days

the perchloride pad can be replaced by a pad of boracic cotton-wool.

Spear Wounds.—These are awkward things to deal with. When the bleeding is controlled, cold water irrigation is a first-rate thing, and in the jungle a chattie and string can always be rigged up. Put a little permanganate of potash in the water. An enamelled douche with long rubber tubing is still better. After two hours' irrigation, syringe out with perchloride solution and apply perchloride pad.

Pig-cut Wounds.—Such wounds should be treated in the same way, except when iodine can be used conveniently.

Both spear wounds and pig-cuts are liable to be followed by tetanus, especially in the case of deep punctures ; under which circumstance the horse ought to have a dose of antitetanic serum injected as soon as possible.

Stake and Thorn Wounds of the Foot.—In these every precaution should be taken that the stake or thorn is entirely removed and no piece allowed to remain in the wound. Subsequent treatment is simple. Iodine, carbolic 1 in 20, perchloride 1 in 500, is usually sufficient unless a joint is injured. Cover the wound with boracic cotton-wool, kept in position by a piece of wood, or thin hoop iron, under the shoe from side to side.

Fever.—Keep in the shade and feed on bran.

If 102° or over, give magnesium sulphate (Epsom-salt) 8 ounces, and water 1 quart. Dissolve the salt in warm water and allow to cool. Follow with : liquor ammonia acetatis, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce ; spirits ammonia aromaticus, 1 ounce ; water 1 pint, every four hours until the fever subsides, or until the case is seen professionally.

Colic.—Give at once powdered chloral hydrate, 1 ounce, in water, 1 pint. Follow by 1 pint of linseed oil and 1½ ounces of turpentine. Let the animal have a good bed of grass and let him lie down. He may be walked about occasionally, but on no account must he be trotted nor kept on his legs for a long period under compulsion.

If the pain shows no sign of abating in about two hours, give another draught of chloral hydrate. Strong friction to the abdomen with whisks of grass often gives relief and

should always be tried. Also enemas of soap and warm water, about half a bucket.

Chloral hydrate can be given in a ball most conveniently, but the administration wants more or less of an expert, as, if the ball bursts in the mouth, it gives rise to great irritation of mucous membrane. The ordinary pig-sticker is not an expert, and should only attempt balling after a good deal of practice. The same remarks apply to carbonate of ammonia balls.

In cases of exhaustion carbonate of ammonia is the most useful drug given in a draught: Carbonate of ammonia, 1 ounce; water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints.

Bleeding.—Cold water and pressure is, as a rule, all that is necessary; or a pressure pad of cotton-wool alone saturated with friar's balsam.

In case of a large vessel, vein, or artery:

If a vein: Bandage tightly on the side farthest away from the heart and plug the wound with antiseptic cotton-wool, or wool soaked in friar's balsam.

If an artery: Bandage tightly above the wound, that is to say, between the wound and the heart. A bandage or handkerchief tied lightly round the limb (in most cases the wound is in one of the legs), and a small piece of stick inserted between the skin and the bandage and twisted up tight makes a good improvised tourniquet. Very often more harm than good is done by amateurs searching for blood-vessels to ligature. Much better in all cases to plug the wound and bandage tightly, leaving the bandage intact for at least twelve hours, or until the animal can be attended to professionally.

Stitching.—As a general rule wounds should be left unstitched. They can be kept cleaner, and generally heal up without leaving much of a mark.

Gaping wounds, however, and wounds having the skin hanging loose, must be stitched. In these cases the stitches must be sufficiently close and deep to ensure their not being dragged out, and ought not to be kept in more than twenty-four hours if there is much swelling or dragging at the edge of the wound.

Sprains, Tendons, and Ligaments.—Symptoms: heat, pain, and swelling, singly or in combination. Either put on a pressure bandage, which requires careful adjustment, or bathe the leg well with hot water for about half an hour, then wring a bandage out of hot water and apply it to the sprain fairly tightly, putting a dry bandage over it.

A pressure bandage is simply the following: A thick long pad of cotton-wool is carefully moulded to the leg over the seat of sprain, special care being taken that it is of uniform thickness throughout; then an ordinary bandage is put on tightly over this, leaving the upper and lower ends of the cotton-wool sticking out a couple of inches above and below. This may sound simple, but it requires some considerable care and expert manipulation to adjust a "pressure bandage" effectively. I would recommend pig-stickers to practice putting on "pressure bandages" in their stables, as it often comes in useful when hot water is not available.

Never be sure you are dealing with a sprain until the foot has been thoroughly searched for a stake or shoeing prick. Heat in the leg may be the result of injury to the foot.

Girth and Saddle Galls.—Cold water and "white lotion," viz. sulphate of zinc and acetate of lead equal quantities, 1 ounce, and water $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints.

Three or four high-heeled shoes might be taken into camp. They would be useful for walking horses into camp or station with badly sprained or cut tendon.

Drenching Horses.—Stand on the off-side, grasp the lower jaw firmly with fingers and thumb of the left hand in the interdental space and raise the head well up. Introduce the drenching bottle into the angle of the mouth with the other hand and administer the drench in fairly large mouthfuls.

The above method sometimes fails with fractious animals, and the best way is to place the loop of a long-handled twitch in the interdental space of the upper jaw behind the incisors and tushes (if there are any). Raise the head well up and drench as before; or make a loop at the end of a medium-sized long rope, place loop in the

mouth as above and throw the other end over the branch of a tree, which acts as a pulley to raise the head.

Never hold the tongue when drenching, but if the animal does not swallow readily the tongue may be drawn out and allowed to slip back quickly, which often induces him to swallow.

A long-handled twitch should always be somewhere handy in camp.

Destroying Horses.—A revolver is the most humane method, and a service-revolver with ammunition should be in every pig-sticking outfit and be carried on the line.

Destroying with the Knife.—A straight and true thrust with a sharp knife into the joint between the first and second bones of the neck from above downwards kills instantaneously by severing the spinal cord, but this requires some practice, and if bungled makes a nasty job. Exact position is about three fingers' breadth behind the top of the poll, and the head should be well flexed into the chest.

Horses can be destroyed with the spear in the same manner.

I recommend neither the spear nor the knife if a revolver is anywhere handy.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A PIG-STICKING VETERINARY CHEST

Medicines.

Carbonate of ammonia.	Tincture of iodine.
Acetate of ammonia.	Perchloride of mercury tab-
Spiritus ammonia aromaticus.	loids.
Chloral hydrate.	Friar's balsam.
Sulphate of zinc.	Permanganate of potash.
Acetate of lead.	Epsom salts.
Linseed oil.	

Instruments and Appliances.

Suture needles.	Sharp "searcher."
Scissors.	2-ounce glass measure.
Metal probe.	Drenching bottle (leather-
Artery forceps.	covered).
Enamelled douche with about	Thermometer.
6 feet of rubber-tubing.	Enema syringe.
Metal syringe.	Camel's-hair brush for iodine.

Calico Bandages, 3 yards long and 3 inches wide.	Thin muslin <i>ad lib.</i>
Tape.	Boracic cotton-wool.
Silk suture thread and cat- gut.	Pound packets of ordinary cotton-wool.
	Medicated tow.

It is much better to have a really sufficient supply of useful drugs and appliances than a superfluity of things seldom or never used, and I consider the above ought to meet most emergencies out pig-sticking.

HUMAN

With human beings the chief ailments you must expect to meet are wounds, broken bones, fever, cholera, plague, and snake-bite.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. When H and I were out after tiger, he was our doctor by mutual consent. In one village they brought him a baby with an enlarged stomach, such as nearly all native children have. Perhaps it was excessive. Anyway, H pronounced it to be suffering from enlarged spleen, and gave it a fearsome dose: we were very young. The child died.

I am keen on surgery. Unluckily, so are some of my friends. One especially looks with longing eyes on every case to exercise a gift which he regards as sent from Heaven. Fitted as he is with all implements and chloroform I am ever in terror lest, in some temporary absence of mind after a fall, I may wake to find myself *sans* tongue or limb from his kindly ministrations. Still, gifted or not, if a serious accident happens and there is no doctor out, you must do something. Therefore the more you know the better.



Lionel Edwards

"THE PANTHER MADE A TREMENDOUS BOUND"

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Wounds are probably due to some animal. I am sure, as with horses, the treatment is perchloride and iodine, not carbolic. I have been dressed with pure carbolic on three separate occasions and have never thought it did me good. I have had considerable experience of tiger or panther wounds, and have treated half a dozen men myself.

Once when I was mauled we were after pig, and put up a big panther who jinked back sharp from us to G who was coming up late. His horse would not face the panther, nor would he make room for me, and when I did get in we were all at a halt. I speared the panther in the shoulder, but he was too heavy to hold off. He sprang up and sprawled on the pommel of my saddle and Crispin's wither, but I drove him down with the spear still in him. He again sprang up, and this time bit Crispin through the windpipe. I was still doing my utmost to hold the panther off, and keeping the spear well in him forced him down again. He again sprang up, and this time wrenched the spear away, biting my hand first and then seizing me by the thigh and pulling me off. So far I was getting the worst of the argument, but Captain Talbot of the 17th Lancers made a not unwelcome appearance and came to my rescue. The panther made a tremendous bound, and, although Talbot was riding a big horse, seemed to come down in a curve on him. I clearly remember that Talbot looked as if he were spearing up at the panther in the air. Talbot missed; the panther took the whole of his hand in his mouth and dragged him off too. Others, however, came up, and the panther got away, and to my great sorrow was never retrieved. People were busy looking after us. Talbot had a nasty hand, and I owe him a debt of

gratitude. Captain Luxmoore, R.A.M.C. (now with the 2nd Life Guards), was out that day, and he took us in hand at once. I owe my life to his skill and care, and was able, practically healed, to ride in the Kadir Cup two months later.

Crispin obeyed hand and leg to the end, and, though severely mauled himself, took no more notice of the panther than if he had been a harmless sheep. When I was pulled off he stayed close by. You will not wonder that Crispin and I do not part in this life.

In 1912 Norton and I beat for a tigress in the Central Provinces. The beat was on the side of a hill shaped like a hook ; we were in the bend of this hook. Bear, hog, and sambhur broke to us, but no tiger. We suddenly heard the tigress roaring savagely, a great shouting of the beaters, and then that ominous silence which is always hateful. We got down at once and went to help. We found the tigress had broken through the beat, and had charged one of the men, who cut at the tigress with his little jungle axe, and turned her, himself escaping with some slight wounds. The tigress saw another man half-way up a tree, sprang at him, seized him by the thigh, dragged him down, and then left him.

This poor fellow was badly injured. He had a slab of flesh a foot long and some inches thick bitten off his thigh, hanging only by skin. There were deep wounds in his groin, and his elbow and shoulder were much torn. He was very plucky ; he did not complain at all, nor do I think was he in great pain. He asked often for cigarettes. Our only chance was to get him into the nearest hospital forty miles away. We dressed him, and I marched with him at once, while Norton went

back, closed camp, dressed the other man, paid off coolies, and loading himself with some food and water for me outstripped his men and caught me up. The man was splendid; he knew he was dying, and never said a word of himself: all his thoughts were for his wife and children. Towards the end his own people were afraid of him. We kept him alive with stimulants, and got him some twelve miles, but progress was slow, for the night was dark. The beat had only begun at 4 P.M.: the man died at midnight—a fine fellow who made one think even higher of the native than ever.

Norton shot the tigress later.

My friend Captain Phillips, of my own battery, shooting by himself some years ago in the Central Provinces, hit a tigress who disappeared into a thick patch of elephant grass studded with trees. While reconnoitring from some high rocks, all the natives, as so often happens, could make out the tigress lying in the grass while the white man could not. The latter had no intention of going into such cover on foot; but while wondering what was to be done, two or three natives forced his hand by going into the grass, climbing some trees, and beckoning to show where the tigress lay.

A shot in her direction drew a growl but no charge. Thinking she was too hard hit to be dangerous, P. started to walk her up. On catching sight of the tigress lying head towards him, he unwisely jumped to a tree for cover instead of taking his shot at once. When he looked round it he found the tigress, who had never made a sound, on top of him. He had no chance of firing, was picked up by the ankle in her stride and dragged about thirty yards. He lost his rifle in his fall. The

tigress lay down and began to chew both arms. Phillips had no weapon, and tried at each bite to get his arm free, keeping as far from the tigress as possible. Meanwhile, a Bhil climbed out of his tree, stalked to within ten yards, unknown to either combatant, and shot the tigress with an arrow. The tigress dropped the man to bite at the arrow. P. got away, being struck at and missed by the tigress, who, however, did not follow him, got his rifle, and putting the muzzle against her side finished her off, dead or alive.

The Bhil, who, it is believed, is now a landed proprietor, was a splendid fellow. A complete stranger, he undoubtedly saved Phillips' life. None of the other natives offered any help.

Having no one but beaters with him, P., who had been mauled in all four limbs, had his machan turned into a dhooly and started for camp. He was met on his way by his bearer, a first-class man, Hussain, with perchloride of mercury, a syringe, and some milk and soda—a very welcome first aid. All wounds were dressed, and as soon as the camp (about six miles) was reached the bad foot was put in a bucket, and the worse arm in a canvas bath filled with perchloride of mercury, while the tigress was being brought in and camp was struck.

Phillips tells me he thought he had certainly lost one, and probably both, arms, that his chance altogether looked poor, and that anyhow he might as well have the skin; so he stuck to his tiger. He was carried in a dhooly nine miles that night, reaching a dispensary, to which word had been sent, at 2 A.M. Here he was at once put under chloroform by the native assistant surgeon and thoroughly dressed. The operation was repeated next morning.

Phillips started at 3 P.M. for the railway thirty miles distant, and reached it in time to catch the daily train at 8 A.M. the following morning.

Phillips is now none the worse barring a few stiff fingers, a stiff wrist and elbow. He considers he owes an arm at any rate to the prompt application of perchloride of mercury. This in no way lessens his gratitude to his plucky rescuer, his staunch bearer, the several medical officers to whose skill he at any rate owes the use of his arm, and to a brother officer who came from Meerut to fetch him, and was kindness itself during a very trying journey. The kindness and hospitality shown in India to complete strangers when in trouble have to be experienced to be realised.

A syringe with which to clean and sterilise wounds is a most important item in any hunting outfit. It is a sound thing to have a spare one in case of a breakage. Shooting once in the Nizani's dominions with Mr. (now Major) Fitzgerald, R.H.A., and Mr. Broome, R.F.A., I was fairly severely bitten in the left shoulder and clawed in various places by a panther. He charged in some blind jungle as we were following him up. I had wounded him in the first place, and it was a judgment on myself for shooting jealously. When they came to dress me they found our only syringe broken, and owing to their depth they could not reach the wounds. Fitzgerald made a first-class syringe with a quill, a match wound with cotton forming the piston. We were a hundred and fifty miles from a railway. The wounds became inflamed, and things did not look well. However, they cured me by constant syringing and running water on me day and night, and I was able to continue the shoot later.

I have twice been bitten in the foot by pig. This is due to my practice, which I advise you to copy, of always putting my boot to take the hog's cuts if I cannot hold him off, and he looks like ripping my horse. I have saved my horse several times like this. Your boots will be cut, possibly yourself, but you save your horse. The first time I was bitten the boar got through the sole of my boot and dented the stirrup iron which had engaged his upper teeth. Major (now Colonel) Browne, R.H.A., and others were there. The second time the boar got half my foot in his mouth, and I had to lever his mouth open when he was dead. Both were good boar with good tushes, but No. 2 had no lower tushes. This was with Captain Salt, R.H.A., Mr. Macbrayne, 17th Lancers, and others.

Apart from these instances, it is, of course, a well-established fact that boar, good boar too, do sometimes bite instead of using their tushes. Why this is so I cannot say. I have never heard of a pig biting who had not been severely wounded. It may be that in such cases they forget their real weapon, and revert to more primitive methods, just as one knows of men who have thrown away sword or pistol, and used their clenched fists instead. I suppose nature made teeth first, and then, later, one grew into a tush.

The most curious instance of biting I know of occurred last year. Major Gaussen, 3rd Skinner's Horse, was beating an island in a big canal. The main stream is some fifty yards wide; the cut which makes the island is only about ten yards wide. Gaussen took post on the latter, and had his native officer, Ressaidar Sobha Singh, guarding the main stream with instructions to turn back any boar

that might try and break on that side. A whole sounder broke across the stream regardless of Sobha Singh, who was encouraged by the enraged Gaussen with shouts of "Can't you stop them, Sobha Singh?" The Ressaïdar, as he said afterwards, got fed up with not being able to stop the hog, and seeing a large boar swimming across determined to spear him in the water. He did so as the boar was nearing land. The Ressaïdar says, and Gaussen from what he saw believes, that the boar was swimming when speared. He was, however, so strong in the water that he forced his way to land against the spear and threw his enemy on to the broad of his back. Sobha Singh put out his hand to save himself. The boar seized his arm at the wrist in his mouth and carried him up the bank, shaking him. Gaussen tells me that it was an extraordinary sight to see this boar shaking the Ressaïdar, who is a big, powerful man, as a dog does a rat. Gaussen at once crossed, but by that time the boar had dropped his arm and got away. Sobha Singh was very severely mauled; his right arm was pulp. He was wearing the Sikh arm bracelet, and this saved the arm, which, but for it, in Gaussen's opinion, would have been bitten clean off. Had the boar used his tusks he must have killed the man at once. I always suspect that in Kinloch's historic mauling a number of the wounds were from bites.

One of "R." last year had a curious experience in the way of wounds. He found a bull bison asleep in the jungle, and thinking it dead walked up to it to examine its horns. The indignant bull woke up and promptly tossed Attoe over his head. "You will be pleased, sir, to learn," they wrote, "that Gunner Attoe has been tossed by a bison."

Gunner Attoe has a scar from shoulder to elbow as a memento.

On the subject of spear wounds, how to inflict and cure them, Captain Petit is the great authority.

Broken bones I have little to say about. They take their usual course, and probably end up crooked.

I have never been able to persuade any doctor to take any interest in broken ribs. I have at different times broken one, three and two ribs, and the only people I have been able to get to take the slightest concern in them were the Insurance Companies. They, I admit, by their sympathetic inquiries displayed quite an old-world courtesy in the matter.

As regards fever you can take one step to protect yourself, and that is get inoculated. Enteric inoculation is the greatest boon ever conferred on English soldiers in India. Formerly where I have had 5 per cent of my men ill, and dangerously ill, I have now, at most, 1 or 2 per cent ill in hospital from any cause whatever—most of the casualties being, I am glad to think, due to accidents.

You may bump against plague or cholera at any time. Inoculation will safeguard you against the former.

Captain Forsyth, R.F.A., and I spent a wretched night once in camp with a syce who had plague and died next day. It was pelting with rain, and the poor fellow would get up in his delirium and try to walk about. His own people were not very keen on handling him. We were inoculated when we got back to civilization.

A kindred subject to inoculation is water-drinking. Personally I regard it as the duty of a

soldier to drink from any moderately good water. If you drink only good filtered water always you will miss it on service and get enteric forthwith. Last year on manœuvres we told our fellows in "R." that as they had been inoculated a week before they were quite safe ; failing beer they might drink from any puddle. Our medical officer remonstrated in anguish. But we pointed out to him that either the inoculation was good or it was not. If he did not believe in his own science we did. We were right, but I misdoubt me our men drank mostly beer.

A study of the mortality return due to animals in India will show you the very heavy losses from snake-bite. Undoubtedly many deaths due to murder in its various forms are ascribed to this cause, and escape detection. Still it is an ever-present danger in India. Owing to the fact that Europeans wear shoes and some covering to the legs, while natives are bare-legged, nearly all the casualties happen among the latter. No man can like this ; it is deplorable, but unavoidable.

Considering the large number of snakes in India it is curious how seldom they are met with. In my own experience I have known of two fatal cases. I have seen half a dozen cobras. We found a Russels viper under our mess table in camp at Vellichi near St. Thomas' Mount, Madras, and once stalking a buck I found two Russels vipers in the same bush as myself ; these and a Karait which hid in the hood of my mother's motor have been my total experience.

But the whole point about snakes is that if you do meet them you may meet them bad. You will have no time to think ; whatever you do has got to

be done instantly. I am sure the best chance is in tight ligatures, and the free use of the knife. I saw Captain Petit bring a man round who was unconscious and apparently dead. He will tell you what to do.

I was out shooting last year with Norton. He had started one day early after buffalo, while I was having an easy morning in camp. A woman came running from the village close by for help, crying that her husband had been bitten by a snake. I was on the spot within two or three minutes with lancet, brandy, and antivenine, and found the patient, a fine man of about thirty, seated crossed-legged on the floor of his courtyard. A snake had bitten him as he went out in the early morning. He was rocking to and fro, but I, in my ignorance, could see no bad signs. There was dried blood on the second toe of his left foot; I therefore cut the toe freely, tied a tight ligature round the ankle, and gave him a subcutaneous injection of antivenine of the right strength in the flesh of his side. I felt the man was saved. But in a few minutes he complained of being dizzy, and was very sick; he had terrible gasping for breath. I gave him brandy, but the dizziness increased. I tried to get him to lie down on his bed, but he seemed to have a horror of it. He kept saying, "Leave me on the earth"—a superstition, I suppose. I then tried to give him an intravenous injection, but had great trouble in finding a vein. As I searched he lay down and was dead in my hands before I knew it. I imagine that I had not been there a quarter of an hour. How long before the man had been bitten, or by what manner of snake, I do not know; the blood on his toe was clotted and hard, so I

suppose it might have been some little time. I told the poor weeping women round that all was over, but they would not believe me.

As I turned reluctantly and sadly away the native medicine-man from a neighbouring hamlet arrived, an old man, wizened, bowed, and worn. They were simple jungle folks, these, and when they besought him with cries, he said, "He is not dead, but sleepeth": not these words, but very nearly. He uttered charms, he prayed, he stretched himself by the body. The old story of Eljah and the widow's son was being enacted before my eyes. Alas, no miracle resulted, and it was with a very sore heart I left the little sorrowing group in the jungle village.

I know very little about scorpions. There are two sorts, yellow and black. I have only been stung by one once. Marching across a desolate country near the Tungaboodra, in the Madras Presidency, our tents were so infested with little scorpions that we could not sleep in them. We killed as many as forty striking camp one morning.

Scorpions always remind me of a friend in the Forest Department who is now an authority on them. He had a discussion as to the merits of the black and yellow varieties. The argument seems to have been one of those which arise less from the clearness of the issue than from the impossibility of agreeing with the individual. Anyhow, X said little, returned, caught a black and a yellow scorpion, and applied first the black and after a suitable interval the yellow to his own finger. Having at last first-hand and reliable evidence he sought his adversary and began, "The black scorpion is the worse." "Of course he is," broke in

the other; "I always said he was." Poor X had suffered in vain.

I have aired my ignorance enough. I will quote to you Captain Petit :

Fever.—*N.B.*—Be careful to shake down the mercury in the thermometer before taking a patient's temperature. In the hot weather the temperature in the "dewai box" is often over 110°. In case of difficulty in shaking down mercury place the thermometer in cold water for a few minutes and then shake down.

Simple Fever.—In ordinary cases of simple fever put patient to bed and give him 10 grains of phenacetin or aspirin; this will reduce the temperature and cure the headache; it may be repeated in four hours. If the tongue is dirty give him a tablespoonful of castor oil.

Malaria Fever.—Diagnosed by patient himself: same sort of fever as he had on a previous occasion. There are three distinct stages in this fever, a cold stage, then a hot stage, and finally a sweating stage. *Treatment.*—Magnesium sulphate, 2 or 3 drams dissolved in water, should be given at once, and then 15 grains of quinine twice a day.

Heat-Stroke.—This is very rare. I only mention it because it brooks of no delay in treatment. *Diagnosis.*—Treat all cases with a temperature of 106° and over as cases of heat-stroke. *Treatment.*—In one word, cold water quickly. Place patient in shade, on a charpoy, or on the ground, undress him, pour cold water all over him, fanning him at the same time. If available, rub him with ice. A patient often resists this treatment; hold him down if necessary. Continue treatment till patient's temperature is about 102°, not less than 101·6°. The temperature must be taken in the rectum, as the skin and mouth temperatures are not reliable. Then put patient to bed between blankets. If the temperature goes up again over 106° repeat the treatment. The worse the patient seems—he may be unconscious, delirious, or in convulsions—the more urgently is the treatment called for.

Snake-Bite.—Generally speaking, poisonous snakes bite at night, and non-poisonous during the day. Unless one is certain the snake is non-poisonous treat all cases of snake-bite as poisonous. *Treatment.*—If a finger or a toe is bitten cut round its base right down to the bone, and wash it thoroughly in a 5 per cent solution of potassium permanganate. If any other part of the body is bitten, at the side of the bite pinch up the skin between the thumb and forefinger, and cut it right out, about 2 inches square, and wash thoroughly with a 5 per cent solution of potassium permanganate. If quickly available, a razor is the best instrument for this purpose, but if not any knife or even a spear will do. This should be done within three minutes of the bite. I once had a case of a native who was bitten in the toe, and I cut round its base with an ordinary dinner knife. I am fairly certain it was a poisonous snake, as he had some symptoms of snake poisoning afterwards, but we never caught the snake. *After-Treatment.*—Don't give alcohol. Put patient to bed and keep him warm. In cases of bite by cobra or Russels viper give at least 100 c.c. of antivenine. Inject it hypodermically along the chest wall in the arm-pit. The hypodermic syringe must be sterilized before use. Best method of sterilizing is by boiling. Antivenine may be repeated again in a few hours if patient has any symptoms, *e.g.* weakness going on to paralysis, weak and rapid pulse, weak and irregular breathing.

Scorpion Sting.—Scorpion sting is not dangerous, but infernally painful. *Treatment.*—Quarter grain of cocaine injected at the side of the sting will cure the pain in a few moments. A Christian scientist friend of mine told me that ordinary lamp oil was the only cure for scorpion sting.

Broken Collar-Bones.—*Diagnosis.*—Patient usually feels the bone break, and the arm on that side is helpless, though not always as helpless as one would imagine. A friend of mine took a toss, broke his collar-bone, mounted again, and went after the pig, but failed to pick it up. I had taken a toss at the same time, dislocated my shoulder, and was being attended to when my friend came back. He

was full of sympathy with me till my shoulder was fixed up. Then only did he tell us his collar-bone was broken. I felt small. However, we were both filled up with brandy (neat), and went home on an elephant. To return to business. Take off patient's shirt, the arm on the sound side to be taken out of sleeve first—look at the collar-bones from the front, and compare the two; the fracture can be seen easily in the majority of cases. If in doubt run a finger along each collar-bone, and the fracture will be felt. *Treatment.*—Take two triangular bandages, spread them out, place a piece of cotton wool about 10 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 1 inch in depth, near the apex of each triangular bandage, and fold them up from apex to base. Now place one on each shoulder, the centre of the bandage over the collar-bone. Pass the front ends under each arm-pit and tie securely at the back in the following manner. The end of the bandage coming under left arm-pit is tied to end over right shoulder, and the end coming under right arm-pit to that over left shoulder. The bandages must be pulled firmly in order to brace the shoulder well back. The arm on the injured side is placed in a sling, care being taken to support the elbow joint.

Wounds, Ordinary.—Wounds are classified as abrasions, contused wounds, incised, lacerated, and punctured wounds. The names explain each. Most wounds are caused by panther, pig, or spear. *Treatment in General.*—Clean out and paint wound and round its edges with tincture of iodine, then apply a dressing and bandage.

Treatment for each class :

Abrasions.—Smear Friars' balsam over abrasions. It hurts at first, but is very satisfactory in its results. Many members of the M.T.C. can testify to its efficacy and to the pain caused by it.

Contused, Incised, and Lacerated Wounds.—Swab out with tincture of iodine. Apply some sterilized gauze (it is immaterial whether the gauze is medicated or not provided it is sterilized), cotton wool and bandage.

Punctured Wounds.—Syringe out with a solution of potassium permanganate the colour of port wine, plug with

gauze (sterilized) and bandage. Panther wounds are usually lacerated and punctured. Swab them out carefully with pure carbolic acid as soon as possible. A little cotton wool twisted on the end of a probe or stick and dipped in the pure carbolic acid can usually be pushed down into the depth of the punctured wounds; but it is sometimes necessary to enlarge the opening to accomplish this. Use your own discretion in each case, remembering that all panther wounds, even the smallest scratch, are most dangerous, and too much care cannot be taken with them. Plug all wounds with gauze and send the patient at once to the nearest doctor.

Spear Wounds.—Rare. The only case I have seen was a spear wound which I delivered myself with some skill in a brother officer's (Collett, R.A.M.C.) back. He was sent out by my Colonel to taste the delights of pig-sticking, but I thought it would not do for more than two of us to be keen on the sport, as it might curtail my chances of getting leave for the meets. I believe he thought it was rather a rough game. I was transferred from Meerut shortly afterwards. Spear wounds should be treated as punctured wounds.

Wounds caused by pig are usually clean, and are treated as incised wounds.

For treatment of wounds in a pig send for the veterinary officer.

Hæmorrhage.—Two kinds—arterial and venous. In arterial bleeding the blood escapes in spurts. It is bright red in colour. *N.B.*—In venous bleeding the blood sometimes escapes in spurts when the patient has been taking severe exercise just before the accident, and is hot and excited. *Treatment for all Ordinary Hæmorrhage.*—Expose the wound, plug it tightly with gauze and apply pressure. If the bleeding is from a limb, raise it. Absolute rest is essential. If the main artery of a limb is wounded a tourniquet must be applied as follows: Tie a handkerchief securely round the limb between the bleeding point and the heart, leaving sufficient space for a stick to be admitted; pass a stick between the handkerchief and the limb, and

carefully twist it until sufficiently tight to arrest the flow of blood. A pad should be placed between the stick and the limb to prevent the latter from being bruised, and the end of the stick secured by a bandage or handkerchief applied below and fastened round the limb.

Antiseptics.—Ordinary tincture of iodine is the most reliable antiseptic for all ordinary wounds. The wounds should be swabbed out with it and the edges painted with it. Potassium permanganate is useful to syringe out wounds; the solution should be the same colour as port wine. In snake-bite a 5 per cent solution or stronger should be used. Pure carbolic acid is the best antiseptic for panther wounds, it must be applied pure—not diluted. If in crystals, heat it to form a solution.

Stitches.—Never stitch a scalp wound. In lacerated wounds it may be necessary to put in one or two stitches to bring the edges of the wound together, but this can usually be done by suitable bandaging. Sometimes stitches are necessary to stop bleeding in a place where pressure cannot be applied, *e.g.* the tongue. If you have no special sutures use ordinary cotton thread—well boiled before use.

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CHAPTER XVI

SPEARS AND GEAR

THE youngest hog-hunter knows of the two spears : the short Bengal spear used overhand for "jobbing," and the long Bombay and Northern Indian one used underhand. Each has its merits and its demerits. For open country and for a pig galloping away the long spear has obvious advantages, while the short spear is well adapted for thick cover or for a charging pig.

I think it is harder to spear well with the "jobbing" spear than with the underhand. It is claimed that the "jobbing" spear is more deadly, but this I will not grant for an instant. As long as the cover does not divert it, nothing can be more deadly than the long spear, whether a pig charges or not. My own preference is all for the underhand spear, though I have hunted a whole season with the "jobbing" spear. I am not a particularly good spear, but I have been surprised, when hunting alone, at the ease with which, fairly often, I killed pig with one spear underhand. When hunting with others racing alongside, a good spear is much harder to give ; time and opportunity are lacking.

Every man has his own fancies and his own physical qualities. For this reason I can offer no advice whatever as to what form of spear to use.

Personally, I am using now spears about 5 feet 10 inches, and weighing only 2 lbs. 12 oz. This is because my wrists are weak after various falls from motor-bicycles on hard roads. A spear of about 6 feet in length can be used as either an underhand spear or as a "jobbing" spear if the cover is thick, or if the pig is a cur and the country will not admit of riding across his bows. In such cases you must get the pig right under you and then strike with the whole of your force; the speed of the horse does not affect the blow. Hunting this year with Mr. Burrard, R.F.A., in thick cover, we each of us drove our spears down clean through a hog's back into the ground. He was a big pig too.

When hunting in thick cover, if you have a second spear up, or are in company, and the pig looks like being lost, I advocate driving your spear hard into the pig's back. Hold him if you can, but if you cannot, then let go; the upright shaft will prevent the pig being lost.

Whichever spear you use, except in the case above, never use your strength or strike. A good "spear" is no sledge-hammer business, but one of delicate rapier play. The merest touch through spine, heart, or lung is sufficient.

If you hunt with the overhand spear, lean rather forward and towards the pig. As he comes in, turn your wrist, lower the point, and the thing is done—that is, if you have the trick of it; I have not.

With the underhand spear, bide your time, and when the suitable moment arises make the rush we have talked of elsewhere. The boar will come in to you, and your spear will be driven through him by the force of a galloping horse and a steady,



T. F. Norton

"THE SPEAR"

unmoving hand. If the boar will not come, you must, after having given him the challenge, ride alongside, and then spur across his bows; he will be a very craven if he fight not. Still there are cowards in this world, and if your friend be one of them you must gallop straight on him, using in all likelihood the overhand spear.

Your spear must never be "in rest." You cannot hold your spear arm too still; pigs are so often missed because men will lunge. Do not lower your spear till you mean to actually give the spear; the glint of it is bad. If a man ran alongside you with a great spear flashing six inches off your left ribs, would you turn to the left or right? To avoid this glint, and to avoid observation when taking post at a cover, I had my spears blued. But the blue wore off; I did not find it a success.

A spear wants as careful handling as a gun. I always rather resent the way some beginners brandish a confident spear. S. R.H.A., was very sick when his Major would not let him start his career on a Government horse; he therefore started on a horse of his own, and killed him with his own spear against a charging boar next day. I have had a spear through my own helmet from a novice.

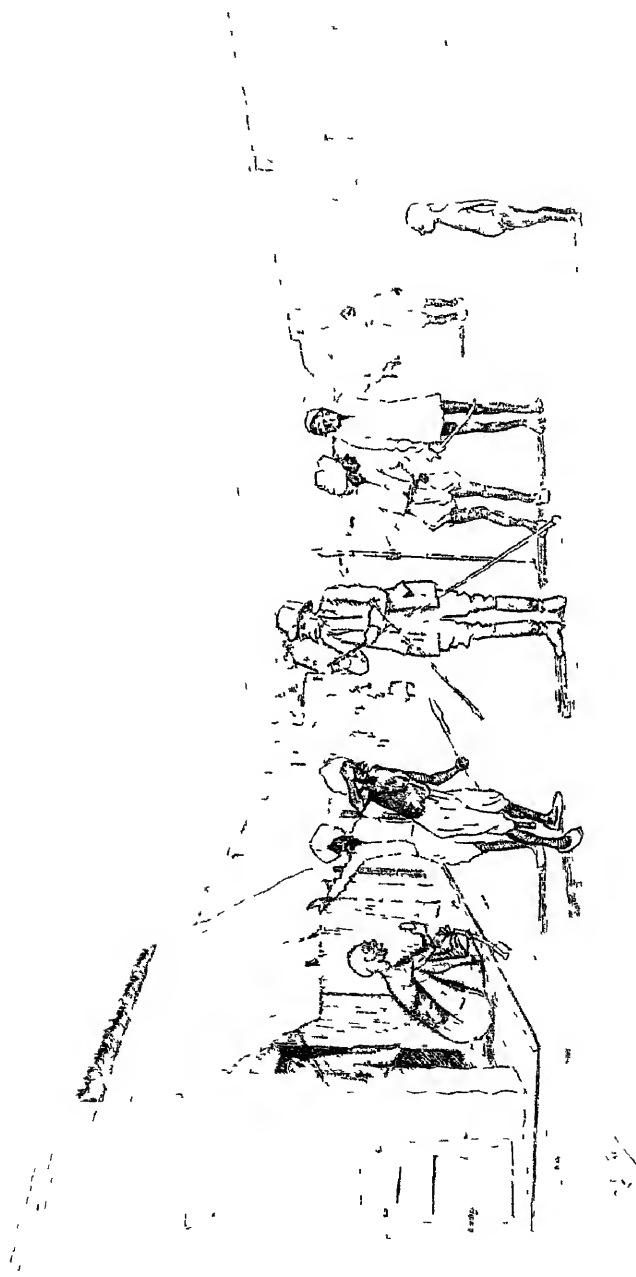
Watson, R.F.A., with a certain Tent Club this year speared a hog which crossed him. Horse, man, and spear were badly mixed. Watson's spear went through his mare's forearm. Enthusiastic amateurs came up, and, in the *mêlée*, Watson's mare received a spear through the neck, just missing the jugular, another in the quarter 8 inches deep, and a third in the hock. A valuable animal was thus ruined for life. She is going now at a trot after a year's nursing, but will hardly gallop again.

Of the unfortunate perpetrator the less said the better.

Your spear must be really sharp. On a slow horse, when the pig is going if anything faster than you are, a sharp spear and a strong blow are the only resource. Get your spears sharpened professionally, and keep them sharp with a hone; use a file sparingly; in this lies three-quarters of the secret of giving a good spear. Messrs. Manton & Co., Calcutta, sell a stone of carborendum in a neat case which is probably the best thing.

I have spoken of him before in the *Cavalry Journal*, but I must mention again my friend Z, the Collector, who has his spears sharpened by the same man who attends to the weapons of the dacoits of his district. I like to picture to myself the little queue of Collector and dacoits waiting with their weapons in all amity outside the armourer's shop.

For the purposes of sharpening, the steel of the spear-heads should be as soft as possible; that of the English makers is generally too hard. Bodraj is the chief Indian maker; he always makes the Bodraj head, a complicated affair with a strengthening rib, an excellent weapon, but difficult to sharpen. Wilkinson makes a very nice triangular bayonet blade. There are many forms of blades, Laurel, Simson, and others. I do not believe in the very wide blades, though such are favoured by many in Bengal. Mr. Norton designed a pattern which Manton made. It had a wide socket, no neck, and a wide triangular head. It looks first-class, but is not satisfactory in practice. The socket must be wide enough to avoid much paring of the shaft. Fix the shaft in with glue; on no account drive a



"THE LITTLE QUEUE WAITING IN ALL AMITY "

pin through; whip the shaft at the edge of the mouth to avoid any projection.

Buy the very best bamboos in the market. I get my own from Calcutta, and pay between three and four rupees each for them. Keep your shafts with a thin coating of oil on them when not used.

Knives.—If you are hunting alone always carry a big knife on you. Baldock's pattern is the best I know of. This has a hollow circular handle, split in two longitudinally and serrated on the inside. A ring slides over the outside. If you break your spear you insert your broken shaft into the hollow handle, slide the ring up till the two segments grip tight, and you have then a fresh spear. It can of course be used as an ordinary knife. The drawback to this knife is its large handle; a knife for use on horseback should have a compact flat handle. Never carry it in your belt. I used to, but one day, years ago, I fell on it with my horse on top of me. I was laid up for some weeks, and have now a dead patch in my back a couple of inches square with no feeling. The side of the leg as a place for carrying the knife has the same objection, it may break your leg. The back of the calf of the leg is probably the best place.

Hunting Gear.—Rattles, bombs, and white "stopping" cloth should always be taken on an expedition. For crops there is nothing so good as a long rope with, if you like, one or two little bells attached. This is passed over the top of the crops, and two men at each end go along sawing it with alternate pulls. No animal will stand it.

Horse Feeds.—As regards horse feeds many men make a fetish of oats. They are hard to get, and are, in my opinion, not good enough in quality to

be worth their cost. The great advantage of giving your horses the ordinary grain of the country is that it is obtainable everywhere. If you feed on oats and they run short, you have to alter your horses' diet at a trying time.

Clothing.—Personal clothing is of course a matter of one's own convenience. Being a heavy weight I reduce my clothing to a minimum. I started a kit some years ago which is now worn by a certain number of people; it consists of a green or khaki shirt, sleeves cut off above the elbow, khaki breeches and field-boots. It is cool and neat. I can never understand why some of my friends disfigure a nice horse by appearing in rags that would disgrace a beggar. The horse gear should be beyond reproach, and the clothes should be workmanlike and neat, though as patched as you like.

You must protect your spine from the sun, for I believe most sunstrokes occur in the back. I never wear a back-pad, as I find it too hot, but I have instead a strip of coloured cloth sewn on inside my shirt down my spine; any non-actinic colour will do; red or yellow is the best. I have found this enough in the hottest weather.

A really good sound hat may save your life. Take spare ones on a trip. The chin-strap must be solid and should pass through the brim and go over the top of the topi. You must wear the chin-strap so tight under your chin that the topi cannot possibly jerk off. I know of two cases where men died from fractured skulls, and each time their pith hats were picked up without a mark on them. They had come off in the fall. One chin-strap was broken, the other was intact. Webbing inside the hat takes up some of the shock, and I always have a little

towel inside my hat for the same reason ; it is also good after a swim. You have to remember the ground in India is very hard.

The clothing of yourself, your horses, and your syces must be inconspicuous. A man who brings white sun-sheets for his horses, or syces wearing white puggaries, on to the hunting-ground is a sinner.

I find really soft field-boots are the best footgear. You may have to walk miles after a fall if your horse has got away or is lame.

As you know, I recommend spurs always, of the sharpest.

Saddling and Horse Kit.—A good horse deserves decent kit. Buy Whippy or Sowter saddles ; they always fetch almost their original value when sold in India, and they last for ever. Have a saddle and bridle for each horse ; your syces must have them for exercise. There is nothing so annoying as having to change one's saddle and gear on coming back from a run and seeing a pig break away before you are ready.

Running Martingales are very useful, but standing ones are in my opinion dangerous. B, of the 15th Hussars, who is a brilliant horseman and well known at polo and after pig, generally used one, and owed, I thought, many falls to them.

See to your girths personally, their condition, and that they are tightened up. A brilliant civilian and one of my greatest friends was killed cantering into a game of polo. His syce had never fastened his girths, and his saddle came round with him.

You must have gaiters for your horses from knee to fetlock, made of leather lined with *numnah* and coming down slightly over the fetlock on the outside. They will save a cut tendon from a hog.

They must fasten by buckles. Any lacing or tying arrangements are unsound in the jungle; they always become undone or broken by stakes and branches.

With cactus fences you want knee-pads for yourself and your horse in a modified form. A friend of mine, F, after having had his horse badly damaged by thorns, appeared with a magnificent pair of gaiters on his animal. They laced all along the tendon, with projections far up the forearm and down the pasterns. The only defect in them was that the horse could not bend his leg.

Tents.—For tents most people use the service 80-lb. pattern. If you are tall these tents ruffle your hair and your temper. I never use one unless on duty, and prefer either to bivouac, if on a light scale, or else to camp in comfort in a Swiss Cottage tent. My bivouac is a bed of Kadir grass with a waterproof sheet above, pegged down on the windy side and open and supported by sticks some 3 feet high on the other side. The bath is in the open, sometimes cool, air. A grass bed with a few blankets is far warmer and more comfortable than any spring-mattress. I read once that newspapers were a perfect substitute for blankets. I arrived at the Delhi Durbar of 1903 armed only with sheets and copies of the *Pioneer* and *Pink-Un*. The warmth was outside.

Tents can always be had of khaki, and I recommend that colour. For new tents the price should be about one rupee per lb. weight.

In any big tent in cold weather a fireplace is a necessity. I know no pattern as good as the "Moradabad" stove, which burns firewood safely in an open English grate.

Fans and Mosquito Nets.—In very hot weather “jost” or electric fans are of value, while mosquito curtains are a necessity, as much for flies in the day as for mosquitoes at night.

Water.—It is sound to boil your water. In the Meerut Tent Club Mr. Norton started a portable soda-water machine. It has paid and saved the heavy loss on many full soda-water bottles broken. Good leather *chaguls* allow some water to evaporate, and keep it beautifully cool in the hot weather.

Amusements.—For amusements, chess, patience, study of a language, and a few books are all good to fill in odd hours,

Across the cool blue evenings
Throughout the burning days.

Dickens, Shakespeare, and such outlast and outweigh many modern novels.

Syces.—As for your syces, who feed your horses, pay them well, clothe them well, give them blankets, trust them, have them happy. It will repay you many times in the end. If a man is starving and underpaid he must steal his horse's grain. If he is cold when by himself in the jungle he will sleep in his horse's rugs. Give your men *batta* and, if you like, a small tip of a few annas for each first spear or pig their horses get. They are wonderfully keen and need little to make them take an interest in the sport.

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CHAPTER XVII

DETAILS OF TENT CLUBS

I WROTE to the Hon. Sec. of every Tent Club in India asking for details as to his Hunt regarding—

- (a) Average bag yearly.
- (b) Biggest bag on record.
- (c) Biggest pig killed.
- (d) Date of founding of Club.
- (e) Nature of country hunted.
- (f) Any other item of interest.

I give their replies in full and thank them for their courtesies.

AGRA TENT CLUB

Records previous to 1900 have unfortunately been lost. An old former member, however, states that it was not unusual for as many as 200 pig to be killed in a season. If this is so, it is evident that much of the country must have been brought under cultivation since that time. The average bag since 1900 has been 60; 1911 was the best year, when 129¹ were killed in 55 days' hunting between February 1 and August 20. (The rains were very late that year and did not break until that date.) The average number of spears was slightly over four. The membership of the Club fluctuates enormously from year to year, rendering its existence rather precarious. The main jungles hunted by the Club are on both banks of the Jumna below Agra, and

¹ Of these, 86 fell to the spears of two intrepid gunners of the 14th Battery, R.F.A.

on the right bank up the river marching with the Muttra T.C., the country being similar to the Kadir of the latter Club. These meets are very conveniently situated for residents in Agra ; the average distance being about eleven miles, the farthest seventeen. Hunting generally takes place on Wednesday afternoons and again on Saturdays and Sundays. The main stronghold for pig is at Gadpura near Tundla Junction on the E.I.R. It consists of nullahs near the railway line, which invariably hold pig, and jhow and grass jungles between the nullahs and the river. The jhow is very thick and high in places, and killing pig no easy matter, but if properly hunted pig cross over to Tenora on the right bank ; and this usually forms the succeeding meet, which is the most popular rendezvous of the Club, the Kadir being more open than at Gadpura. The biggest bag has been made at Tenora for many years now. The Singhua Meet adjoins the Muttra country some twelve miles from Agra on the Delhi road. The nullahs near the road usually hold pig, and if they can be got to break across the Canal escape afford a short and merry burst across the grass jungle to the jhow on the river bank. Jhodpur jheel has a very thick jungle of about twenty acres between the inner of the four branches of the canal which fork at the irrigation bungalow, and is always full of pig. It is difficult to get them to break, the jungle itself being quite unrideable ; but once away hunting is easy, except for the canals, especially the main escape, which is wide and deep with steep banks overgrown with thorn in which many boar have made good their escape.

In former years there used to be good hunting during the winter at Fattehpur Sikri, but of late this country has been somewhat neglected owing to the distance, and pig have been killed off by natives to a great extent ; proximity to the border of the Bharatpur State assisting these malefactors. The biggest boar killed of which record can be found measured $33\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

AHMEDNAGAR TENT CLUB

The date of the formation of the present Club was April 16, 1908. We can get hold of no records whatever for the Club before that date, in spite of the fact that the old "Nagar Hunt" was one of the best-known Clubs of India some thirty or forty years ago.

Average Bag

1908	.	.	17	meets,	6	pig killed
1909	.	.	21	„	28	„
1910	.	.	10	„	5	„
1911	.	.	17	„	19	„
1912	.	.	6	„	3	„
1913		(up to date)	6	„	2	„

So that in a good year the average is one boar per meet, and in a bad year it is one boar per two meets. This year, 1913, is one of the worst on record; but good sport can hardly be expected, considering the drought that the Nagar district has suffered from for the last two or three years.

The heading of "Biggest Bag" can be left severely alone, as there are very few occasions on which we have even killed two boar at one meet, and never more than that.

From glancing at the records of the Club, one very soon realises that sport is not good in the Nagar district nowadays, and any one who comes out with the Tent Club requires to exercise the utmost patience, or he will never get his boar. It is due, I suppose, as I mentioned before, to the constant famines which the district suffers from, and which have had their effect on every other kind of sport. When this Club restarted, in 1908 and 1909 the meets were held fairly close to Ahmednagar, but now we have to go much farther afield—by train, motor, or tonga, as the case may be. Sirur, the old vacated Indian Cavalry station, is a place where many good meets have been held, and more boar have been killed there than in any other part of the district.

The following are the rates of subscription, which were fixed in 1909 and still hold good :—

1. Ordinary members, Rs.5 monthly.
2. If there shall be any pig-sticking during any month, any member attending one or more meets shall pay in lieu of above—
 - (a) If an assistant Collector, Subaltern, or Captain, Rs.10 monthly.
 - (b) Above these ranks, Rs.15 monthly.

Provided that members will continue to subscribe regularly throughout the year, the subscriptions received during non-hunting months will form a substantial fund to meet the heavy expenses incurred at meets. The fund bears all the expenses of each meet both for hunting and catering, and members have only to transport themselves and their kit and horses to and from the meet (and also incidentally pay for their own drinks). There are no records of the old hunt.

F. C. GREENSTREET, Hon. Sec.
Captain, 103 Mahrattas.

BAREILLY TENT CLUB

Founded in 1878. Biggest year's bag on record, 169 boar. Average bag, 94. Bag (1913), 76. Biggest pig on record, 39 inches. The country consists of baghs, jhow and grass. The bagh country predominates.

- (1) The short spear is used underhand.
- (2) The Bareilly pig are very fierce.
- (3) The country has a lot of blind wells.
- (4) Small, fast, handy horses are most useful, as pig have to be caught between covers.

H. S. STEWART, Hon. Sec.
Captain, 17th Cavalry.

CAWNPORE TENT CLUB

Average bag, 60 boar. Record bag, 115 ; 102 in 1911 ; 103 in 1914.

Depends chiefly on keenness of members and on the Hon. Sec. hunting the country. Mr. J. C. Faunthorpe, I.C.S., and the late Mr. Chapman did much for this country. The large number of factory hands are a nuisance. Pig are badly poached. Still head of pig can be worked up. Sport is capable of great improvement and the bag should be 100 boar yearly.

Biggest pig record, $34\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Records since 1869, formed probably earlier. Nature of country—river country and canals, grass, and jhow. The Ganges was run here till 1886. A silver spear for greatest number of first spears used to be competed for annually.

DELHI TENT CLUB

Pig-sticking in Delhi has been carried on for nearly a hundred years, but only since 1870 has a log been maintained. In their early days a Club can be said to have existed in so far that, whenever two or three were gathered together who were keen on the sport, they elected a secretary whose duties were to arrange for the meet and write the log. Meets, however, were spasmodic, and often for prolonged periods only one or two went out. But the posting of a N.C. Regiment (18th Lancers) to Delhi gave a great fillip to the sport. They codified the unwritten rules, and started preserving the country and hunting methodically. The effect of their work was not immediately apparent, for the bag of three seasons that followed their arrival, namely, 1907–8, 1908–9, 1909–10, was 56 on the average. The next seasons saw the fruits of their labours, for the average bag rose from 56 to 257, reaching a maximum in 1911–12, when 385 boar were bagged. For 1912–13 the limit was changed from a height (27 inches) to a weight basis. The average weight of the pig killed rose 5 lbs.; the number of pig killed under 130 lbs. fell from 45 to 10. Fears regarding the diminution of stock are now being expressed and the limit will be again raised.

Experiments with wild pig in captivity have proved that pig are often killed before completing their first year

and even sooner with a 27-inch limit. The height limit has given place to a weight limit because it has more variable factors. Both height and weight are recorded in the log, one or the other since 1897, and both since 1907. The record pig in height ($35\frac{1}{2}$ inches) weighed 200 lbs. (in March), and the record pig in weight (282 lbs.) measured 32 inches (in January).

The Club is run by an Hon. Sec., who is responsible to a Committee (of which he is one) composed mostly of Senior Officers.

J. L. SALE,
P.W.D.

FYZABAD TENT CLUB

All I know for the present is their best bag of recent years was last year, when they got 60 pig between Easter and the beginning of July, averaging 5 or 6 spears a meet, and about the same number of regular spears for the season. During the preceding four years the bag was each year below 20, owing to the amount of high grass and the difficulty of raising spears. They have been beginning their season late, but this year we hope to have no difficulty in beginning at Christmas. What the bag used to be in old days, the history of the Tent Club, and the history and record of the Grants, I cannot get hold of till I get at the books, and get at the Collector's office. There are undoubtedly grants of land where the cover belongs to the Tent Club and cannot be cut without their sanction. I believe a lot of them are in the Rajah of Ajudiya's estate. He is now a minor and in the hands of the Court of Wards, and I ought to be able to get hold of them all right.

G. E. B. WATSON, Hon. Sec.
Lieutenant, R.F.A.

JHANSI TENT CLUB

The log in 1901 opens: "There is no Tent Club in Jhansi because there is no pig-sticking. The ground is quite unrideable and the pig unget-at-able. No pig has

been killed for quite ten years except by shooting." The writer then proceeds to give accounts of his attempts to catch pig with dogs and illegitimate appliances. The bag for the thirteen years has been :

1901 . . .	2 pig.	
1902 . . .	4 "	
1903 . . .	5 "	
1904 . . .	3 "	
1905 . . .	12 "	
1906 . . .	18 "	2 nilghai.
1907 . . .	4 "	
1908 . . .	13 "	
1909 . . .	11 "	
1910 . . .	17 "	1 nilghai, 1 panther.
1911 . . .	25 "	1 "
1912 . . .	34 "	1 "
1913 . . .	33 "	(to date) 1 panther, 1 hyena.

The largest boar on record is 33 inches, not weighed. This year we have killed several pig about 32 inches and weighing about 320 lbs. If there were better preservation there is no doubt that sport would improve accordingly. There have been too many gun licences. This year we have killed the majority of our pig within five miles of Cantonments. H.H. the Maharaja Scindia has kindly given us permission to stick at Sooseera for the past three seasons (a black-buck preserve). They got 17 in two meets in 1912 and we got 12 in two meets in 1913. No grass this year and we shall go on hunting ; we killed one yesterday, 80 inches, 175 lbs. Country is nearly all thorny bush jungle, more or less stony, and a handy horse is an absolute necessity. The pig takes a deal of catching, as the horse cannot go through the bushes whilst the pig go underneath. Falls are scarce, but one cannot afford to fall often on rock. I got a grant of Rs.120 from Gymkhana this year to maintain a permanent shikari. Formerly country was hunted by aid of private shikaries ; unsatisfactory. Average number of spears out, 4.

W. P. PAYNTER, Hon. Sec.
Captain, R.F.A.

MORADABAD TENT CLUB

The Moradabad Tent Club must be a very old affair, dating back to the time when troops were stationed at Moradabad. In the year 1899 Faunthorpe and Cassells (I.C.S.) did a lot of pig-sticking, and presumably ran a "Tent Club." Mr. Martin (I.P.) took over a log from T. K. Johnston (I.C.S.) in 1908, and since then a log has been regularly kept up. The bags were as follows :

- 1908 (Hon. Sec. T. K. Johnston, I.C.S.), 48 boar.
- 1909 (Hon. Sec. W. F. Martin, S.P.), 52 boar.
- 1910 (Hon. Sec. W. F. Martin, S.P.), 70 boar, 2 para stags (17½ in. and 18½ in.), and a leopard.
- 1911 (Hon. Sec. W. F. Martin, S.P.), 119 boar, 2 sow, 8 para, 2 nilghai bulls, 2 wild cat, and 2 porcupines.
- 1912 (Hon. Sec. A. G. Crawford, A.S.P.), 35 boar.
- 1913 (Hon. Sec. A. G. Crawford, A.S.P.), 43 boar and 2 para (16 inches).

Average bag for last six years, 60 boar.

Biggest pig :

- December 19, 1909, boar, 280 lbs., 33½ inches.
- December 12, 1910, boar, 266 lbs., 32½ inches.
- April 4, 1913, boar, 33 inches.
- May 4, 1913, boar, 32½ inches.

Details.—The leopard mauled the horses of Powell (I.P.) and Rivett Carnac (I.P.). A para speared by Rivett Carnac, horns measured 18½ inches. The nilghai were both blue bulls, and were speared by Mr. Martin : the first after a run of seven or eight miles, in which C. Collett also joined on a pony ; the second after a run of about two miles. The record bag at one meet was 42 boar in three and a half days at Ramee, Moradabad district, near Bijnor border. A few gunners from Roorkee joined in.

MUTTRA TENT CLUB

(1) The Muttra Tent Club was formed in 1882 (as now constituted).

- (2) The average bag is about 210 boar.
- (3) The largest pig, 37 inches—cf. Baden-Powell's book.
- (4) The largest bag was obtained in 1910-11 by the Royals—400, excluding sows.

The average height of the pig in the district is 29 inches. None below 27 inches allowed. Season : January to July—Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. The original Muttra Cup (won annually outright) was run for the first time in 1885, when Major Lockhart's (R.H.A.) b.a.h. "Poacher" won. The New Muttra Challenge Cup was run for the first time in February 1913. This is for teams of three from any Regiment or Tent Club in India. Run this year after 7 boar per team. The team killing the greatest number of their pig wins. Only pig actually killed are allowed to count.

R. WOOTTEN, Hon. Sec.
Lieutenant, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.

THE POONA TENT CLUB

The Poona Hunt is, I believe, the oldest in India, and was first instituted at the time of the British occupation in the Peshwa's days before the Battle of Kirkee. The best year of late was in 1903, when 34 pig were killed by the Hunt ; but from then the bags vary very much, and before the last two years there was a gap during which hardly anybody went out at all. Last year we killed 20 pig, all but one over 30 inches ; and this year we only hunted for about two months, on Sundays, and killed 10 pig. We only ride pig 28 inches and over here ; and the average pig we kill is usually over 30 inches. We got one 34-inch pig this year and one the year before. A 36-inch pig was killed by Captain Mowat of the 26th Cavalry about four years ago, and that is the largest I can find mentioned in the records.

We usually hunt here in the plains to the east of Poona. The boundary of this Hunt on the east is the Bheema River, as far up as its junction with the Ghod River near Sirur (the old Native Cavalry station), above which point the Ghod

River is the boundary. The other side of the boundary is hunted by the Ahmednagar Hunt.

The pig are usually found along the Bheema and Mula Mutha rivers, and the meets vary in distance from twenty-five to ten miles from here. The most usual centres are Uruli and Yewat Stations on the G.I.P. Railway, and the Ahmednagar main road. The pig usually live in thick patches of prickly pear along the banks of the rivers and are few and far between, and the sounders are very small, in fact we very rarely see any sows. The pig take a tremendous lot of shifting, as no regular beating is possible and the shikaries have to cut up to them with swords. A really thick cover may hold the pig all day without its shifting. Occasionally we get pig out of long grass in a babul jungle, but very rarely.

The shikaries and their myrmidons are usually members of criminal tribes, Bhils or Râmoses, and are good trackers and extraordinarily good in the prickly pear. The usual system here is to have men out over night at the various covers round, who come in to fixed points in the morning with their reports.

The country is barren and intersected with nullahs with a good many small patches of babul jungle, which the pig, as a rule, run through. There is a lot of rocky and stony going over low ridges with plough in the valleys, which is very good going in the hot weather.

There are any amount of pig in the Ghats to the west of Poona, and we sometimes have beats along the outlying spurs; but the jungle is thick and there are few places where you can get them to break for any distance from the hills in rideable country. There is usually a deep nullah every forty yards or so running out of the hills to get across.

For the last two years I have run a week down the Southern Mahratta Railway about thirty-nine miles S.E. from here, along the Nira River and what they call the Nira left bank canal. This is sugar-cane country, and can only be hunted at the end of the hot weather when the sugar-cane is mostly cut, except for small patches out of which pig can be beaten; but the country is very marshy in

places and the going heavy. There are many pig at this time of the year which have left the sugar-cane as it is cut and live in prickly pear along the river. The two meets we have had here have been quite successful for this part of the country.

The Deccan pig nearly always puts up a good fight, and the smaller pig often gives us a very good run owing to the broken nature of the ground.

The Bheema Cup was run for in 1881-2-3-4-5 and again in 1903, but there are not enough pig here nowadays to run a decent meeting. When it was first introduced it used to be run for at a place called Jiti on the Bheema near Diksal Station on the G.I.P. Railway, but owing to famine there are very few pig there now. I have been there once and we only saw two pig in a week. The Brothers Symons were the chief performers in the years it was held. Major England, R.F.A., won it once.

E. V. SARSON, Hon. Sec.
Captain, R.F.A.

ROORKEE TENT CLUB

The Tent Club was formed at a meeting held on April 19, 1882, when Captain C. H. Bagot, R.E., became first Hon. Sec., though there are sketches of hunting in 1877 in the records. The average bag, 1899-1911, is 25 pig and 1 leopard or para. The bags have fallen off in late years.

In the 1897-98 season it was 45 pig and 4 leopard, 1 para.
In the 1912-13 season it was 15 pig.

The country affords much opportunity for incident; "Fassan" is met with in most of the nullahs in the Solani-Ganges, Kadir.

The "Beehives" of Lhakasar are famous for the number of sportsmen who have succumbed there. The beehives consist of a piece of ground which is cut up in every direction by narrow crooked paths, some 2 feet deep and 1 foot wide, formed apparently by cattle, leaving small hillocks of an equal height and varying in size from 1 to 3 or 4 feet

across. The outskirts of Pathri Forest, the goal of many a hunted boar, afford a unique opportunity to the spear of emulating Absalom.

The cover has much decreased in late years, as the jungle is cleared and brought under cultivation; and the process goes on yearly, with the result shown by the diminishing bags of boar. The largest boar killed was $33\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 200 lbs.

We hold joint meets twice in a season with Moradabad on the boundaries of the two countries. The best bag at these was 42 pig in four days in 1911; the best pig at these meetings being $33\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 227 lbs. We do not include those pig in our totals.

The country consists of grass, jhow, forest, quicksand, and swamp. It is a difficult country to kill pig in. There used to be many leopards, but they have been greatly reduced.

J. F. GRAY, Hon. Sec., Lt. R.E.

SAUGOR HOG-HUNTING

Notes by Major L. L. MAXWELL, 2nd Lancers.

The Country.—It is very open hunting: the pig running from one hill to another; or from hill to ravine-intersected river-bed, and *vice versa*. Barring chance pig in crops, the jungly hills and river-beds alone supply the covert. Stretches of jhow and grass are practically unknown. The going is very stony; the nullahs deep, often blind, and often only crossable under the able pilotage of the boar. Where there are not stones and rock, there is black cotton soil. This at its worst is unrideable; but with only a strip here and there you can chance it. If a man can catch pig over the going at Saugor I think he could catch them anywhere. To horses with good feet the rocky going seems to do no real harm; but a farrier must always be handy. Sometimes a spear or two accompany the line when beating a hill-top; but otherwise there is no hunting with the line.

The Boar.—If our experience counts for anything, these forest-bred boar are far and away more aggressive than

anything else we have met anywhere else. The real old grey (almost white) monsters one sees when beating for sambhur in the remote jungles never come to the spear; but plenty quite good enough live on the forest fringes and are killed. Nothing great in size, but they make up for it in hastiness.

Hunting Season.—This is all the year, except during the heaviest rains—and except (for stray khabar of marked pig) in September and October. The records only begin January 1909.

YEARLY BAGS

1908-9. ¹	Pig, 6;	average height, 29½;	average weight, 165½ lbs.
1909-10.	„ 12	„ „ 28½	„ „ 158½ „
1910-11.	„ 23	„ „ 29½	„ „ 183 „
1911-12.	„ 25	„ „ 29	„ „ 178¾ „
1912-13.	„ 19	„ „ 30½	„ „ 178 „
1913-14.	„ 22	„ „ 30¾	„ „ 177 „

Heaviest boar, 268 lbs. (height, 32½).

Tallest boar, 35 inches (weight, 266 lbs.).

1 lynx was killed, Christmas 1912.

1 Langur ape ridden and killed, 1911.

1 Sambhur stag speared, February 1914. Horns, 35½ inches.

Several hyena are killed yearly. Panther are in most beats. Not unfrequently they are seen on the hill during beats. One was killed when we were here about 1888. Saugor pig are very carefully measured with an upright against the sole and another against the wither, and measurements are taken from heel to wither.

Note by Major Wardrop.—I make no mention here of Tent Clubs that have been already dealt with in this book.

¹ Half a season only.

CHAPTER XVIII

GOOD-BYE

AND now, friend, it is time that I bid you "Good-bye." I trust that you will pardon the various imperfections of this book and realize that the shadowy ego of the writer is but a means for trying to tell you of this great Indian sport; a medium such as a painter might use when trying to paint his picture, all in vain though it be.

I can only hope your view of the book will be that of my old friend F., he of the tiger. "Well, well," said he, slapping me on the shoulder, "poor old W., so you are writing a book. Never mind, I'll buy a copy."

For the rest, if you have not "heard the East a-calling," if you have not seen the grey boar die, my one hope is that anything my friends and I have written may urge you to visit the great plains and rocky hills of our wild Indian jungles and partake of their wilder sports. You will never regret it; days spent with horse and spear live on in the memory, they are not measured by their fleeting hours.

In after years as you sit, perchance, in some less happy spot smoking your pipe before the fire, the old scenes shall rise again before you. You shall, it may be, take once more the old grey road and

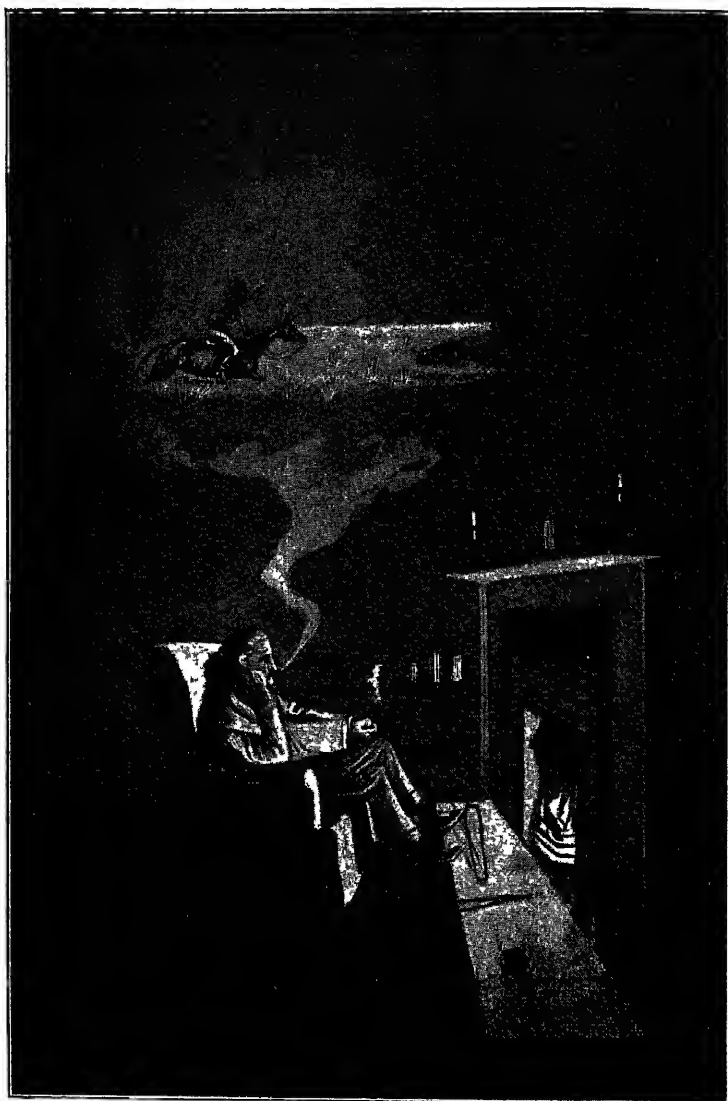
cross the river in the dawn. You shall hear the piteous whine of the beggars and the terrible cry of the lepers at the tollgate, "In the name of God, the Merciful and Pure, give of your charity to us who are sore afflicted." You shall see the women washing in their red *saris*, the horses shying on the creaking boats, and the quiet solemn stream with its long streaks of oily water which breaks into foaming ripples as it meets the anchor ropes. You shall face the rising sun, while before you stretches the dead white sand with purple line of grass and blacker sky above. You shall revel in the hunting to your heart's delight ; you shall recall the glorious all-pervading sun, chief feature of it all. Surely the poet was right when he wrote :

I love the merry sunlight, for it makes the heart so gay.

You shall, in fancy, return once more, when evening shadows fall, past streams of carts laden with sleepy contented people drawn by still more peaceful mild-eyed oxen. The raiyet at his plough, the well man singing to his cattle as they labour at the well, "Ram, Ram, my children, turn again, for the 'chursa' now is full,"—they shall live in your thoughts again.

Whether you recall scenes such as these, or those of other hunts and far distant countries, there is no detail of them all that shall escape your memory's backward glance :

He that has been in such a scene,
That scene shall ne'er forget :
In silent mood, in solitude
Its dreams shall haunt him yet.



F. F. Norton

"IT MAY BE——"

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APPENDIX A

WINNERS OF CUPS NOW RUN FOR

WINNERS OF THE KADIR CUP

1869.	Meerut Tent Club Cup	.	Mr. Bebbys g.a.h. "The Doctor."
1870.	Meerut Tent Club Cup		Mr. Stewart's br.a.h. "Tippoo."
1871.	Forbes' Kadir Cup	.	Captain Phillip's g.a.h. "Jurham."
1872.	Kadir Cup Race	.	Captain Studdy's g.a.h. "Cato."
1873.	Forbes' Kadir Cup	.	Captain Studdy's g.a.h. "Cato."
1874.	The Kadir Cup	.	Captain White's g.a.h. "Mo" and g.a.h. "Hindoo." Both horses left in final.
1875.	" "	.	Captain Jeffrey's b.a.h. "Bobby."
1876.	" "	.	Captain White's b.a.h. "Joe" (Mr. Preston).
1877.	" "	.	Captain St. Quintin's g.a.h. "Vivian."
1878.	" "	.	Mr. Grant's (4th Hussars) b.w.m. "Kearney" (Captain Hutchins).
1879.	Not run for.		Afghan War.
1880.	Not run for.		Afghan War.
1881.	The Kadir Cup	.	Hon G. B. Bryan's (10th Hussars) g.a.h. "Sutlej."
1882.	" "	.	Hon. G. B. Bryan's (10th Hussars) "Greydawn" (Mr. Bishop).
1883.	" "	.	Mr. Baden-Powell (13th Hussars), "Patience" (Mr. M'Dougall).
1884.	" "	.	Mr. Keir's (R.H.A.) b.w.g. "John of Gaunt" (Mr. Robinson, R.H.A.).
1885.	" "	.	Maharana Dholpur's ch.a.h. "Red Prince."
1886.	" "	.	Mr. Ree's ch.cb.h. "Jack"
1887.	" "	.	Major Clowe's (8th Hussars). Two horses in the final
1888.	" "	.	Major Mahon's (8th Hussars). Two horses in the final.
1889	" "	.	Captain Le Gallais's (8th Hussars b.w.m. "Phillippine."

1890.	The Kadir Cup	.	.	Captain Hanwell's (R.A.) b.cb.h. "Lacy's Knott."
1891.	" "	.	.	Mr. Oakes' (5th Lancers) br.w.g. "Jinks."
1892.	" "	.	.	Mr. West's (5th Lancers) br.w.g. "Dancing Master."
1893.	" "	.	.	Captain Blane's (R.H.A.) ch.a.h. "Scottie."
1894.	" "	.	.	Captain Fanshawe's (O.L.I.) b.a.p. "Bydand."
1895	" "	.	.	General Gurdut Singh's b.w.m "Sylvia."
1896.	" "	.	.	Mr. Edward's (C.S.) b.w.g. "Out- cast."
1897.	" "	.	.	Mr. Gillman's (R.H.A.) br.w.g "Huntsman."
1898.	" "	.	.	Mr. Dunbar's (5th Dragoons) br.w.m. "Lola."
1899.	" "	.	.	Mr. Allhusen's (9th Lancers) b.w.g "Santoza."
1900.	" "	.	.	Mr. Clementson's b.w.g. "Forest King."
1901.	" "	.	.	Mr. Warre-Cornish's (17th B.L.) "Hermia."
1902.	" "	.	.	Colonel Seeva Singh's g.a.h. "Governor."
1903.	" "	.	.	Captain Cameron's (C.I.H.) b.a.g. "Mousquetaire."
1904.	" "	.	.	Mr. Livingstone Learmonth's (15th Hussars) ch.au.g. "Eldorado."
1905.	" "	.	.	Mr. R Grenfell's b.w.m. "Barnmaid."
1906.	" "	.	.	Mr. Ritchie's (15th Hussars) "Bobs."
1907.	" "	.	.	Major Vaughan's (10th Hussars) "Vedette."
1908.	" "	.	.	Lord Kensington, "Twilight."
1909.	" "	.	.	Mr. Vernon's (60th Rifles) "Fire- plane."
1910.	" "	.	.	Mr. Paynter's (R.H.A.) "Hawk."
1911.	" "	.	.	Mr. Bromilow's (14th Lancers) "Battleaxe."
1912.	" "	.	.	Captain Gatacre's (11th Lancers) "Karim."
1913.	" "	.	.	Mr. Sherston's (11th Lancers) "Magistrate."
1914.	" "	.	.	Captain H. E. Medhcott, 3rd Skinner's Horse.

WINNERS OF THE GUZERAT CUP

1885. Mr. N. S. Symons, g.a.h. "Woodpigeon." (After dead heat with Mr. Littleton.)
 1886. Captain M. B. Salmon, g.a.h. "Shahbaz."
 1887. Mr. H. G. Bulkley, b.a.g. "Templer."
 1888. Mr. J. L. Symons (Mr. "Littleton"), w.g. "Albatross."
 1899. Mr. Birdwood, w.m. "Kate Coventry."
 1890. Captain H. Capel-Cure, 61st Regiment, "Placid Joe."
 1891. Maharana of Dholpur, w. "Donegal."
 1892. Maharana of Dholpur (Arab), "Sarang"; and Maharaja of Patiala, "Phyllis." Divided.
 1893. Maharana of Dholpur, "Sarang." (Burder disqualified for spearing on near side.)
 1894. Captain Beresford, ch.w.g. "Flying Dutchman."
 1895. Mr. F. L. Wallace, "Phoenix."
 1896. Colonel E. Locke Elliot.
 1897. Major Mills, Dublin Fusiliers, Eng. T.B.M. "Clarissa."
 1898. Captain Goring-Jones, D.L.I., b.w.g. "Do weel."
 1899. Mr. A. Hewlett, C.I.H., b.w.g. "Larrikin."
 1900. No meet.
 1901. Meet abandoned.
 1902. No meet.
 1903. No meet.
 1904. Captain J. H. M. Davie, Royal Scots, "B.P."
 1905. Major Edwards, 33rd Light Cavalry, ch.w.m. "Mermaid."
 1906. Captain Sir J. Milbamke, 10th R. Hussars, b.w.g. "Cockchafer."
 1907. Mr. Medicott, R.F.A., g.s/a.g. "Result II."
 1908. Mr. D. Graham, on br.w.g. "Sparten."
 1909. Captain H. Medicott, 3rd Skinner's Horse, "Result II."
 1910. Lieut.-Col. Forbes, b.w.m. "Polly."
 1911. Nowab of Radhanpur, bl.w.m. "Nagan."
 1912. No meet.
 1913. Raja of Baria, b.w.m. "Express."
 1914. Mr. G. C. G. Gray, 3rd Skinner's Horse, "Sher Dil."

WINNERS OF THE SALMON CUP

1885. Dr. Tully, "Barabbas."
 1886. Dr. Tully, "C/B." (Ridden by Mr. Hancock owing to accident to Dr. Tully.)
 1887. Dr. Tully.
 1888. Mr. Askwith, R.A., C/B. "Redskin."
 1889. Captain Phayre, C/B. "Aladdin."
 1890. Mr. Birdwood, "Old Boots." (Ridden by Mr. N. S. Symons, owing to accident to Mr. Birdwood.)
 1891. Captain Capel-Cure, 61st Regiment, Arab "Sunset."

1892. Mr. Waddington, b.a.p. "Laddie."
 1893. Maharana of Dholpur, "Madon."
 1894. Mr. Littleton, g.a. "Moonstone."
 1895. Mr. Gray, C/B. "Aladdin."
 1896. Mr. Stack, "Skipjack."
 1897. Mr. Gray, "Geordie."
 1898. Mr. Fischer, waler "Hawkmoth."
 1899. Raja Bahadur of Orcha, g.a.p. "Tarpon."
 1900. No meet.
 1901. Meet abandoned.
 1902. No meet.
 1903. No meet.
 1904. Mr. St. J. Graham on "Jungli."
 1905. Lieut.-Col. Forbes, 109th Infantry, C/B.g. "Sapphire."
 1906. Captain Darley, 109th Infantry, br.C/B.g. "Czar."
 1907. K. S. Ranjit Singh of Baria, ch.w.m. "Gayley."
 1908. Captain F. Rose, 10th R. Hussars, w.m. "Carmen."
 1909. Lieut.-Col. Forbes, gr a.h. "Multiform."
 1910. Mr. W. L. Graham, "Blotting Kagas."
 1911. Mr. Lang (Pol. Dept.), "Bahadur."
 1912. No meet.
 1913. Lieut.-Col. Forbes, "Nobleman."
 1914. Mr. G. C. G. Gray, "Joey."

WINNERS OF THE NAGPUR HUNT CUP

Presented to the Nagpur Hunt in 1893 by the members. The winners of the greatest number of spears in each season to be engraved hereon. Previous winners from the origin of the Hunt in 1863 are also recorded.

	No of spears
January 1, 1863, to May 31, 1863. Lieutenant Herbert, R.H.A.	7
1863-1864. Lieutenant Bloomfield, 1st Royal Scots	11
1864-1865. Lieutenant Keith	8
1865-1866. Surgeon Shaw, R.A.	11
1866-1867. {Lieutenant Cowie, R.A. Lieutenant Thompson}	5
1867-1868. Lieutenant West, R.H.A.	6
1869. W. S. Herbert, R.H.A.	14
1870. {W. S. Herbert, R.H.A. J. Moray-Brown, 79th Highlanders}	13
1871. F. W. Going, R.H.A.	22
1872. H. A. Richards, 44th Regiment	8
1873. {H. A. Richards, 44th Regiment F. C. Anderson, B.C.S.}	4
1874-1875. F. C. Anderson, B.C.S.	9
1875-1876. Surgeon Rogers, B.M.S.	4
1876-1877. Surgeon Rogers, B.M.S.	8
1877-1878. Colonel Chadwick, 33rd Regiment	4

	No of Spears
1878-1879. A. E. Curran, 38rd Regiment . . .	4
1879-1880. C. Poynder, 5th N.I.	9
1880-1881. H. R. Hickman, R.A.	18
1882-1883. H. R. Lloyd, S. Light Infantry . . .	7
1883-1884. Major D. T. Persse, S. Light Infantry . . .	5
1884-1885. G. Stevens, 4th Madras Light Cavalry . . .	4
1885-1886. H. A. D. Watken	2
1886-1887. G. N. Gong, 4th Madras Cavalry . . .	3
1887-1888. Lieutenant R. M. O. Glynn, Middlesex Regiment . . .	5
1888-1889. Lieutenant H. J. H. Winwood, R.A. . . .	7
1889-1890. Captain R. D. Burlton, 2nd Madras Lancers . . .	9
1890-1891. Captain R. D. Burlton, 2nd Madras Lancers . . .	9
1891-1892. J. M. Goode, Telegraph Department . . .	8
1892-1893. J. M. Goode, Telegraph Department . . .	8
1893-1894. Captain W. H. Hunter, Seaforth Highlanders . . .	4
1894-1895. Captain W. H. Hunter, Seaforth Highlanders . . .	7
1895-1896. Surgeon Captain N. Faichnie, A.M.S. . . .	4
1896-1897. C. R. Cleveland, I.C.S.	8
1897-1898. C. R. Cleveland, I.C.S.	12
1898-1899. Claude Ismay, B.N.R.	14
1899-1900. Lieutenant S. H. P. Barker, "The Buffs" . . .	7
1900-1901. { C. R. Cleveland, I.C.S. }	5
{ J. L. Fagan, C.P. Police }	6
1901-1902. J. L. Fagan, C.P. Police	6
1902-1903. No contest.	
1903-1904. W. Bayntun Starky, P.W.D.	16
1904-1905. { J. L. Fagan, C.P. Police }	13
{ C. F. Lumsden, The Royal Scots }	
1905-1906. Captain M. L. Goldie, R.F.A.	10
1906-1907. Captain W. Gibson, D.L.I.	26
1907-1908. Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Caton Jones, R.A.M.C. . . .	19
1908-1909. Lieutenant H. A. Vernon, K.R.R.C.	14
1909-1910. { Lieutenant H. C. Chaytor, 26th Light Cavalry } . . .	10
{ C. I. Irwin, I.C.S. }	
1910-1911. H. O. Whympier	7
1911-1912. Lieutenant H. C. Chaytor, 26th Light Cavalry . . .	11
1912-1913. Lieutenant E. R. Ludlow-Hewitt, R.I.R.	18
1913-1914. A. B. Knowles, I.C.S.	—

THE MUTTRA CUP

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1914.	3rd Skinner's Horse.	{ Captain H. E. Medlicott. Captain R. W. Manderson. Lieutenant G. C. G. Gray.

APPENDIX B

INDIAN PIG-STICKING SONGS

NOTE.—Four of the great classical songs are included.

THE BOAR

Tune—"My love is like the red, red rose."

I

The boar, the mighty boar's my theme,
Whate'er the wise may say,
My morning thought, my midnight dream,
My hope throughout the day.
Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
Firm hand and eagle eye,
Must they acquire who do aspire
To see the grey boar die.
Then pledge the boar, the mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me ;
Here's a health to all who fear no fall,
And the next grey boar we see !

II

We envy not the rich their state,
Nor kings their crowned career,
For the saddle is our throne of health,
Our sceptre is the spear ;
We rival too the warrior's pride,
Dress stained with purple gore,
For our field of fame is the jungle-side,
Our foe—the jungle boar.
Then pledge the boar, etc.

III

When age hath weakened manhood's powers,
 And every nerve unbraced,
 Those scenes of joy will still be ours,
 On mem'ry's tablets traced,
 When with the friends whom death hath spared,
 When youth's career is run,
 We'll talk of the chases we have shared,
 And the tushes we have won.
 Then pledge the boar, etc.

S. Y. S.

OVER THE VALLEY, OVER THE LEVEL



Over the valley, over the level,
 Through the dâk jungle, ride like the devil.
 Hark ! forard a boar, away we go !
 Sit down in your saddle and ride Tally Ho.

He's a true-bred 'un, none of your junking,
 Straight across country, no time for thinking ;
 There's a nullah in front, but a boar as well,
 So hang the nullah, and ride like Hell.

Chorus—Over the valley, etc.

The ditches and banks are wide and steep,
 The earth is rotten, the water deep ;
 The boldest horseman holds his breath,
 But he'll have to cross it to see the death.

Chorus—Over the valley, etc.

MODERN PIG-STICKING

Over we go, the game's nearly done,
 The field are gaining, the race nearly won ;
 An arm upraised, then a dash, a cheer,
 And the boar has felt the deadly spear.

Chorus—Over the valley, etc.

See how he flashes his fiery eye,
 Ready to cut, to thrust, to die.
 A boar that will charge like the Light Brigade
 Is the bravest brute God ever made.

Chorus—Over the valley, etc.

Swiftly he rushes, panting and blowing,
 Swiftly the life-blood torrents are flowing ;
 And game to the last, with defiant eye,
 In silent courage he faces to die.

Chorus—Over the valley, etc.

A. W. CRUICKSHANK, I.C.S.

HURRAH FOR THE SPUR AND THE SPEAR

Tune—"Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue."

I

Here's a bumper to spur and to spear,
 A bumper to challenge a song,
 A bumper to those who, where'er the boar goes,
 Are spearing and spurring along.
 'Tis good to be steady and cool,
 'Tis better to dare than to doubt,
 'Tis best to be clear of the funks in the rear,
 And be always thrown in than out.
 Then hurrah for the spur and the spear,
 Hurrah for the zest of my song,
 Hurrah for all those who, where'er the boar goes,
 Are spearing and spurring along.

II

Here's a cheer for the charms of the chase,
 A cheer for the glorious burst ;
 And who wouldn't cheer when the bold win the "spear,"
 For the fearless are always the first.

There are some ever in the right place,
There are some who must toddle and trot,
There are many who love every danger to face,
And many I swear who do not.
Then hurrah for the spur and the spear, etc

There's a joy when the boar makes his rush,
There's a joy when the monster first bleeds,
There's a joy though to-day has now glided away,
For to-morrow shall double our deeds.
Here's a sigh for the sportsman afar,
A welcome to those who are here,
A health to the whole who in spirit and soul
Are friends of the spur and the spear.
Then hurrah for the spur and the spear, etc.

S. Y. S.

Oriental Sporting Magazine
August 1830.

SADDLE, SPUR, AND SPEAR

Air—"My harp and lute."

I

Let others boast and proudly toast
The light of ladies' eyes,
And swear the rose less perfume throws
Than beauty's fragrant sighs ;
That ripe-red lips in hue eclipse
The ruby's radiant gem ;
That woman's far the brightest star
In Nature's diadem :
But since for me no charms I see
In all the sex can show,
And smile and tear alike appear
Unheeded flash or flow—
I'll change my theme and fondly dream,
True sportsmen pledge me here,
And fill my cup and drain it up
To Gallant horse and spear.

II

When dayspring's light first crowns each height,
And tips the diamond dew,
We quick bestride our steeds of pride
To scour the jungle through ;
With loosened rein the jovial train
Slow to the cover throng
And wouldn't stir without a spur
To coax their nags along.
We high uprear the glittering spear,
Far flashing to the sky,
With hope elate anticipate
To see the wild boar die.
To such bright hopes e'en misanthropes
Would pledge a bumper here,
And fill their cup and drain it up
To Saddle, Spur, and Spear.

III

'Twere vain to tell the magic spell
That fires the hunter's eye
When shout and roar have roused the boar
And stirred him from his sty :
His rage at first, his glorious burst,
Dark dashing through the flood,
His bristly might, his meteor flight,
And his death of foam and blood ;
He that hath been in such a scene
That scene can ne'er forget :
In sorrow's mood, in solitude,
Its dream will haunt him yet ;
'Mid festal times, in other climes,
He'll think of days so dear,
And fill his cup and drain it up
To Gallant horse and Spear.

IV

But, while I sing, Time's rapid wing
Thus lesson seems to teach :
The joy and bliss of sport like this
Are still within our reach.

Then let's away at break of day,
Ride vale and hill-top o'er,
Scale mountains' side or stem the tide
To spear the flying boar ;
And Time may then bring eve again,
The while, at Pleasure's shrine,
To check his flight for one gay night
We'll wet his wing with wine ;
And ere we part pledge hand and heart
Once more to rally here,
To fill the cup and drain it up
To Saddle, Spur, and Spear.

S. Y. S.

RECOLLECTIONS

The pictures of horses and faces,
The tiger-skins spread in the hall,
The " Asians " reports of old races,
The tushes and horns on the wall—
What dreams of dead days do they waken !
What visions of past youth recall !
But what use to repine ? I have taken
My leave of it all.

What now can I turn to for pastime ?
I know, in mean streets as I walk,
That I've looked on it all for the last time :
The dripping laborious stalk,
The panther kill—claw-marked and bitten,
The pug marks fresh oozing in mud,
The trail of the tiger lung-smitten
All frothy with blood.

The bells of the cattle returning
At evening, the cry of the shepherd,
The smoke of the undergrowth burning,
The wood-sawing call of the leopard.
The beat, when the elephants crashing
Grows steadily nearer and louder,
The scent of the trees they are smashing,
The lurch of the howdah.

MODERN PIG-STICKING

The rustling river-side jungles,
 The glimpses of pig as they pass
 Through the coolies' thin line when they bungle
 The beat in the jhow and the grass.
 The sight of the boar as he pushes
 From cover, the rush of the deer,
 And fast flashing over the bushes
 The blade of the spear.

Do they still ride as boldly as we did
 Long ago when we hunted the boar ?
 High jhow and blind nullahs unheeded,
 Unheeded the man "on the floor."
 When our pay was in horse-flesh invested,
 When no one went straighter or harder,
 When the Horse Gunners hotly contested
 First spears in the Kadir.

The rifles lie idle in cases,
 The spear-heads are eaten with rust.
 Old age leaves indelible traces,
 Life now is but ashes and dust.
 I'm weary of much recollection,
 Youth, nerve, and digestion have fled,
 But cheer up, there's a saving reflection,
 Some day I'll be dead.

J. C. FAUNTHORPE, I.C.S.

THE VOICES OF THE KADIR

The voices of the Kadir that sound so sweet and strong,
 How vivid are the pictures, how thick the visions throng.
 Who shall describe the beauty, the magic of them all
 In silent hours when memory's powers those happy days
 recall ?

Once more our muscles tauten, once more youth has its sway,
 Once more with tingling pulses we tread the well-known way :
 On past the swirling river with splash of falling bank
 And clang of grey geese over that fly past rank by rank ;
 By yellow waving grasses, league long on either hand,
 With cloudless skies and sun-dimmed eyes and burning river
 sand.

We see the wild fowl rising, and startled snipe that fly
Past palm trees standing graceful against the crimson sky,
By jheel and swamp and nullah where sweet mimosa blows,
With solemn sinking sunset on Himalayan snows.
'Neath flickering frosty stars at last the camp we see,
A fairy dream of white tents' gleam beneath the banyan tree.

And now 'mid noise of camel and elephant is heard
The voice of keen shikaries who wait the Master's word :
We see the clean-bred horses—of all God's gifts the best—
And cheery smiling faces that long have gone to rest.
By smoky scented camp-fires, the wandering jackal's cry
To dreamless, deep, untroubled sleep shall prove our lullaby.

Hark to the jungle noises, harsh crake of partridge call,
The quiet swish of coolies who beat the grasses tall,
And see the veteran scorning the youngster's prancing pride,
Until the cry, " Woh jata "—" Rude, like the Devil—ride "—
Sets horse and rider throbbing ; for there, full in his stride,
With angry roar the old grey Boar bursts through the jungle
side.

Through thorny babul jungle and dāk trees flaming red,
O'er valley, hill, and hollow, and swampy river-bed,
Through plunging frightened cattle and mellow yellow grass,
Where parah and the nilghai fly shrinking as we pass,
By nullah gaping sudden, that yawns beneath our feet
And heavy jhow with matted bough to hurl us from our seat,

We make our dash for victory, loose rein and iron seat,
With joy at rivals' falling or curse at our defeat.
Keen eyes shall mark the cover side and flick of rising dust
As racing flying forward to take the lead we thrust.
Some may wait upon the junk and cunning pull the rein,
Yet who would deign the spear to gain if he had second lain ?

Lightly touch the gallant horse and firmer grip the spear.
Deeply plunge the lowered steel to stop the boar's career.
Right splendid in his charge with foam-flecked flashing tush
As horse and man go headlong before his savage rush ;
Fiercely, grimly fighting as he draws his dying breath,
His foes around, with honour crowned, he mutely falls in
death.

Sadly we gaze in sorrow and keenly wish that he,
Our gallant grim old warrior, were living still and free.
He shall not roaming wander, he shall not tread again
The smiling luscious cornfields, the stretching grassy plain.
And should kind fate befall us we hope like him to be
Who nobly died, in all his pride, model of chivalry.

So, through days of friendship true, riding our hardest still,
Little we reck of falling, lightly we deem a spill;
Laughing at all mischances or petty broken bone,
With pain for others' evils more deep than for our own,
Sad o'er the injured horses—we pray that year by year
The music sweet of flying feet may thunder in our ear.

These scenes are burnt full deeply. Theirs not the passing hour
To need the artist's cunning or call for writer's power,
When o'er the world the twilight recalls the parted day
As with feet old and weary we sadly tread our way—
'Mid the memories thronging, sweet and clear above them all,
Are the voices of the Kadir—when we hear the Kadir call.

A. E. W.

THE END

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